Let The Dead Bury The Dead

Count Raven

You are an asshole, you're the worst kind of worm That have crawled out of the ground Your existence, I'm sorry to say, is everywhere On the new job & on the beach, I find you there The Antichrist is born of a Jackal they say It seems that you've been born the same way

I can tell that you didn't plan to go far I just want to know who the hell you are

You suck the bosses dicks, a sad shape You put the poor ones down, a human fake Your whole life is a masquerade All you are looking for: a better grade

The whole creation knows you're Satan's slave
Who doesn't realise his sorrow and pain
A child of the grave, of the grave

I tell you there ain't no use in denying Life's short and one day you are dying Then you stand trial to the maker What will you say to the giver and taker You believe the lies that fills your head All I say is let the dead bury the dead

I'll tell what will be
your biggest fear
No one will remember your name
You weren't here