

The Acc?sed

"The Body"

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Little Sammy dies three days before
Three days before his first birthday
As soon as he could crawl the beatings began
Ignoring his cries
Waiting for a word from God
'Till he was too weak to cry anymore
The slow starving death of your innocent son

What the fuck were you thinking?
Now look what you've done
You knew what you were doing
Took the life of your little son
Watched him grow thinner and thinner
Watched him get gaunter and gaunter
Very short life
Slow torturous death

What the fuck were you thinking?
Now look what you've done
You knew what you were doing
Took the life of your little son

Wrapped in a sheet
Plywood box buried in the woods
Covered with sticks and ashes
To keep the vermin away
Covered with sticks and ashes
To keep the vermin away

What god tells you to kill your kids?
Evil lives
Evil lives the body
The family from hell

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