

Tomb Of The Unknown Junkie

Abscess

Build it for the ones who disappear
Vanish without a trace
For those who fall down
Crushed in the race
Build it wide and low to the ground
Paint it black
Freeze the core so cold surrounds
Where all is black

In the tomb of the unknown junkie
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In the tomb of the unknown junkie

Display the corpse unembalmed
Stench of death in the air
Dress them in their finest clothes
And brush their hair
When the flesh rots away
They'll join the wall of bones
A fresh corpse will soon be here
To call this place home