Axamenta, Echoes

The flesh is dead The soul forlorn The final breath From body torn But still I hear As life, in dreams The restless soul's Eternal screams And now I cannot stand fighting But still they come, haunting and plaguing Save me...from this...hell...but take...heed...cause The stench of rot In their wake To save me Share my plague The hungry dead They wail and weep All I crave Is to sleep