

## Mortuary "Rites Of Death"

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[Lyrics and, Music: J. Alanis]

Awaiting the call  
Now you're prepared to die  
Now death takes your soul  
The mourning rites so fool

No sorrow, no pain, no grief  
Prepared to face the reality  
No sorrow, no pain, no grief  
The mourning is not fatality  
Useless rites that finish in your death

Nine days the dead is rot  
The prayers and the masses continued  
Squandered days he's not with God  
He's in his tomb he lives in hell  
He's not preoccupied for your faith  
And you guard respect for his death

The meeting is presided by Satan  
You want to hear dead's voice and cry  
Demons answer your question and live  
In your rotten mind by a false faith  
Originated in your turbulent infancy  
In which you loved an image - passionately

Rites of death  
Feel the pain  
Die in second death  
Bastard servant of the whore  
Are you prepared to die?  
Diiiiieee!!!!

No sorrow, no pain, no grief  
Prepared to face reality  
No sorrow, no pain, no grief  
The mourning is not fatality  
Useless days that finish in your death  
Useless days that finish in your death!

