Open The Grave

Heathen

Feel the heat from the sweat of the cold Bodies withered decayed and old They lay beneath the cold, black earth The final resting place, destined form birth

Buried alive in a prison below Left to die in a six foot hole As he feels his time has run out He hears someone above, he begins to shout

Please open the grave and let me out I'm still alive, can you hear me shout Open the grave and then you will see For it's not a spirit that you hear, it's me Set me free, set me free

He begins to hear the sound of a pick Someone is digging, but time is ticking Now he begins to drip with sweat Cause he knows his prayers haven't been answered yet

Buried deep in a prison below Left to die in a six foot hole Seeing his life pass before his eyes Hoping that someone will hear his cries

Open the grave and let me out I'm still alive, can you hear me shout Please, open the grave and then you will see I'm not a spirit, and I can breathe Cause I'm free, yes I'm free

The churches of the world are crumbling Feel the fall of tower of cultures As your flesh is ripped by social vultures

So here I stand after the war My body is broken and my mind is torn

Colliding with time, past and future So tell me if I'm in the dead past or ruined future

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