

Six Feet Under's Not Deep Enough

Angtoria

You'll twist and turn your spite
Till you drain the sane
Cover up your track's with lie's
Deceit hide's a smile

So tired of this false pretence
Can't even look me in the eye
Approached by truth, you take offence
Praise the hypocrite!

I'll dance on your grave until my feet bleed
Six feet unders, where you'll rot
No remorse, your I'll fate kept you running

What lie's behind close door's
Your slave's dance, you stamp your feet
Secrecy will land you on your face
No game, no gain

Your sheer presence make's my skin crawl
But your stale memory drag's on

What goes around, comes around

I'll dance on your grave until my feet bleed
Six feet unders where you'll rot
No remorse, your I'll fate kept you running

We'll spit on your grave until your soul scream's
Six feet unders not deep enough
No sleep lost, good thing's come to those who wait