

Living Death "Last Birthday"

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On his seventh birthday
A bunch of school friends entered his home
Mummy still laughed as they started to celebrate
And then she left'em alone

In the middle of the mountain of presents they gave to
him
Stood a nice fancy cake
With sweet sugar towers and fancy coloured flowers
Their eyes reveal expectation

And he did the first cut, he never thought about blood
There was an innocent smile in his face
Have his eyes told him lies, his face turned to white
'Bout little Sparky's head in the cake

C'mon cut the cake - Greetings to your
Birthday - birthday it's your last
Your dead dog's eyes watchin' you
Birthday - birthday it's your last

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The years went by and he grew to a man
And everything seemed to be alright
But the nightmares torture him every night
'Cause Sparky's head pushed so hard in his brain

He couldn't control his pain any longer
So he baked himself a big cake
With poisoned content, no will to live any longer
'Cause he's dead since his seventh birthday

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