

Funeral Home

Macabre

You are pronounced dead
Due to a crushing blow to the head
The reaper has passed his curse
Lifeless body hauled away in a hearse
Death is the reality
Life it lies in a dormant grave
It's off to the funeral home
Isn't it great?
Death in the embalmer's hands
He cuts your organs and puts them in pans
Then he drains all your blood
Embalms your veins til they flood
Then you're put into your casket
Rolled in and put on display
He made you look like you were
Living today

The under taker
Cuts you open
And he rips out
All of your insides
And you cannot escape
His clutches
For you will be
Embalmed by him
Aaahhhhahahahahaha!

You are on your
Way to the funeral home
You are in the
Funeral home and you are
Dead!