

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