Slit Wrists

Six Feet Under

Bring forth death from out of the dark
Begins my feeding, left behind
Another seizure deep within
I feel my disease bleeding from me
In my mind numb inside my head
Brings my sickness now to life
Digging your grave long before you're dead
I stick a razor right through my arms
To kill from inside you die to rotten
This is your death now you die blood from the body
Blood from the body, blood from the body leaks
Blood from the body
I feel no pulse, blood from the body
Blood from the body, leaks feed on the body
I feel no pulse within your skin
Dead in your skin
Bones break, skulls crack, arms bleed
Slit wrists, this knife, these veins
This sickness has been growing inside of me
This rage, my evil, your fear
Near death
Violence
I slice through veins and rip through the soul to dieBlood from the body
Blood from the body leaks
Blood from the body, at night I bleed disease
I feel no pulse
Blood from the body
Feed on the body, bleed
Blood from the body
Feed on the body and any of life within you

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