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...

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