

# Entombed, In The Flesh

Carrying a heard the size of my head  
Got an angel on my back  
The leftovers of my face  
Is a leaden mask of death  
Drink my coffee black  
I sing with a voice full of scorn  
Behind my bony mask of face  
They call me the one with horns  
But at the end of the day, I'm just torn

I don't think about things too much  
Sunken temples, sleeky smile  
I've been in the scene for much to long  
To not be vile  
I'm scared stiff about the fact  
That someday I'll slack  
Led astray in a world I once knew  
Used to be king now considered a fool

I admire your burnt skin  
But is your flesh rotten right through?  
Alive among the lifeless  
In a close-minded world  
Where no-one is true