

# Knee Deep In The Dead

HeXeN

Transferred from earth into outer space,  
A base on mars; the most desolate place,  
Home to secret projects and nuclear waste,  
Something's not right, there's this evil I taste.

In the ninth corridor I'd pass on my way,  
A gateway stood that the scientists made,  
An "inter-dimensional space traveling" door,  
That on it's test run opened up to hell's core.

Spewing out all over the radar scan,  
An unknown life-form; one never seen by man,  
Invading the base killing all who is in sight,  
Before I knew it I was the last one alive.

Equipped all my weapons base is on high alert,  
No one picking up distress signals I'm sending to earth,  
Locked up all sector seven-eight floors,  
I'll trap them inside the ninth corridor.

Sector seven-eight's down, destroying all the floors,  
Extermination is what they're here for,  
I shut off the lights and use infra-red,  
Hunting the hunters I'm knee-deep in the dead.

From the shores of hell to our human realm,  
The devil sent his minions to overwhelm,  
Every one I kill ten emerge from the gate,  
They've arrived on earth and it's all too late.