

Despoiler

"Skeletons"

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Spin a web of hatred in a tomb cold and deep,
The time for lamentation is gone so we weep,
I wear no veil of glory, malignance, this is me,
For in the web of hatred, no-one shall break free.

Skin drips of the bone like rotting chicken meat,
As a pulse of maggots works its way through tasty
treat,
Leaving only bone, a skeletal delight,
Ready to return, to surface and to fight.

Chorus

Skeletons,
Creeping all around,
In my head, and under the ground,
Take my mind, for it atones,
(Take. My Mind.)
Skeletons,
Creeping all around,
In my head, and under the ground,
Take my mind, for it atones,
Bury me amongst the bones.

(I can bleed),
(But the bone cannot),
(They can remain),
(But our minds rot).

As I close my eyes,
I can see it clear,
The mass of the bone and the smell of fear,
Angels cry and the moon will fall,
For the evil in the graveyard speaks the call.

When I hear the sound,
From 6 feet underground,
The scraping of a coffin lid from under me,
I get shovelling,
And some unravelling,
To set that evil free.

Now the spirits haunt,
My mind and soul,
As the necromancy takes control,
What I fear,
What we dread,
Nothing will save us from the undead!

Chorus

Solo

Chorus

(I can bleed),
(But the bone cannot),
(They can remain),
(But our minds rot).

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