

# Shadow of the Reaper

Six Feet Under

the shadow of the reaper, the shadow of the dead  
entombs the lifeless  
the darkest black is cast  
the shadow of the reaper, will take its hand  
the shadow of the reaper, the grave now calls to you

in the cemetery  
you have been left unburied  
the vultures pick at your eyes

the cold grasp, a blood hand  
the skeleton it cracks  
and its twitching  
inside of your body  
the brain retreats  
the heart beats no longer  
in denial  
life no longer there  
to comfort  
to invigorate  
to betray you  
the rotten now await you  
meet the devils keeper  
in the shadow of the reaper  
the rotten now await you  
to invade you

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entombs the lifeless  
the darkest black is cast  
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in the cemetery  
you have been left unburied  
the vultures pick at your eyes