

De Heideroosjes "Being Dead"

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There comes a day that I will be six feet under
I'm playing guitar in the Empire Of The Dead then
Friends will cry, flowers decorate my coffin
But how long will it take, until no one will miss me?
The earth will keep turning, even without me
There will be laughter and drinking, but I'm not there
anymore!

I'm not searching for an answer cause there isn't one
Call it God or Allah, they bring war and grief
My sweet heavens? Walk to hell!
I don't believe in life after death so I say farewell
God is dead and Allah too, look around you
And if they've never existed, I'll believe it immediately
The reason of life is as useless as the reason of death
And being dead, seems so damn boring to me!

My flesh stays here, but my soul will wander
Will it be cold, so deep in the ground?
On my turbo-cloud I race through the universe
I know for sure that I won't fall down
The people will keep on working and multiplying
Sadly, it's a fact that death is a part of life

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