

As Good as Dead

The Black Dahlia Murder

Why has god forsaken me?
It sank its rotten teeth into my flesh
I screamed as now I'm one of them

The zombie's poison flows
Corrupting mortal veins
The festering wound won't mend
My body suffering with pain
Face is sunken in, my eyes begin to fade
The pigmentation of my flesh erased, and we're left

Counting the days handcuffed to the bed
That look in your eyes gets worse each time
You cannot hide the pain that you feel
When seeing me this way as
Good as dead

Rotting from deep inside
Cold compress on the head
Temperature wildly fluctuates
Teeth chattering without end
Appetite is lost, soon to long for flesh
The goodbyes yet to be said
Fret not my friend, 'cause we are

Counting the days handcuffed to the bed
That look in your eyes gets worse each time
You cannot hide the pain that you feel
When seeing me this way
I'm one of them

Why would god forsake us all
We're left to fend for our feeble selves
I scream, but no one hears me

Tallies scratched into a wall of stone
In this hell surrounded but truly all alone

Counting the days handcuffed to the bed
That look in your eyes
You realise you cannot hide the pain that you feel
As I fade into the grey

Counting the days locked in solitude
The tears in your eyes get worse each time
You fail to hide the shame that you feel
When seeing me this way as good as
As good as dead