

# Funeral Home

## Macabre

You are pronounced dead  
Due to a crushing blow to the head  
The reaper has passed his curse  
Lifeless body hauled away in a hearse  
Death is the reality  
Life it lies in a dormant grave  
It's off to the funeral home  
Isn't it great?  
Death in the embalmer's hands  
He cuts your organs and puts them in pans  
Then he drains all your blood  
Embalms your veins til they flood  
Then you're put into your casket  
Rolled in and put on display  
He made you look like you were  
Living today  
The under \_\_\_ taker  
Cuts you \_\_\_ open  
And he \_\_\_ rips out  
All of \_\_\_ your insides  
And you cannot \_\_\_ escape  
His clutches  
For you \_\_\_ will be  
Embalmed \_\_\_ by him  
AAAHHHHHAHAHAHAHAHA  
You are \_\_\_ on your  
Way to \_\_\_ the funeral home  
You are \_\_\_ in the  
Funeral \_\_\_ home and you are  
DEAD!

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