

## **Zombique (2018)**

### **Dominion Of Decay**

*music: Feldmann / Sonnenburg / Truckenbrodt*

*lyrics: Sonnenburg - 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, and 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.

## **Maggot Maroon**

*music: Feldmann / Sonnenburg / Truckenbrodt*

*lyrics: Sonnenburg - 04/2015*

Born in a fever, baptized in mud  
Suckled with urine and 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 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 wear my sunglasses by day and by night  
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 Carribbean Queen.  
Open the portals to the dungeons of death.

## **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.

## **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.

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.

## **Zombiac**

*music: Feldmann / Sonnenburg / Truckenbrodt*

*lyrics: Sonnenburg - 11/2014*

Digging my nails into the casket  
Grabbing my claws in the mould.  
Warm rain is moistening 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.

Now i'm walking through the ashes  
Fresh blood pumping through my vein.  
Her heart gave me strength forever  
Dancing into the warm rain.

## **The Serpent God**

*music: Feldmann / Sonnenburg / Truckenbrodt*

*lyrics: Sonnenburg - 03/2015*

Beware of the Bight of Benin  
The one's who came out, died.  
We won't survive the passage  
In chains our children cried.

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.  
Enveloped 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.

## **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 that her body was covered  
With flowers and leafs 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 wide arms  
The seeds of death within.

He drank, ate coke and opium  
Until he thought she'd coming back.  
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.

## Walk With The Dead

*music: Feldmann / Sonnenburg / Truckenbrodt*

*lyrics: Sonnenburg - 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 larvae.

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  
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