

House Of Brick

Bury Your Dead

I understand your position
Do you understand my hate
You can't feel my fist itching
And you'll never feel her pain

I can't place a value on
All tha's missing
But you'll pay the price for
All our history

Keep your money but don't take your time
Do you under stand my hate
She may choose wrong
We all do that sometimes
But trust me
You don't want it to go that way

All your rules we were force-fed
And with all her heart and soul
I've read her notes and she wanted you dead
And all you wanted was control
Time after time you reared your head
'Cause she knew no other role
With this last line I'll say goodbye
But this time you'll pay the toll

I'll see her be who she wanted to be
For the last twelve years of her life
All our history