

# 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 card board 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.