

## 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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