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.

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