

## Canned Heat

### "The Bleeding"

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Bleeding  
Slicing through the flesh, a knife stuck in your neck.  
Stabbing out your eyes, cutting through the spine.  
Blood burning through my veins.  
We have risen from the grave.  
Live, life.  
Dead for years, now alive, the dead came to life.  
Dead creatures out for blood, after death we will  
awaken.  
Unhuman beings from beyond. Rotting zombies out for  
blood.  
Bleed, bleed.  
Bleeding through my pores, clotted pus, crusts my  
skin.  
My body cold, but I live on.  
Bleeding.  
The dead awaken, living rotten.  
Rotting living dead.  
Slicing through the flesh, a knife stuck in your neck.  
Stabbing out your eyes, cutting through the spine.  
Blood burning through my veins.  
We have risen from the grave.  
Live, life. - dead.

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