

Supposed To Rot

Entombed

Stubborn old, worthless hag
Simply had nothing to give
I couldn't stand your eternal nag
You didn't deserve to live

So I went to the stove and took a pork knife
and stabbed it into your head
Buried you in the fruit cellar
I was glad 'cause I thought you were dead

But the maggots didn't feast on your body
You didn't get moldy as I thought
And still I can hear that nag in my head
You were supposed to rot

Supposed to Rot

Now she haunts me, day and night
A haunting I can't forget
The deed was a coldblooded homicide
a murder I regret

But still she's the same old hag
And still my life has turned the same
Isn't there anything to set me free from this wicked pain?

You were supposed to rot.