The Casket Of Roderic Usher

Finch

Human flesh, open earth
Prepare your burial, burial, burial
Prepare your burial, burial, burial
This body, cold, contagious
Buried with your face down
You scream without sound
Broken bones won't heal you
Sympathy turns to laughter

Laughter, laughter, laughter
Unearthed hands of solitude
All over me
Torn apart by this cold self incision
So let it bleed, beware
Open earth, prepare your burial
Prepare your burial, burial, burial
Prepare your burial, burial, burial
This body, cold, contagious

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