

Attomica "Deathraiser"

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The cold wind comes slow and down
Bringin' a dark foggy night
Reborn from a distant past
The day of the live and dead

Killers will raise from the ground
Deformed faces, and damaged brains
The time has worked to create
The perfect machine of death

Rotten hands gonna squeeze your neck
Till your face turns to blue
From death they get back
Killing is just what they do

Deathraiser
When the dead returns to kill

There'll be nowhere for you to run
When you see the cold eyes of death

Creatures that can't be stopped
Rippin' you limb to limb
A sequence of bloody crimes
Dead bodies loosing energy
Killing everyone till deform
This way they'll be reborn

Suckn' your hot virgin blood
Breakin' you into fuckin' pieces
Gonna take your fuckin' life
But soon they'll be back

Rotten hands gonna squeeze your neck
Till you face turns to blue
From death they get back
Killing is just what they do

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