

# Diggin' Myself Out

Boondox

So many times i sit and ask myself why are u afraid to die.  
What is this fear that blinds u  
Is it the thought of uncontrollable pain or  
Suffocating loss of oxygen to your brain  
Is it the people u have in your heart  
The ones closest by your side when your soul departs  
Its just a question that haunts mankind  
Where am i going? Is there an afterlife  
I sit and think about it and my blood runs cold  
The mysteries of life and all the stories untold  
Why we here? Where we going? Why do I exist?  
Is there a point or any answer to all of this?  
Will my spirit walk restless amongst the grave?  
Haunting generations in a vile of rage  
Or will my body just rot for maggot feast?  
Gnawing on my bones while i rest in peace

When you die  
(will u) re-a-lize  
(what takes u) From this life i suffer  
Diggin' myself out this hole that they buried me in  
(2x)

The fear of darkness when they lower me down  
Will I be concious to the fact that im up under the ground  
And will i hearall the tears of the ones who attend  
And the dirt hit my coffin when they lower me in  
Or will I hover above lookin down on me  
Realize the situation and just what it all means  
A body laid to rest and a spirit left to fly  
No instruction or direction or a sky when i die  
Is there a tunnel? Will I walk into the light?  
See the people long lost who I knew in life  
Will my back spread wings as the choir sings  
A halo on my head that heavenly bling  
And in the blink of an eye will it be smashed away?  
Pulled into the grips of hell my soul left to pay  
For the sins of my fater and the sins of his father  
Will the demons leave me down like a lamb to the slaughter

When you die  
(will u) re-a-lize  
(what takes u) From this life i suffer  
Diggin' myself out this hole that they buried me in  
(2x)

Diggin' myself out of this hole that they buried me in to

All the things that we ever knew  
Memories of this life coming back to you  
O we rocked deep inside of a shallow grave  
Eyes closed forever in our final resting place  
Will we remember all the pain of being alone  
And how the juggalo world took us into their home  
And now this hatchet means more than a tat on my arm  
Or this charm ill serve u up some bodily harm