

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