

# The Crawling

Ribspreader

Infested with decay  
Laying rotting and dead  
Screaming out from inside the  
Tombs you dwell

Here inside your resting place  
Worms will eat from off your face

The crawling never ends  
You will learn  
That the crawling never ends

Riddled with pussing boils  
You are food for the vermin  
Your flesh once so alive now in decay

Here inside your resting place  
Worms will eat from off your face

They breed inside your carcass  
Waiting to be born  
They feed from off your flesh

Here inside your resting place  
Worms will eat from off your face

The crawling never ends  
You will learn  
That the crawling never ends