

Your Ghost Belongs To Me

"To Rob An Open Casket"

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Wake up to the screams of horror.
I can hear them scattered in the walls.
The creaking starts to eat away at every part
Of my soul.

Your eyes are terrified,
Blood red, there's no denying
The fact that you're scared, of what you've seen.
Oh, how they feed off fear, a cowards worse
nightmare;
I can hear them calling out my name.

Wake up to the screams of horror.
I can hear them scattered in the walls.
The creaking starts to eat away at every part
Of my soul.

I am the only one who can bare,
To stare into my eyes.
You cannot take, what's left of me.
I'll show you the meaning of emptiness.

The ground is shaking.
As they nail in, the last bit of my coffin.
I feel the walls closing in, on what's left of me.

We as a human race, have seen unspeakable acts. But I
can smile, knowing that your six feet under.

You're wealth and happiness,
Can't cure your inner poverty.
To rob an open caskets', attempting to fill...
To rob an open caskets', attempting to fill
The emptiness you're soul has left behind.

Reflections show us, what we hide from others.
But we cannot hide from ourselves.
Unless we rip ourselves apart, and hide the remains.

