

Rotting Christ

"The Old Coffin Spirit"

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My soul is trembling, asphyxiated exhalation
But, feel like my name
Starting around the tombs of marble
Untouched carry the crew of ages
An unwed coffin attracts me
Inside the fear an odd wonder
Strange prompting as I read the name
Chorus:
Now rest in my new dwelling
The property calls "Be done"
I'm the old coffin spirit
Master and slave on my own land
Well hidden behind the pute stars
Fluttering in distant unknown zones
Macabre dance with the diastric winds
Hrismed to haunt the kiss of light

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