

## Coffin Of Ruins

Calabrese

Thrust into black, whirling deep locomotion,  
Crushed under stone and rubble demolition.  
Raw nerves collide under dark premonitions.  
Home is a tomb of black smoke burning coffins, yeah.

And I'm feeling today so lost and strange.  
The fields of death are along the way,  
And I know that the dead are all I have,  
Wrapped in dirt, under the ground, under this Earth.

You will find the casket empty after midnight,  
A madman at your door in the morning of tomorrow.  
The shadows speak, the candles wave when no one's there.  
My murdered life, the ravens fly, and I am alone and nobody cares.

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And I know that the dead are all I have,  
Wrapped in dirt, under the ground, under this Earth.

Fear in his heart that drove the madness,  
Putrid, decay, grinning maggots.  
Life that fades away from twisted bodies,  
A corpse of blue ooze from the coffin.

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