

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

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