

Keep My Grave Open

Sentenced

(Hunt or be hunted)

The days are hot

and the dead lie unburied on the field

So the wind brings the smell of blood

- so heavy 'n sweet

They're back again

-we came so near and yet so far

They're all around

and if they come any closer...

We're done

Keep My Grave Open, open wide

Keep My Grave Open, I'm longing to die

-Cool and peaceful, and far from the battlefields

..and opened just for me

The moon shuts her eyes

and great black clouds cover the sky

Rain bathes the ground

while we live in darkness like the blind...

Lyrics provided by

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