Obituary, Gates To Hell

I know that in the depths beneath.
Guilty are the saved.
I know living through pain.
You will obey.

You lie!
Living out this day your body begins to rot.
Low down here beneath living is dying.
Woken feed by thoughts of the dead.
Find your way to escape.
You can't even try. Try!

Enter the gates to hell!
It is. Is at where we must dwell.

Fear. Fear of fate.
Then your fate is getting.
Is getting into grind.
Even as we've begun
You're decomposing as you're dying.

When you're paying for. Life after life.
Thoughts are incinerated.
Life is a crime.
Burning out!