

I'm hanging out in grave-yards
The smell of flowers in the air
All my best friends are corpses
But they don't seem to care
There's rotting skin hangin from my head
I won't listen to what's been said
A muddy coffin for my bed
I'm livin life wishin I was dead
I'm f*cking dead
Turnin into a dead motherf*cker
Turnin into a dead motherf*cker
Turnin into a dead motherf*cker
Turnin into a dead motherf*cker
The sun has fallen form the sky
And it's curied in the grownd
The devils are dancin
Emptiness is everywhere to be found
Iæ□| f*ckin found
Turnin into a dead motherf*cker
Turnin into a dead motherf*cker
Turnin into a dead motherf*cker
Turnin into a dead motherf*cker