

## The Hearse

Wednesday 13

This is your last ride, begone of this curse  
Your fate is driving you in the hearse  
Blacker than all the hinges of hell  
The hearse, it drives you to your farewell

So don't you ever laugh when the hearse passes by  
For you may be the next one who has to die  
Away you go to your place in the dirt  
When you ride in the back of the hearse

Black on the outside and darker within  
The hearse is driving you to the end  
Rev up the engine and straight through the gates  
And on to your final resting place

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