

# One Foot In The Grave

## Creature Feature

Let me tell you a tragedy that will  
Surely frighten you out of your skin  
There once was a god-fearing man  
who unfortunately woke up stone cold dead

I've got one foot in the grave  
And in its shackles I'm its slave  
And here I lie  
With all the night  
The pearly gates turned me away  
In this sarcophagus I lay  
No longer dead  
but I am bored of breath

I can feel the cold night air  
I can feel the decay there  
I can feel it in the wind  
In death I have been born again.

Gather round to hear  
a bleak tale  
In harrowing detail  
of the utmost suffering

There once was a bizarre outcast  
a bedeviled lost soul  
searching for his end

The grim reaper snuck up on me  
When I was most unsuspecting  
with scythe in hand  
and my life in remand

The heavens did dismiss of me  
they spit me out and let me be  
I am deceased  
But I can't rest in peace

I can feel the cold night air  
I can feel the decay there  
I can feel it in the wind  
In death I have been born again

In truth, I fear this life appears  
in death exiled from eternity  
So it appears this life I fear  
In death ostracized from mortality

I've got one foot in the grave  
And in its shackles I'm its slave  
And here I lie  
With all the night  
The pearly gates turned me away  
In this sarcophagus I lay  
No longer dead  
but I am bored of breath

I can feel the cold night air  
I can feel the decay there  
I can feel it in the wind  
In death I have been born again