

Frankenbok, Shovel

Plug arise, and rebaptise, resurrection
Were the keys to your success, but now lead to your demise
You baptise with sand and the spark is smothered
Again and again and again
But your shit is shit, you're buzzing around it
There's no company, no crowd there, in the bilge where you inhabit
6 feet down...
Want to see you in your grave
Want no more fucking games
Want to see you in your grave so I can
Dig you up, dig you up, dig you up and kill you again!
Your arrogance my nemesis, ignorance must be bliss
But your bliss will shatter like brittle bones
When I see you in your fucking grave