

Theatre Of Ice "Way Gone... With The Worms"

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Down along the banks where grows the tall weeds
In the rich red mud where the big worms feed
Lies a golden girl wrapped in tattered lace
She never understood just where was her place

Now she's gone, gone, gone with worms
Gone, gone, gone with the worms
Gone, gone, gone with the worms
Gone....., gone with the worms

The worms crawl in and out of her brain
As her rotting corpse lies out in the rain
Once she was a girl who all men adored
But she isn't very pretty anymore

She has no lips she has no eyes
And in her mouth she has a nrst of flies
Where she's buried i'll never tell
But you could find her just from the smell

Down along the banks where grows the tall weeds
In the rich red mud where the big worms feed
Lies the rotting corpse of a girl I once knew
Better watch out next one could be you

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