Escape from the Grave

Six Feet Under

No escape from this lonely grave- buried six feet down
Molested, dumped in a hole, beaten, shivering
Scream for mother she can't save you
No God hears you, only death awaits you
Die by my hand, the master of the damned
The kill is what I crave- doom no prophecy will save
You re rotten already, now's your time to decay
A terminal illness called dead in the grave
A chance at a new beginning- senseless- vicious- violent,
Cold calculated killing in remembrance of the dead,
I've kept the severed head and dried its eyes for days
As I watched its body decay

Songwriters
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