

Faction, Corpse In Disguise

Dressin' like a real nice guy
I trick your sight and fool your mind
You don't know what I really am
You don't know that I've got a plan
I act so cool you can't resist
My horrible habits they still persist
I think I might bite your neck
Later tonight, so you won't detect
I'm a corpse in disguise
Here to haunt your lives
I spread the germ where ever I go
When you rot, You'll finally know
In my arms I get the urge to rip you limb from limb
I'll take you home in a cardboard box
Put your remains in my old sweat sox
I'm so glad I kept my head
You never knew that I was dead
Now I'll have to go back to hell
where I will forever dwell.