

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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