

The crushing pressure weighing down upon my weary back
The tedious routines of day to day poise to attack
The poisonous pollution and the pointlessness of care
And in a blink we blow away to dust upon the air

Six feet down and underground [4x]

A clotted cold perfection still in petrification lay
We'll run and rot to crumble in a petrified decay

And in as much as I can see no future why go on
So this here I present to you one final poem in song
And I can see a darkness and a clearing of the path
In the overpopulation I can simplify the math

Six feet down and underground [4x]

A clotted cold perfection still in petrification lay
We'll run and rot to crumble in a petrified decay
The hazy warmth encompasses my eyes a misty sea
The soft embrace of sunset in a dark eternity

Prayer and flowers mock and tease my terrorized beliefs
The truth is that we're born to die until our sweet release
I care so much and not at all about every living breath
The sadness of this sentence; a sentence to my death

In my grave and down the drain; Erase the misspent past
The tortured love in memories are never meant to last