

The Crawling

Ribspreader

Infested with decay
Laying rotting and dead
Screaming out from inside the
Tombs you dwell

Here inside your resting place
Worms will eat from off your face

The crawling never ends
You will learn
That the crawling never ends

Riddled with pussing boils
You are food for the vermin
Your flesh once so alive now in decay

Here inside your resting place
Worms will eat from off your face

They breed inside your carcass
Waiting to be born
They feed from off your flesh

Here inside your resting place
Worms will eat from off your face

The crawling never ends
You will learn
That the crawling never ends