

MATMATAH, The Grave Digger

How far I remember the day
I lost my wife
I thought that losing her was the end of my life
But I held on and thought there was something better
Than sinking like a stone, so I became a gravedigger
Staying home, living alone, dropping tears on my own
I do have never known where these voices come from
As sweet as the morn, they were just saying :
"Son, Hey, there's work to be done among coffins and bones"
Then all over the years, buried pounds of corpses
Saw gallons of tears and drank thousands of beers
I buried some lawyers
I buried some junkies
I buried some preachers
I buried some bitches
I buried my mother
I buried my sister
I buried some miners
I buried gravediggers
Old enough to give in, I am digging your vault
And in the state I'm in, you may think it's not yours
Digging deeper and deeper as you're getting ever colder
Anyhow you can rave, I won't fall in the grave
For the rest of my years I'll bury pounds of corpses
see gallons of tears and drink thousand of beers
I'll bury you lawyers
I'll bury you junkies
I'll bury you preachers
I'll bury you bitches
I'll bury your Queen
I'll bury your mother
I'll bury your king
Oh, I'll bury you brother
Yes I'll bury you dreamers
And bury your teachers
And bury you friend
And I'll bury...
Yes I'll bury you Heroes
And bury your singers
And bury you Kings
And I'll bury Gravediggers