

Dragged Out And Shot

Bury Your Dead

Now here's a medal for being so fucking perfect,
Perfect at making me miserable.
How do you do it?
So let me get some paper to take down these notes,
So that I can take the papers dull edge
And saw away at my tired wrists.
There is something about you.
I can't quite put my finger on it,
I can't quite put my fingers around your neck.
You die.