

Bone Box

Embalmer

Lying in a box, twisted and decayed
Waiting for the hearse to carry you away
Thrown in the mud, maggots fill the grave

In the bone box left to fucking rot. ROTTTTT!Dead and buried lying in a box, six feet under for the worms to eat

Stiff and cold covered up with rocks, to decay in the dirtRotten stench

Bodies decay

Rot with Rick

Rot away

Insets feed on what's left of your skin
Maggots crawl out and they crawl back in
Shredded entrails the last of what's left

You're dead, you're buried, the bone box is your death

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
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