

In the Grave

Suicidal Angels

Lay down beneath the ground
This is where you belong
Shining stones above your head
Face when comes the dawn
Asphyxiated lost in decay
A sorrowful way of death
Disrespected mutilated
You're sorting out of breath

In the Grave

Draw the power in your head
Create a fake prophet
Hearing preacher's last words
Trapped inside the casket
I'll meet you there, rip off your soul
Maggots eat your flesh
I'll wear your skin and live your life
You're sorting out of breath

In the Grave

I'll never stop the haunting
Until you all are mine
Piece by piece collect your life
Your stars will never shine
In the grave forced to face
The fears when light is gone
In the grave, in the grave
Where all the hopes are lost

I'll never stop the haunting
Until you rot and die
Torture and destruction
Your hopes will never rise