

## Dead Alive

## Soul Embraced

I'm tortured by what I've done with my decaying life.  
I've failed to cope with my worthless existence.  
There's nothing left inside, everyday I am dying.  
An empty shell without a soul to sell.  
I am the dead, crawling from my grave.  
Rising from where I once laid.  
Scratching at the coffin walls.  
No one seems to hear my calls.  
Dirt is stacked up 3 feet high, in the ground is where I lie.  
The truth so clear, my heart is not here.  
It belongs to another that eats the fear.  
I am the dead crawling from my grave.  
Rising from where I once laid.  
Scratching at the coffin walls.  
No one seems to hear my calls.