

Open The Grave

Heathen

Feel the heat from the sweat of the cold
Bodies withered decayed and old
They lay beneath the cold, black earth
The final resting place, destined from birth

Buried alive in a prison below
Left to die in a six foot hole
As he feels his time has run out
He hears someone above, he begins to shout

Please open the grave and let me out
I'm still alive, can you hear me shout
Open the grave and then you will see
For it's not a spirit that you hear, it's me
Set me free, set me free

He begins to hear the sound of a pick
Someone is digging, but time is ticking
Now he begins to drip with sweat
Cause he knows his prayers haven't been answered yet

Buried deep in a prison below
Left to die in a six foot hole
Seeing his life pass before his eyes
Hoping that someone will hear his cries

Open the grave and let me out
I'm still alive, can you hear me shout
Please, open the grave and then you will see
I'm not a spirit, and I can breathe
Cause I'm free, yes I'm free

The churches of the world are crumbling
Feel the fall of tower of cultures
As your flesh is ripped by social vultures

So here I stand after the war
My body is broken and my mind is torn

Colliding with time, past and future
So tell me if I'm in the dead past or ruined future

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