

18 Days

Six Feet Under

Dead decayed now in the cold ground
You can't hear me
And I'm screaming your name

Why you have gone?
Away from me
Away to the grave
Now it is empty
This soul of mine

I have been chosen to murder the living
I have been chosen to kill you slowly

It grips me, the sickness that now dwells
The brutal hacking motion of my knife blade

Your young wife is now killed by my hand
To entomb and unearth in 18 days
I will fuck the decayed

The stench of the open grave
The corpse calls my name
On my cock a pus filled cunt
Leaks my juice down her throat

You're dead decayed now
In the cold ground
Ripening
You're dead decayed now
In the cold ground
Wait for me
You're dead decayed now
In the cold ground
Ripening
You're dead decayed now
Ripe for me
In the cold ground