

I'm surrounded by sub-entity - I knew it would happen
Figure in black would take me into the shades
Six-feet under and it's hard to breath - I knew it
would end here
Sheep in wolf's clothing entombed in waste
Today I wish I'd have a gun

Gasping for air I'm rotting all alone - Just how I
wanted
With Karma's blades carving my flesh to bone
I am reaping everything I've sown - The filth I have
planted
and digging south towards the great unknown
Oh yes I wish I'd have a gun

Been playing the bitter game with the leeches sucking
blood out from my veins
With hook in mouth I've gone astray
Been shovelling shit in vain; From grave to grave
burying myself
Just one last death before I go to hell

Here I lie my shovel next to me - Still squeezing the
handle
there are many like it but this one's mine

Hole after hole it's suffered 'cause of me - Growing
the anger
With contempt and loathing over all that is I
Somebody please give me a gun
Human-compost I am
Human-compost I am
I am!