

# Righteous Pigs, Destined To Rot

When you see a hearse go by  
You know you're about the next to die  
They put you in a dirty white sheet  
And bury you under six feet deep  
Everything goes well about a week  
Until your coffin starts to leak  
Your teeth fall in your eyes fall out  
Ants play pinochle on your goul (sp?)  
Everything goes well so it may seem  
Until your eyes turn slimy green  
And pus comes out like whipping cream  
You slap it on a piece of bread  
That's what you eat when you're fuckin' dead

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