

Slaughterhouse Five

Bury Your Dead

I dressed myself for my own funeral tonight. C'mon!
Tonight I drank myself into a fucking coma.
Fuck this shit world. Each day I am growing colder.
Tonight intended to be, the end of everything "me".
My blood is burning through my veins, fucking urgently.
I'm decomposing and I'm not even dead.
My body's breaking down until it is shed.
My chest, a coffin closed where you used to be.
Time heals nothing. Trust is so fucked. You're dead to me.
Trust is so fucked.
Believing is just another word for self defeat.
Nothing you give will ever mean a fucking thing.
Disappointment is certain, and so I fall to my knees.
I've handed down my life with every breath I breathe.
I'm decomposing and I'm not even dead.
My body's breaking down until it is shed.
My chest, a coffin closed where you used to be.
Time heals nothing. Trust is so fucked. You're dead to me.
I dressed myself for my own funeral tonight. C'mon!
Night after fucking night, knife at my throat.
Endless fucking tears for you, I've lost all hope.