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Six Feet Under

thirteen pieces of your fate
thirteen dead that will awake
dying slowly, closer, closer
thirteen peices of my mind

thirteen peices of my mind
thirteen bullets in your side
dying slowly, closer, closer
thirteen stab wounds to your head

thirteen dead and thirteen rotten
and now that old wounds have clotted
the terror that you felt,
will be the last thing you feel
thirteen rot over ten years decayed
thirteen bodies will be left unburied
the terror that you felt,
will be the last thing that you feel

thirteen broken scabbed and torn
thirteen victims not yet born
dying slowly, closer, closer
thirteen pieces of my mind

thirteen rot over ten years decayed
thirteen bodies will be left unburied
thirteen dead that will awake
thirteen pieces of your fate
thirteen bullets in your side
thirteen stab wounds to your head
thirteen broken scabbed and torn
thirteen victims not yet born

Lyrics submitted by Brady.

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