

Dead In The Dirt

Fit For An Autopsy

Dead in the dirt
Leave me be

Now I breathe the air
That the demons breathe
And they sing to me
So don't pull me up
From the bottom
The filth
I need to stay
I've been to the surface
Oh, and it's just pushed me away
Further from grace
What a disgusting fucking place
We've carved into the landscape
Stuffed with disease and decay
Bleeding out as clear as day
Hell has it's hooks in me

So bury me in the back of the forest
Down in the mud
I'll find my peace
Just bury me in the back of the forest
And don't ever come looking for me
I'll find my peace
Hell has it's hooks in me

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