

Ballad of the Dead

Maniac Spider Trash

They zipped the bag over my head
On Halloween night, I was pronounced dead
The hearse drove me straight to my grave
You all looked down on me as the lid closed over my head

Being dead is so much fun I won't see the sun rise again
I take this casket to be my lawful wed

My tombstone marks my place
Another forgotten soul A forgotten face
Your throwing flowers down on me
We all live in the garden, the garden of misery

I feel so cold

Six feet under reality's digging in who do I answer to
No more chances when you're dead
Icy cold feelings chill inside
I've crossed the line between dead and alive