Insect

Six Feet Under

After we die; invading our bodily cavities
The young of insects feed
On our inactive brains
And numb spinal cords.
Open sores drain slow,
Spouting yellow pus - from us.
Dead human flesh brings nourishment,
Survival from what is dead and cold.
Our unburied carcass'
Will be reduced to bone.
Open sores drain slow,
Spouting yellow pus - they're feeding on our souls.
A sickening odor seeps - from us.Inside they multiply,
Devour us piece by piece.
New life from us, dead life not lost.
They feed to hatch the spawn,
Devour us piece by piece.
This dead life not lost.
New life from us, dead life not lost.
New life from us.
Opens sores drain slow,
Spouting yellow pus.
They're feeding on our souls.
A sickening odor seeps - from us.
Insects, insects, insects,
Maggots.

Songwriters
BARNES, CHRIS/WEST, ALLENPublished by
Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT US, LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/