

Premature Burial

Cloven Hoof

Accursed sleep,
with its glimpse of death.
Malignant midnight confined.
Against its grip,
insomnia keeps.
paranoia eroding my mind...Ooo!

All my life is just a mausoleum,
from the cradle to the grave.
Catalepsy, black Museum.
If I awake,
please save me!

Meticulous plans came to nothing,
laid to rest by sabotage.
Coffin walls hemmed in around me, lungs fit to burst enlarge.

Finger nails tearing at the ceiling,
blood pumping loud in my ears.
Fighting back the nausea in me,
choking back the strangled cries
and tears.

Is there anybody out there?
To answer my tortured prayer.
Don't let this be my passing,
free me from this nightmare.

Chorus
That's your funeral,
premature burial.
That's your funeral,
premature burial.

Left to rot under the soil,
claustrophobia running wild.
One match to light up the darkness, shrouding me reconciled.

Up above something is pounding,
calling louder spade crunching earth. Open up the lid of my salvation,
raised as I clamber to rebirth.

(Repeat bridge and chorus)

Who did this to me?
Infamous profanity.
Bloody vengeance is my right,
someone must pay the ultimate price tonight.

(Repeat bridge and chorus)