

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.