

Entombed, Young & Dead

We're such a success story
But living safe and sorry
The king is not returning
Another church is burning

See the things out of sight
Nothing left and nothing right
Have it all in your hand
Time will turn it all to sand

Wanna leave but you stay
Slowly rot and fade away
Burn an X in your head
Godly being young & dead

Zombiefield angelic race
Rotten flesh on a pretty face
Had it all in your hand
Young & dead in promise land

We're such a success story
But living safe and sorry
The king is not returning
Another church is burning

Dead gods and man-made weather
More bigger faster better
Firearms made of plastic
Our world is so fantastic

You can't fight what's in your soul
And keep the devil in the hole
You can't fight what's in your soul
Before your eyes it will be unfold