

Heartsounds

"Open The Grave"

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Feel the heat and the sweat of the cold,
bodies withered decade and old,
they lay beneath the cold black earth,
the final resting place, destined from birth.
Buried alive in a prison below,
left to die in a six foot hole,
as he feels his time has run out,
he hears someone above, he begins to shout...
Please open the grave, and let me out...
I'm still alive, can you hear me shout...
open the grave and then you will see...
it's not a spirit that you hear, it's me...
set me free...

He begins to hear the sound of a pick,
someone is digging, but time is ticking,
now he begins to drip with sweat, cause
he his prayers haven't been answered yet
Buried deep in a prison below,
left to die in a six foot hole,
seeing his life pass before his eyes
hoping that someone will hear his cries...
Open the grave, and let me out...
I'm still alive, can you hear me shout...
please open the grave, and then you will see...
it's not a spirit, and I can breathe,
cause I'm free, yes I'm free...

The churches of the world are crumbling,
feel the fall of the tower of cultures,
as your flesh is ripped by social vultures...
So here I stand after the war,
my body is broken and my mind is torn.
Colliding with time, past and future,
so tell me if I'm in the dead past or
ruined future.

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