Bella Morte "The Coffin Don't Want Me, And She Don't Either"

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I woke up dead to find that everything had changed The world's a bitter place, so grey and cold Has it always been this way? So now I hunger, seems I'm in the mood for brains But blood and guts will do for a day or two As I make my way to you

In a daze I stumble from the coffin wood Toward the city's hazy eyes that shine so bright Such blinded fools they wander void of fear in life Tonight they find in me the darker side of night

I hear your heart but find that you are not alone I stumble through the door and down the hall To where you slept before
My dead eyes find you with another and I see I've been replaced by someone else's arms
Though I've een dead but three weeks

In a dazel stumble from the coffin wood Toward the city's hazy eyes that shine so bright Such blinded fools they wander void of fear in life Tonight they find in me the darker side of night

Dead eyes stare as hunger builds
Destroy, destroy!
They'll find a sanguine house of death when morning
calls
The slaughter ends as on the other I will feast this night

Oh, yeah The scond life begins

Join me tonight...

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