

Young & Dead

Entombed

We're such a success story
The king is not returning
But living safe and sorry
Another church is burning

See the things out of sight
Time will turn it all to sand
Nothing left and nothing right

Have it all in your hand
Wanna leave but you stay
Slowly rot and fade away
Burn an X in your head
Godly being young & dead
Zombiefield angelic race

Rottten flesh on a pretty face
Had it all in your hand

Young & dead in promise land
We're such a success story
But living safe and sorry
The king is not returning

Another church is burning
More bigger faster better
Dead gods and man-made weather
Firearms made of plastic
Our world is so fantastic

You can't fight what's in your soul
You can't fight what's in your soul
And keep the devil in the hole
Before your eyes it will be unfold