

# Your Funeral

## For the Fallen Dreams

I'm sick  
I'm sick of you and everyone else around me  
Stop doubting all the things I do  
Erase everything ya know about me  
Stop trying to get inside me  
Don't rely on the treatment to your disease  
Go away  
Dig your grave  
Your death will be just another party to me

I'm sick of the phrase, in all the wrong places  
Don't hang around  
I need something else to sing about

Sick of the terms and conditions you go on about  
You've stepped on my hair  
You make me wanna scream out loud  
Push away  
Pushed you away  
Fed up with your shit  
Nothing to say  
You dug your grave, now lie in it  
Your graves been dug, now lie in it

I'm fed up with your shit