

The Academy Is... "Pounding Nails"

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A heavy rain is pouring down
Upon the mourners gathered at your grave
Heads bowed in deadly silence
As the priest recites your eulogy

Pounding nails into the lid of your coffin...
Pound

Casket slowly lowered into the ground
Another body consigned to the grave
Interned in your final resting place
Launched into eternity

Pounding nails into the lid of your coffin...
Pound

A bright light leads you to heaven
Your soul cursed to eternal damnation

Your spirit set free now wanders
Your body buried rots in the ground

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