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