

## 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

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Lyrics submitted by Brady.

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