

# Buried Alive

## Feed Her to the Sharks

But how could something so beautiful walk like the living dead?  
Buried, buried, buried alive  
Makes me fucking sick...

I saw the promise in your eyes, trapped inside  
Gave my empathy to bring you back to life  
But you destroyed yourself as you fell from grace

You waste another day pretending life will fall into place  
Stop regressing, descending, going back to your old fucking ways  
Back to the grave

Let's go!

Time, time, time again  
Why did you lie to yourself and your friends?  
You're pathetic  
How could you look yourself in the mirror?

Time and time and time again, I brought you back to life  
Still you betray  
I will not forget this  
Listen here you fuck, you're full of shit

But how could something so beautiful walk like the living dead?  
Buried, buried, buried alive  
Makes me fucking sick...

Now kiss good-bye to what you could have been  
You could be anything, many things  
Makes me fucking sick...

I saw the promise in your eyes, but you're blind  
And you will always play the victim for the rest of your life,  
Engulfed by the flames as you fall from grace  
You're lying through your teeth  
And now your wings shall burn from your act of deception

How can you look in the mirror?  
Without you things are so much clearer  
How does it feel to be buried alive, you prick?

There is nothing you can do to survive this

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Makes me fucking sick...

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You could be anything, many things  
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