

Six Feet Under "Escape From The Grave"

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No escape from this lonely grave
Buried six feet down
Molested, dumped in a hole
Beaten, shivering

Scream for mother, she can't save you
No God hears you, only death awaits you

Die by my hand, the master of the damned
Kill is what I crave, doom, no prophecy will save

You're rotten already
Now's your time to decay
A terminal illness
Called dead in the grave

Scream for mother, she can't save you
No God hears you, only death awaits you
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You're rotten already
Now is your time to decay
A terminal illness
Called dead in the grave

You're rotten already
Now is your time to decay
A terminal illness
Called dead in the grave

Die by my hand, master of the damned
The kill is what I crave, no prophecy will save

A chance at a new beginning
Senseless, vicious, killing
In remembrance of the dead
I've kept the severed head

Die by my hand, master of the damned
The kill is what I crave, no prophecy will save

A chance at a new beginning
Senseless, violent, killing
In remembrance of the dead
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