

As I dwell in utter darkness,
where death's my only friend
As I emerge from the pits,
where the rotting corpses dance

Blood, pus, slime and faeces,
drip from all my holes
My lust for flesh is fulfilled,
as I tear your soul apart

The sound of, your spine,
being broken by my hands
Makes me, so hard,
this erection, can't be ignored
Feel my, maggot-, infested cock,
between your legs
I pull out, I cum blood,
in your dismembered face

I am the walking dead,
I live, to kill
No remorse, no regrets,
it's just my way, of killing time
I feast, on your flesh,
to make the pain, go away
The suffering, the intense suffering,
it tortures me, every day

[Chorus]

Stare into my eyes,
and you will understand;
Fulci wrote no fiction;
the dead walk...once again.

[Repeat 2nd verse]

[Repeat chorus]