

Jungle Rot

"Dead And Buried"

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To be alive, it was told to me
I must conform, you can't expect me
To live a life, that doesn't make sense
In my own world, you're a death sentence
I don't hear, what you teach them
Your words could not lead me to innocence
You can try, you can't stop me
Dead and buried is the last sight you will see
My mind is set, on killing you
You cannot run, I will find you
Your hands are tied, your mouth taped shut
The screams unheard, six feet underground
Dead and buried underground
Try to scream, won't hear a sound
Dead and buried underground
What's left of you a dirt mound
Dead and buried underground
Dead and buried underground
So many victims, so little time to choose
I have to kill, my mind's blown a fuse
There is no reason, except the taste of blood
The rotting carnage, it fills me full of hate
I'll hunt you down, I will not stop
Until your rotting corpse is sunken beneath my feet
You try to hide, you will fail
The taste of death too strong, killing is sweet
Caskets, lowered into wormy earth
Family, weeping tears of blood
Cold rain, turning dirt to mud
Preacher, vomits his last rites
Citizens are watching in horror
Caskets, with blood is spilling over- bodies crunched
and pressed together
Stench of humon rot and putrid
Dead and buried underground.

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