

The Depths of Depravity

Six Feet Under

To obliterate all human life
The need to cause suffering
Our innate base instinct pulls us back
To primitive ways
The undertow pulls me down
Devouring human flesh - rotten
The stench of your bleeding hole, leaking
The sweet smell of rotten death
The dying gasp
Your eyes roll back - white now
In your skull, the brain is dead, slowly
Convulsing limbs, the face is
Stabbed, hacking
Your head is separated
From your neck
I drink of your decay
The primitive ways
The rooted killing instinct
The return to the wild
Open torso of my living victim
I eat its heart
Still alive and beating
Gaining power from your murder
Souls of dead in me
Gaining immortality
Violent means to an end
Your soul I will infect
Torn apart

Of the dead... Of the dead

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To the depths of depravity
The undertow pulls me down
To the depths of insanity