

Dawn Of The Dead

Supreme Majesty

Prying eyes in the dead of night,
shadows walking unseen
People wonder with horror,
what this atrocity mean
Foul smell of the evil coming,
the forest silently moans
Creatures rising from down below,
to rip the flesh from your bones

I say you better believe it
The thing is coming for you

At the dawn of the dead
Wicked screams rip the silence
At the dawn of the dead
Screams of terror and violence

Holy water and crosses blessed,
oak sticks be gone
Only tongue the undead speak,
is the sound of the gun
Stand back let no one touch,
in hellish fire you'll burn
Ere sunrise, before the dawn,
of true horror you'll learn

If you could never believe it
Your soul has better be true

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