Open the Grave

Heathen

Feel the heat from the sweat of the cold
Bodies withered decyed and old
They lay beneath the cold, black earth
The final resting place, destined form birthBuried alive in a prison below
Left to die in a six foot hole
As he feels his time has run out
He hears someone above, he begins to shoutPlease open the grave and let me out
I'm still alive, can you hear me shout
Open the grave and then you will see
For it's not a spirit that you hear, it's me
Set me free, set me free
He begins to hear the sound of a pick
Someone is digging, but time is ticking
Now he begins to drip with sweat
Cause he knows his prayers haven't been answered yetBuried deep in a prison below
Left to die in a six foot hole
Seeing his life pass before his eyes
Hoping that someone will hear his criesOpen the grave and let me out
I'm still alive, can you hear me shout
Please, open the grave and then you will see
I'm not a spirit, and I can breathe
Cause I'm free, yes I'm freeThe churches of the world are crumbling
Feel the fall of tower of cultures
As your flesh is ripped by social vultures
So here I stand after the war
My body is broken and my mind is tornColliding with time, past and future
So tell me if I'm in the dead past or ruined futureThe churches of the world are crumbling
Feel the fall of tower of cultures
As your flesh is ripped by social vulturesSo here I stand after the war
My body is broken and my mind is torn
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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