

## Dead In The Dirt

### Fit For An Autopsy

Dead in the dirt  
Leave me be

Now I breathe the air  
That the demons breathe  
And they sing to me  
So don't pull me up  
From the bottom  
The filth  
I need to stay  
I've been to the surface  
Oh, and it's just pushed me away  
Further from grace  
What a disgusting fucking place  
We've carved into the landscape  
Stuffed with disease and decay  
Bleeding out as clear as day  
Hell has it's hooks in me

So bury me in the back of the forest  
Down in the mud  
I'll find my peace  
Just bury me in the back of the forest  
And don't ever come looking for me  
I'll find my peace  
Hell has it's hooks in me

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