

# Druid Lord, Festering Tombs

Pyres of burning flesh, crumble till nothing's left  
Pungent stench of death, consuming every breath  
Corpses lying here remains scattered everywhere  
Buried inside earth, exhumed for rebirth

Rise up from the grave  
Prepare the coven to meet  
Touch the witch hand of death  
The innocent follow like sheep

Rays glow from beyond, bewitched in a trance  
Fall before the hags, into everlasting sleep

Putrid smell of mold, reading pages smell foretold  
Sun melts into the sky, insufferable screams as they die  
Festering tombs bursting out, cadaverous life crawling

Oh this night the decayed shall live, and summon the king of the dead

Festering tombs of the rotting dead  
Into the night we were lead  
Festering tombs of the rotting dead  
Wretched souls are cursed to live