

Running From The Goathead

Autopsy

Lying on the floor I realize my fate
I've become victim, I've become hate
How did this horrible night come to be
Piece by piece it comes after me
It catches up and grabs my throat
All I see is the head of a goat
It's sharpened fingers slice my face
The catch is better than the chase

It comes after me
Running from the goathead
Blood in my eyes, I cannot see
Black heart chaser
Terror races through my mind
Running from the goathead
I run with it behind... me

Hallways that are long and dark
Scratching walls, looking for a door
The burns and cuts have left their mark
I see others have come before
What kind of fate did they meet
This evil place cries for more
With brutal weapons all are beat
To live I must come to the fore

Running from the goathead
Running from the goathead
Running from the goathead