

An End to the Misery

Autopsy

Unhappy with the world in which you live
You feel like shit, you wanna die
Well who the fuck is stopping you
From taking your miserable life?

Finger on the trigger
Of the gun against your head
Should you really do it?
Will we miss you when you're dead?
You're looking for advice
And I've got some for you

Kill yourself
I don't care about you
Go fuck yourself
You were born to lose