

Three Minute Crawlspace

Deeds of Flesh

Trapped inside
A dead nightmare
Buried deep
Suffocation
Frantically, scratching for light
The oxygen is getting thin

Just a matter of time
Before the air runs out
You're doomed
Try to fight, it's what I like

Suffocation
It's what I like

Buried by
A servant of the ancient one
Soil seeps through the cracks
Split kneecaps, nails bent back
They're broken

Just a matter of time
Before the air runs out
You're doomed
Try to fight, it's what I like

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Frantically, scratching for light
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The air is getting, getting thin
Three minute crawlspace
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