

## Feast Of The Dead

### The Gates of Slumber

Walls closing around me  
Nowhere to hide  
The hordes of hell are set free  
The dead refuse to die  
Where did this evil come from  
A comet's tail  
O God again I must run  
The dead cannot prevail

Corpses walking in a never ending line  
I smell the grave behind me  
It can't be my time

Time has no meaning  
In a land of the dead  
Every moments fleeting  
When by fear you're lead  
It had been such a long time  
Since I'd cause to speak  
And then my cry of horror  
At the undead reek

On they come to eat my flesh my last thought  
I'm a feast for the dead