

# When You're Dead

Rage

He's got a pleasure in his life that's a real chill  
I think it's funny but the people say he's ill  
He likes to keep what's transient, save it from decay  
That's what you've got to know if you should pass his way

He's not a killer, but death is his dearest friend  
It is for everyone, beginning and the end  
And on the graveyard, where there's rich and poor the same  
He's digging in the ground to set them free again

They've been a part of the universe  
And they are unique on this earth  
And when you die he's at your door  
I tell you what he's waiting for

He's gonna get you when you are dead  
He's gonna cut your skull free when you're dead  
He's gonna get you when you are dead  
You're gonna be the next one when you're dead

It's a passion with him to free them from their flesh  
All night he's in the cellar rigging up remains  
And then he's got them all together one by one  
A real collector of the dead, a lucky man

Just give's a damn for reverence  
He's nuts and doesn't need no sense  
And when you die he's at your door  
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DEAD! DEAD! Won't you give me your mother?  
DEAD! DEAD! Gonna rip her with real care  
DEAD! DEAD! This femoral's real fine  
DEAD! DEAD! Don't you shiver in your spine?

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