

Nunslaughter, Buried Alive

Hole for your coffin
Place your body in a box
Lower you down in the ground
Your heart hasn't stopped

Awake but dazed
Don't know where you are
Start ripping at the lid
You aren't going far

F**king Buried Alive
And you are condemned to your tomb
But you're not dead
You've been buried to soon

Know there's no way out
Tears run from your eyes
Feeling hatred now
It's God you despise

Maggots will begin
To tear off your face
While you are trapped
In this wooden case

F**king Buried Alive
And you are condemned to your tomb
But you're not dead
You've been buried to soon