

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