

# The Howling Dead

## Autopsy

Appearing like cracked whispers  
From desiccated bones  
Sulphuric miscreations  
Mausoleum torches glow  
Spirits from beyond the black  
They are three, they are true death  
They are Hate, Despair, Disease  
Awakened by gore to manifest  
Awakened by gore...Re-open the eyes of the once sleeping dead  
The dagger goes into the wound bloody red  
Releasing the spectres of yesterday's doomed  
Bane of the living, a curse to consume  
Hate-a vision of flesh being torn  
Despair-demise on the altar of Scorn  
Disease-Inflicting the soon to be born  
All have been forewarned...  
The wind of flies approaches  
All once held dear befouled  
The earth and sea in ruins  
The night alive with howls

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>