

Angtoria, Six Feet Under's Not Deep Enough

You'll twist and turn your spite
'Til you drain the sane
Cover up your tracks with lies
Deceit hides a smile
So tired of this false pretence
Can't even look me in the eye
Approached by truth, you take offence
Praise the hypocrite!
I'll dance on your grave until my feet bleed
Six feet under's where you'll rot
No remorse, your ill fate kept you running
What lies behind closed doors
Your slaves dance, you stamp your feet
Secrecy will land you on your face
No game, no gain
Your sheer presence makes my skin crawl
But your stale memory drags on
What goes around comes around
I'll dance on your grave until my feet bleed
Six feet under's where you'll rot
No remorse, your ill fate kept you running
We'll spit on your grave until your soul screams
Six feet under's not deep enough
No sleep lost, good things come to those who wait