

Corpse "Regret"

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Stone cold in the grave six feet under in your little cave
death you thought was the only answer then life forgot
and hell begun lost alone in the place grasping for
something trying to keep face your head is above the
water only to give your suffocating dying to live wanted
to die but always denied never believe in being set free
you decided which way you would go now death begins
finally you're there and life is gone the tour was short
and now it's done you had the chance to turn it around
now your wasted away under ground remorse and
regret of wasted times spent when out of control a
puppet to the master of your soul to blind to see in hell
you dwell dying to live

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