

## Supposed to Rot

Exumer

Stubborn old, worthless hag  
Simply had nothing to give  
I couldn't stand your eternal nag  
You didn't deserve to live

So I went to the stove and took a pork knife  
and stabbed it into your head  
Buried you in the fruit cellar  
I was glad 'cause I thought you were dead

But the maggots didn't feast on your body  
You didn't get moldy as I thought  
And still I can hear that nag in my head  
You were supposed to rot

Supposed to Rot

Now she haunts me, day and night  
A haunting I can't forget  
The deed was a coldblooded homicide  
a murder I regret

But still she's the same old hag  
And still my life has turned the same  
Isn't there anything to set me free from this wicked pain?

You were supposed to rot.