

Crumbsuckers "Faces Of Death"

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Face of death looks you right in the eye
And you can't stand the sight of him
You try not to look
But you feel a cold stare
And now you know why his name is Grim
You turn and run as fast as you can
You will be caught why put up a fight
Your number is chosen it's your turn to die
Feeble pleas in the still of the night

Pressure building
Thoughts of killing
Finding something
To push you over the edge
While you're sleeping
Evil creeping
Now you're weeping
Head's in a vice
First you're mad, then you're glad
Think you're bad
Because you ended a life
Nervous twitching
Feel an itching to pick up
The sledge hammer

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