

Entombed, Hollowman

The hollow sky is red
The race is on
Faces are all dead
The race is on

It's just a matter of time!

Bedrooms are tombs
Cradles are coffins
Tears I cannot shed
A matter of time
A matter of slugs
'Til the rats are fed

Who examines the doctors?

I'm the hollowman...

It's just a matter of bullets
In hollow brain
As I wander slowly
Thru bullet rains

My hollow eyes
Are staring down the hole
Jesus, satan, hitler
Bought my soul

It's rotten and sour
But it's inside of me
I've got faith in the end
But you just can't see

Who examines the doctors?

I'm the hollowman...