

# 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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