

Grave Digger

Wolves At The Gate

I awoke, the ground was hard and barely broke
The air was filled with morning's smoke
The hours fly by so I work
There's bound to be wealth in this dirt
The heart of the earth holds the key
Where all my troubles will flee

So I dig, and I dig, and I dig
Cause I can't find another way, I'll dig

You say that you are dying to live
(But at this pace your life you'll give)
Death always gets the best of us
(And then abandons to the dust)
Your work and toil leave only room
(For coffins, graves, and deathly tombs)
Your work and toil leave only room
(For coffins, graves, and deathly tombs)

Dig, and you dig, and you dig, and you dig
And you must see my friend there's another way

I'll capture this life in my cold hands
I'll make it fulfill all my demands
I'll rip from the earth, the treasures it will bring
And crown myself as a conquering king

Tell me now what you have found
Digging in the earth's cold ground
Working with such vigor
It's gifts are foul and bitter
Tell me now what you have found
Digging in the earth's cold ground
Working with such vigor
All I see's a grave digger

So you spoke, and all that you said was a joke
On all of your words you will choke
You told me "I'm so very lost and that I could have joy without cost"
So I'll dig, and I'll dig, and I'll dig, and I'll dig
Cause I don't really care what you say, I'll dig

And a haunting voice demands and craves
(That in its depths a body lays)
I feel its cry inside my soul
("That I could never fill this hole")
My work and toil leave only room
(For coffins, graves, and deathly tombs)
My work and toil leave only room
(For coffins, graves, and deathly tombs)

My pride wrapped me tight and it laid me down to sleep
Telling me all that I build and find I keep
All that I made was a terrible cold grave
In death here I laid is there any way to save my soul?

Dig, and I dig, and I dig

Dig, and I dig, and I dig
Will my body fill this grave?

Tell me now what you have found
Digging in the earth's cold ground
Working with such vigor
It's all foul and bitter
Tell me now what you have found
Digging in the earth's cold ground
Working with such vigor
All I see's a grave digger

How wondrous the sight that had caused these eyes to weep
All of my death and hell You would bear and reap
Though all that I made was a terrible cold grave
In death there You laid, for You took my place to save my soul
To save my soul
To save my soul
To save my soul