Rest In Pieces

Six Feet Under

The hearse awaits to drive you to hell
The coffin opens, you're dead on the table
I prepare the pieces for burial
Brain removed as I stick in the needleTo drain out the pus, blood, and bile
One eyeball missing, 6 teeth and four limbs
Rope was used as the method to strangle
Rats have eaten part of the genitalsOh my God not another dead body
The cadaver is cut up and cut up again
Gutted and split in two, to ferment in the grave
Thrown six feet down, one piece at a time, for the insects to find
Thrown six feet down, one piece at a time, for the insects to findRest in pieces, in the grave you're bleeding
Rest in pieces, tomb of the mutilatedThe hearse awaits to drive you to hell
The coffin opens, you're dead on the table
I prepare the pieces for burial
Brain removed as I stick in the needleThe bloody bodies have been probed and cut
A severed head hangs on a hook
Cockroaches and ants invade the torso
Everything below the waist has been cookedRest in pieces, in the grave you're bleeding
Rest in pieces, tomb of the mutilated

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