

Deeds Of Flesh, Three Minute Crawlspace

Trapped inside
A dead nightmare
Buried deep
Suffocation
Frantically, scratching for light
The oxygen is getting thin

Just a matter of time
Before the air runs out
You're doomed
Try to fight, it's what I like

Suffocation
It's what I like

Buried by
A servant of the ancient one
Soil seeps through the cracks
Split kneecaps, nails bent back
They're broken

Just a matter of time
Before the air runs out
You're doomed
Try to fight, it's what I like

Trapped inside
A dead nightmare
Buried deep
Suffocation
Frantically, scratching for light
The oxygen is getting thin

The air is getting, getting thin
Three minute crawlspace
The air is getting, getting thin
Three minute crawlspace