

In The Flesh

Entombed

Carrying a heard the size of my head
Got an angel on my back
The leftovers of my face
Is a leaden mask of death
Drink my coffee black
I sing with a voice full of scorn
Behind my bony mask of face
They call me the one with horns
But at the end of the day, I'm just torn

I don't think about things too much
Sunken temples, sleeky smile
I've been in the scene for much to long
To not be vile
I'm scared stiff about the fact
That someday I'll slack
Led astray in a world I once knew
Used to be king now considered a fool

I admire your burnt skin
But is your flesh rotten right through?
Alive among the lifeless
In a close-minded world
Where no-one is true