

Entombed, Rotten Soil

Come down for a minute
Touch the grass on the other side
Meet the devil who is your host

Strike down what you believe in
Get it done with a gun
When I'm in hell you can talk to my ghost

Reach out for what is nothing
The grass is red just for a while
Reason burns behind the wall

It will pass in a minute
Eggs will hatch inside your head
Your little feeble body soon will crawl

Can you feel it itch
Can you feel it so divine
When blood is pissing down your spine

There's no turning back
Your infected blood will boil
Cuz you walked on rotten soil

Welcome to the real world!

It's hard to take a stand but
It's harder to take a fall
Open the lid of your own casket!