

he sweet smell of the slow decayed
another victim of the fucking grave
the cold dirt is your last place to rest
down in a hole stiff with rigormortis
another rotted another forgotten
take another step and you just might fall in
the cold grave is your last place to rest
down in a hole stiff with rigormortis

eyes roll back in your face
blood drips down your skin
when it comes to death
the grave always wins

the cold dirt is your last place to rest
a funeral meal for the worms in the coffin
black pus from your skin and veins
another victim of the fucking grave
the cold dirt is your last place to rest
a funeral meal for the worms in the coffin

eyes roll back in your face
blood drips down your skin
when it comes to death
the grave always wins

there are worms feeding on the carcass
rotted and moldering and bones are exposed
parasitic breakdown of the human form
in the grave we are reborn
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