

Reanimated

Vanna

I, I dug a hole
Fit for a queen
But she, she bore a tunnel
Through the back of my head

Now we'll see who's coming back
I through there is no coming back
Spitting blood and seeing black
That is what is coming back

She raises from black velvet
She knows her sacrifice has failed
The bride steps into the hallway
I feel a reckoning is in order

Strike her down