

# The Undertaker

Accept

The undertaker is a busy man  
For he and death go hand in hand  
He works all day and digs all night  
He loves the death, they are his life  
No mortal can escape his plan  
He sifts us all as grains of sand  
And then one day he too shall pass  
And as he's dying, death will laugh

The undertaker knows no shame  
He's come to stake his claim

Rich or poor, large or small  
The undertaker takes them all

Undertaker  
Bring out your dead!  
The undertaker  
(I'm the undertaker)

The undertaker is dressed in black  
To hide in shadows between the cracks  
He's no remorse, just sympathy  
For all to see or so it seems  
His work is never done  
Clients many, friends not one  
But in the end we understand  
The undertaker is a busy man

The undertaker knows no shame  
To him we'll offer game

Rich or poor, large or small  
The undertaker takes them all

Undertaker  
Bring out your dead!  
He is the undertaker  
(Undertaker)

The undertaker knows no shame  
To him we'll offer game  
The undertaker holds no blame

Rich or poor, large or small  
The undertaker takes them all

Undertaker  
Bring out your dead!  
Undertaker  
Bring out your dead!  
The undertaker