

Obits

"Dead Silence"

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Not the one
Souls are gonna burn
You're the one
Coming down the dead
Thru the darkness
Skies are gonna shout
Pray for lies
But who's the one to go
Streams of blood
Flow into the streets
Feeds the need
Of the decayed rotting means
Fires breeds upon
The weary young
Evil tales
Sold his only son
Life no longer
Fills the need
Dead silence
In which to feed
Fires breeds upon
The weary young
Evil tales
Sold his only son
Life no longer
Feeds the need
Feeds the need
Of the decayed rotting means

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