

# Sentenced, Keep My Grave Open

(Hunt or be hunted)

The days are hot  
and the dead lie unburied on the field  
So the wind brings the smell of blood;  
- so heavy and sweet

They're back again  
- we came so near and yet so far  
They're all around  
and if they come any closer...  
We're done

Keep My Grave Open, open wide  
Keep My Grave Open, I'm longing to die  
- Cool and peaceful, and far from the battlefields  
...and opened just for me

The moon shuts her eyes  
and great black clouds cover the sky  
Rain bathes the ground  
while we live in darkness like the blind..