

# 'Til Death

## Obituary

Scratch, scratch, should be there  
Misdirections of rotting corpses  
I'm now sulking in the corner Five more minutes and we'll all be dead  
Five more minutes and we'll all be dead Skeleton closets, close up tight  
A perfect illness gone clear of life  
In the frightened presence Nailed to a heart felt decision  
If God turned today I'd meet you in hell  
Will I meet you in hell? Yes I'll meet you in hell  
Will I meet you in hell? Look in the eyes of the six fingered beast  
Percussion is a cancer spreading to your cage  
Blue light, beauty's got it's victim by the tail (Five more minutes and we'll all be dead)  
I'm sleeping, in a sleep upon a bed of nails  
Won't you wake me up with your kiss  
And give me  
One moment of bliss Flesh to bone is a purity process  
Touch.. touch.. before the fall  
Before the fall, before the fall (Five more minutes and we'll all be dead)  
Five more minutes and we'll all be dead  
Five more minutes and we'll all be dead Temptation is food, open your mouth and accept it  
Open your mouth and accept it...

Songwriters

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