

Burial

Miike Snow

Misery is all we know lately
Saturdays are all the same
Sympathy is overrated
Like a snapshot when you've lost the game

Now it's all the funeral
I've become a serial
Killer of us both
Now it's all the funeral
I've become a serial
Killer of us both

No, I
Don't want to get thrown in your ocean
Don't try
You know that we already know it
It's over

At your own burial
Don't forget to cry
At your own burial

Licking up my eighty-first birthday
Every day this body goes to waste
Remembering how I would raise an army
When we went back to your place

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