

# Not My Funeral

Children of Bodom

Let me get this one flat out straight  
Illuminate please it's not too late  
Since when did you become a god?  
You might be right. I've been tattered  
'n torn, self destructing since I was born  
So what's that got to do with you?

Close yet far - I've gone now  
Safe and sound - I don't know how  
Knucled under - never giving up

So much fun when you can tell me I'm dun  
Such a sweet unchaining sound  
Whisper me softly that I'm gonna die young  
Before you do take a look into the ground  
It's not my funeral

If you rip my life apart in no time  
I'll put it back together in 2.5  
How's that for punctuality?  
Since you wanna fuck me over  
And I know you do  
Better be aware I'm gonna fuck you too  
But you should by no be schooled in the very piece of my mind's  
obscurity

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