Obituary, Body Bag

A stab in the back
With a fearless knife
With no regard
To an innocent life
Ruthlessly killing
We're terrified [What terrible fun]
Now that your falling
With nowhere to run
Back to the one
That you fear is dead
The nightmare returns
So it's sliced thru your head
Warmly embraced
You will soon go away
The bloodsoaked heads
And the destitute say
Back to one
Falling to your death down below
You're dying it's the pain no one will ever know
Crawling toward the goodness of the light
You're crying out after those who may stop this fight