

## Pyrrah "Sleepwalkers"

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In nights cold and grim  
The graves open up  
Lifeless cadavers roam the earth  
To take their revenge  
Tormented souls without hope  
No possible escape  
A terrible fate they must lead  
But they do not complain

The town sleeps most calmly  
Unknowing, full of bliss  
The room might reek of death  
Yet they sleep in peace

Gasping for a final breath  
Awoken savagely  
Staring in death's cold eyes

Torture and let bleed slowly  
These are the dead  
Arisen from eternal sleep  
They are the sleepwalkers

Not a scream, not a sound  
Lungs ripped out of sleeping bodies  
The art of silent slaughter  
They want nothing, but to harm  
Get revenge on the human race  
For all its evils

Torture and let bleed slowly  
These are the dead  
Arisen from eternal sleep  
They are the sleepwalkers

As warm blood hits the ground  
Life leaves drop by drop  
Nothing left but an empty carcass  
To one day join the sleepwalkers

Sleepwalkers of the night  
Eternal and forever there

They will not stop killing  
Until we are theirs  
We are theirs  
We are theirs  
We are theirs  
We are theirs

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