

# Deceased, Shrieks From The Hearse

Mammoth to man morbid to god it's coming to take them away  
Coming in sight viewing in fright say goodbye to today  
Collecting the living collecting the dead  
It matters not what you are  
The hearse has arrived so step up inside  
And into a world so bizarre  
Everyone rides no one denied the hearse has no mercy for you  
No one can plead no one can beg nothing is all that you can do  
Created by god to take them from earth  
And to a place their home built from dirt  
Shrieks from the hearse!! Shrieks from the hearse!!  
Leaving them waiting for their demise they stand all alone  
And look the skies, to the skies!!  
Brought unto us, god's own dark curse,  
Why must the die? Shrieks from the hearse.....