

Final Cry are:

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Recorded, mixed and mastered  
at Pure Sonic Studios / Langelsheim  
by Jost Schlüter (08/2017-03/2018).

All music by Final Cry (2010-2017).  
All lyrics by Burghardt Sonnenburg (2008-2016).

„Dominion Of Decay“ contains excerpts from  
Johann Wolfgang Goethe „Der Totentanz“ (1813).

„Gone To Croatan“ contains excerpts from  
James Koehline „Legend of the Great Dismal Maroons“ (1993).

„In Emerald Tombs“ was inspired by  
Edgar Allan Poe „The Premature Burial“ (1844).

Booklet contains photography from  
William Buehler Seabrook „The Magic Island“ (1929).

„Zombique“ was composed and arranged  
in deep respect and totally dedicated  
to the works of George Andrew Romero (1940-2017).

Front Cover Painting by Martin Arnold (2017).

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Band Photography  
by Eiko Truckenbrodt (2017).

# Final Cry



## ZOMBIQUE



**WALK WITH THE DEAD**

**music: Feldmann / Sonnenburg / Truckenbrodt**

**lyrics: Sonnenburg / Truckenbrodt - 05/2010**

**INTOXICATE THE GOBLET  
FILL IT WITH MEDICAL FAKE.  
INFECT THE SWEET AMBROSIA  
AND SPREAD THE RAGING PLAGUE.**

**PRAISE THE SHARP PAINS AND TERROR  
EMERGE FROM BLEEDING PORES.  
AWAKE THE PUTRID BODIES  
OPEN THE CRYPTIC DOORS.**

**ONCE BANNED TO WOODEN COFFINS  
AND TIED TO LINEN SHEETS.  
NOW CALLED TO ARMS AND VENGEANCE  
AND WALK ON ENDLESS STREETS.**

**MOVE LIKE A BALLET-DANCER  
AND TOSS THE VELVET SCARVES  
TWIRLING THE SILVER BATONS  
AND TANGLE WITH THE LARVES.**

**RAISE THE DEAD FROM THE GRAVES  
THE LEGIONS OF WORMS  
THE HORDES OF DECAY  
SHALL GATHER THE WAVES.**

**ON CADAVERS WE FEAST  
WITH A HUNGER UNSTILLED.  
ON HEAPS OF BODIES WE WALK  
EPIDEMICS TO BE UNLEASHED.**

**WE WALK – THE ARMY OF THE UNDEAD  
THE ONES THE EARTH SPAT OUT  
THE RAVENOUS LEAGUE IS TO FED  
TO REVEL IN THE CROWD.**

**WALK! (THERE WE WILL WALK)  
WALK! (COME JOIN US)  
WALK! (WALK WITH THE DEAD)  
WALK WITH THE DEAD.**



**DOMINION OF DECAY**

music: Feldmann / Sonnenburg / Truckenbrodt

lyrics: Sonnenburg / Truckenbrodt - 05/2013

HE COWERS ALONE  
ASIDE THE PALE GRAVES  
THE LANTERN SWINGS IN THE DARK.  
MIDNIGHT'S APPROACHING  
IN SLUMBER HE FALLS  
A COLD WIND BLOWS OUT THE SPARK.

THE SONG OF THE NIGHTBIRD  
FADES IN THE HAZE  
THE DEER FLEW INTO THE DEEP MIST.  
SHOCKED BY A SHRIEK  
HE STARTLES FROM SLEEP  
AND TERROR IS GRAPING HIS WRIST.

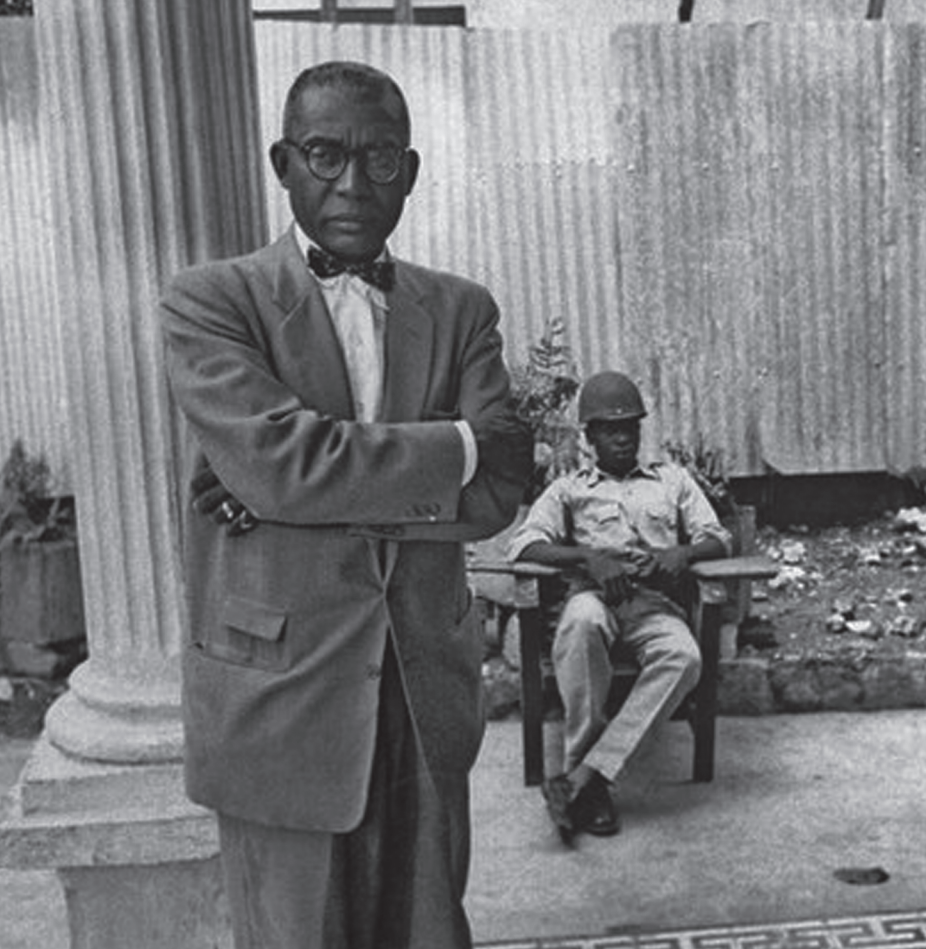
SCATTER THE BONES ON THE HILLS  
BREATHE DEEP THE POISON  
KNOW THAT IT KILLS.  
LAY YOUR HANDS ONTO THE RUST  
AND KNEEL DOWN INTO THE DUST.

COMING FORTH FROM LAIRS OF MARBLE  
COMING FORTH FROM COFFINS COLD  
COMING FORTH CADAVERS GREEN  
COMING FORTH AS THE CHAPELS BELL.

THE GRAVES LAY ALL OPEN  
CADAVERS ARISE  
THEY GATHER  
AND DANCE IN A ROW.  
ALL DRESSED IN BONE  
ADORNED WITH DEAD FLESH  
EMERGE FROM THE TOMBS  
HIGH AND LOW.

SO POOR AND SO YOUNG  
AND SO OLD AND SO RICH  
THEY SHAKE AND THEY'RE  
TWIRLING THE HIPS.  
WITH KNUCKLES ON LAP  
WITH WRISTS BOUND IN PITCH  
AND THE HYMN OF DECAY  
ON THEIR LIPS.

SCATTER THE BONES ON THE HILLS  
BREATHE DEEP THE POISON  
KNOW THAT IT KILLS.  
LAY YOUR HANDS ONTO THE RUST  
AND KNEEL DOWN INTO THE DUST.



**IN EMERALD TOMBS**

music: Feldmann / Sonnenburg / Truckenbrodt

lyrics: Sonnenburg - 12/2014

HER LIPS ARE BUILD OF MARBLE PALLOR  
HER EYES ARE MADE OF PURPLE GLOOM.  
HER HAIR IS WEAVED  
FROM BLACK CROW'S FEATHER  
HER TEMPLES ADORNED  
WITH NICEST BLOOM.

BUT THERE IS NO WARMTH  
NO INSTANT BREATHING  
PULSATION HAS LONG CEASED.

AND KISSES  
SHE WOULD HAVE FREELY GIVEN  
ON HIS SPLENDID FACE  
HAVE LONG DECREASED.

HE THOUGHT HER BODY WAS COVERED  
WITH FLOWERS AND LEAF'S SO GREEN.  
NOW SOAKED WITH RAIN  
A SOLID MOISTURE  
A PLEDGE OF THE WITHERING REDEEM.

THREE YEARS HE WAS SEARCHING FOR HER  
HIS BRIDE, ADORNED FOR HIM.  
NOW SHE LIES IN HIS ARMS  
THE SEEDS OF DEATH WITHIN.

HE DRANK, ATE COKE AND OPIUM  
RAN FROM THE TRUTH HE DREAD.  
HE BURIED TEARS AND MOANINGS  
SWORE WAR TO THE LIVING AND THE DEAD.

HE'S LED INTO THE DARKENED CHAMBER  
TO THE COFFIN, THEIR LAST COLD LAIR.  
HE'LL ENDEAVORE TO ARREST ATTENTION  
BY STRIKING THE CLOSED IRON DOOR.

IN TERRORS, IN FALLING IN SLUMBER  
HER PICTURE APPEARS IN THE DARK  
AND HIDDEN IN SHROUDS, HE'S ENTANGLED  
AND REMAINED AND HE ROTTED, ERECT.



**MAGGOT MAROON**

music: Feldmann / Sonnenburg / Truckenbrodt

lyrics: Sonnenburg / Truckenbrodt – 04/2015

**BORN IN A FEVER, BAPTIZED IN MUD  
SUCKLED WITH URINE, FED FROM THE GUT.  
RAISED BY THE SNAKE, HOME IN THE SWAMP  
CRAWL FROM THE JUNGLE  
TO MAKE THE LAST STAND.**

**PAINTING THE BLACK FACE  
WITH LIMESTONE AND COALS  
FIT THE CYLINDER  
MAKE-UP THE BROWS  
SHARPEN THE BLADE  
IN A SHOWER OF SPARKS  
WITH A GRIN ROUND THE FANGS  
THAT SHINES IN THE DARK.**

**THE ARMY OF SLAVES  
MARCHING AS A MAN BY HIS SIDE  
AS THEY BREAK THROUGH THE WOODS  
BY EARLY DAYLIGHT.**

**OVERWHELMING THE MASSES  
WITH THE CRY OF THE FREE  
ANNIHILATING THE RULERS  
THEY WILL HANG IN THE TREES.**

**WITH POISON DARTS FROM AN AMBUSH  
AND STABS FROM BEHIND  
WITH FIRE AND SULPHUR  
THEY'LL BURN ALL OF THEIR KIND.**

**FROM THE WHITE STAIRS OF MARBLE  
THEY PUSH OFF THEIR BONES  
ON THE HEAP OF THEIR BODIES  
THEY BUILD UP THEIR THRONES.**

**I AM THE BARON  
THE KING OF THE DEAD  
THE MONARCH OF MAGGOTS,  
ALL PLAGUES I WILL SPREAD.  
I AM THE EXPRESSION  
OF DISGUST AND DESPISE,  
THE HIGHPRIEST OF VODOU  
MY POWER WILL RISE.**

**SO CRY FOR YOUR FELLOWS,  
YOUR WIFE AND YOUR KIDS  
WE CAUGHT THEM AT DAYBREAK  
AND CUT OFF THEIR LIPS.  
WE BATHED THEM IN ACID  
AND DROWNED THEIR LAST BREATH –  
IN THE DARK CRYPTS OF TERROR,  
THE DUNGEONS OF DEATH.**

**RAISING THE POCAL  
TO THE CARRIBEAN QUEEN  
OPEN THE PORTALS  
TO THE DUNGEONS OF DEATH.**



**THE SERPENT GOD**

music: Feldmann / Sonnenburg / Truckenbrodt  
lyrics: Sonnenburg - 03/2015

**BEWARE OF THE BIGHT OF BENIN  
THE ONES WHO CAME OUT, DIE.  
OH NO, WE WON'T SURVIVE THE PASSAGE  
IN CHAINS OUR CHILDREN CRY.**

**BANNED FROM OUR BEAUTIFUL VALLEYS  
WHERE THE CORN GREW WILD AND TALL.  
WE LEFT THE SHORES AT DAYBREAK  
O LORDE HEAR OUR CALL!**

**THE MANDATE OF THE MONARCH,  
OF THE KING, OF DEATH.  
THROUGH COLD OCEANS STARING  
HE'S DROWNING OUR BREATH.**

**OVERWHELMED BY A WRETCH  
WHOM NO PERIL COULD DETER.  
THE PROMISE THEY MADE  
IS THE WAR WE DECLARE.**

**OUR CHAPELS ONCE STRONG  
NOW PLACED UNDER BAN.  
OUR PRAYERS ONCE LONG  
NOW STALLED TO SERMON.**

**DAMBALLAH WILL OPEN THE BARRIERS  
HIDDEN IN A MARVELLOUS SHRINE.  
ENVELOPPED IN A SHROUD OF TERROR  
HER WRATH BE THE SIGN OF DECLINE.**

**DREAMS OF WINES AND LIQUORS  
WON'T CURE OUR EXILE FOR LONG.  
OUR HEARTS ARE FORGED IN TERROR  
UNITED WE ARE STRONG.**



**GONE TO CROATAN (THE LOST COLONY)**

music: Feldmann / Sonnenburg / Truckenbrodt

lyrics: Sonnenburg - 01/2016

ONE WITH THE TRIBE  
GONE TO THE SWAMP  
OATHS SWORN IN BLOOD  
SEALED WITH FLESH.

LURK IN THE NIGHT  
HIDE FROM THE SUN  
SHAKE OFF THE REIGN  
OF THE LASH.

BREATHE DEEP THE SMOKE  
ASIDE THE WILD FLAMES  
SPEAKING THE TONGUE  
OF THE BEAST.

FLEE FROM THE BONDAGE  
FREE FROM THE CHAINS  
DENYING THE KING  
IN THE EAST.

INTO THE DEPTHS  
OF THE GREAT DISMAL SWAMP  
WE ABANDONED OUR ACRES AND FIELDS.  
A NEW HOUSE WE FOUND  
IN THE BARREN PINE HALLS  
WE GATHER - THE LAND OF THE FREE.

FORGING ALLEGIANCE  
SPOKE TRIBAL RHYME  
FOLLOWED THE CALL OF THE WILD.  
LEAVING NO TRACES  
NO LETTER WILL TELL  
ERASED FROM THE MAPS  
FOR ALL TIME.

NOW HEAR THE CALL  
OF THE STRONG HIDDEN MIGHT  
TRACK OUT  
THE UTOPIAN TRACE.

OUR TENDRILS OF LIGHT  
LONG SOILED WITH WRONG RULES  
RE-ENTWINED WITH  
THE ROOTS OF OUR RACE.



**ZOMBIAC**

music: Feldmann / Sonnenburg / Truckenbrodt

lyrics: Sonnenburg - 11/2014

**DIGGING MY NAILS INTO THE CASKET  
GRABBING MY CLAWS IN THE MOULD.  
WARM RAIN MOISTENS MY BLACK FACE  
CREEPING OUT OF THE COLD.**

**DEAD EYES ARE STARING INTO DARKNESS  
NO BLOOD PUMPING THROUGH THE VEIN.  
HEARTBEAT HAS STOPPED FOR A LIFETIME  
STUMBLING INTO THE WARM RAIN.**

**MASTER - COMMAND ME TO  
OBEY - THE GRAPES OF NIGHT  
REBORN - OUT OF THE CRYPT  
SUBMIT - TO THE DARK DOMINION.**

**MARCHING THE LONG LANES OF SUGAR  
A WALKING CORPSE IN THE SUN.  
MACHETES TWINKLING  
THROUGH SWEET STRAWS  
A SLAVE I HAVE BECOME.**

**IN THE HOUSE NEARBY THE RIVER  
THERE LIVES MY LITTLE BRIDE.  
SHE'S HAPPY AND IN DEEP LOVE  
WITH A RING AT HER HAND SHINING BRIGHT.**

**ONE DAY SHE WAS AGAIN PICKING FLOWERS  
ON THE LANE NEXT THE CEMETERY.  
I WAS LURKING BEHIND THE CHAPEL  
HIDING BEHIND THE TREE.**

**WALKING ON THROUGH THE ASHES  
FRESH BLOOD PUMPING THROUGH MY VEIN.  
HER HEART GAVE ME STRENGTH FOREVER  
DANCING INTO THE WARM RAIN.**





**BOUKMAN'S PRAYER**

music: Feldmann / Sonnenburg / Truckenbrodt

lyrics: Sonnenburg - 10/2015

UNFATHOMED SWAMPS  
BLACK LIQUEURS DROPPING  
FROM IDLE BRANCHES  
SWEET NECTARS SOAK.  
FLIES GLANCING SWARMING  
INJECT THE SEMEN  
OF DECAY INTO THE LIVING  
GLANDS OF COKE.

SNAKES SHEDDING THEIR SKIN  
SNAILS ARE CRAWLING THROUGH  
LEECH IS SUCKING MY LIVER  
MORAINES ARE WINDING IN.

THE NIGHT, THOUGH CLEAR  
SHALL FROWN  
AND THE STARS SHALL NOT  
LOOK DOWN  
FROM THEIR HIGH THRONES  
IN HEAVEN  
WITH LIGHT LIKE HOPE  
TO MORTALS GIVEN.  
TONIGHT YOUR GODS  
WILL BURN YOU DOWN.

THE BREEZE, THE BREATH OF GOD, IS STILL  
AND BY THE MIST UPON THE HILL  
DEATH HAS REARED HIMSELF A THRONE  
WHERE CYPRESS' SHADOWS STAND ALONE.

O'ER LANDS ENCHANTED  
SLAVES CURSE WORKING  
ON SHORES ARE GRIMACE  
ECHOES ROLL  
IN COPPER MINES  
WITHIN THE DARK HILLS  
THE SOUND OF DRUMS  
CALLS US TO TOLL.

WE'RE LEGION  
SERVANTS OF OUR MASTER  
OUR ORDER'S STRONG  
THE DEADLY KIND  
WE'RE MARCHING COUNTLESS  
THROUGH THE ACRES  
AND ASHEN STEPS  
WE LEFT BEHIND.



**BURGHARDT SONNENBURG**  
rhythm guitars

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bass

**HOLGER FELDMANN**  
drums & editing

**EIKO TRUCKENBRODT**  
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