

In My Grave

Choking Victim

All the times that were good or bad,
and the thought of a future that I never had.
With the promise of heaven, and the threat of a hell...
A reality I did dwell.
And I did thrive on apathy,
and ignorance taught me the way it should be.
All along, all the lies I was fed,
would reassure I'd rather be dead.

All will die with their memories,
little lives of misery.
Thirst for power = starve for pain.
All your money goes down the drain.
Like your life in your grave,
none of the power or the money is saved.
And you will die in your pain,
as all of it goes down the drain.

Now I'm dead to no dismay,
my body reeks, my flesh decays!
All is gone now, the hate and the pain,
reality down the drain.
And I will rot in my grave,
and I will see that nobody is saved.
All is gone now, the hate and the pain,
all of it, gone down the drain.

In my grave...
no one's saved...
no more pain...
in my grave.