Soiled

Benza

Return to consciousness
But nothing is in focus
My eyes they feel open
Only darkness
Instant panic sets in
Seems the air I breathe is thin
Pressure, collapsing, my lungs
I'm on, my back, my limbs, I lack
I've been butchered and dismembered
For some reason I'm not dead
In despair I scream and cry
A torso buried alive
Through black magic I've been preserved in coffins
Arms, legs in one
The rest in another
Consciousness fades
Lifeforce now drains
Just when I hope I've expired, I awaken
The crucial goal to decompose
To the soil I am cumbersome
Days of blackness
For eternity
Death is taboo
Nothing but a dream
This has happened to
No one more deserving
No one more deserving...
No one more deserving...
Me, a torso buried alive

Lyrics submitted by Andreas Amorsen.

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