

I'm hanging out in grave-yards  
The smell of flowers in the air  
All my best friends are corpses  
But they don't seem to care  
There's rotting skin hangin from my head  
I won't listen to what's been said  
A muddy coffin for my bed  
I'm livin life wishin I was dead  
I'm f\*cking dead  
Turnin into a dead motherf\*cker  
Turnin into a dead motherf\*cker  
Turnin into a dead motherf\*cker  
Turnin into a dead motherf\*cker  
The sun has fallen form the sky  
And it's curied in the grownd  
The devils are dancin  
Emptiness is everywhere to be found  
Iæ□| f\*ckin found  
Turnin into a dead motherf\*cker  
Turnin into a dead motherf\*cker  
Turnin into a dead motherf\*cker  
Turnin into a dead motherf\*cker