

Coffin Of Ruins

Calabrese

Thrust into black, whirling deep locomotion,
Crushed under stone and rubble demolition.
Raw nerves collide under dark premonitions.
Home is a tomb of black smoke burning coffins, yeah.

And I'm feeling today so lost and strange.
The fields of death are along the way,
And I know that the dead are all I have,
Wrapped in dirt, under the ground, under this Earth.

You will find the casket empty after midnight,
A madman at your door in the morning of tomorrow.
The shadows speak, the candles wave when no one's there.
My murdered life, the ravens fly, and I am alone and nobody cares.

And I'm feeling today so lost and strange.
The fields of death are along the way,
And I know that the dead are all I have,
Wrapped in dirt, under the ground, under this Earth.

Fear in his heart that drove the madness,
Putrid, decay, grinning maggots.
Life that fades away from twisted bodies,
A corpse of blue ooze from the coffin.

And I'm feeling today so lost and strange.
The fields of death are along the way,
And I know that the dead are all I have,
Wrapped in dirt, under the ground, under this Earth.