

Dig

Mudvayne

I would love to beat the face,
Of any mother fucker that's thinkin' they can change me,
White knuckles grip pushing through for the gold,
If you're wantin' a piece of me I broke the mother fuckin' mold,
I'm drowning in your wake
Shit rubbed in my face
Teething on concrete
Gums bleeding

Dig bury me underneath
Everything that I am rearranging
Dig bury me underneath
Everything that I was slowly changing

I struggle in violated space,
Sell out motherfuckers in the biz that try to fuck me,
Hang from their T's rated P.G. insight,
I ain't sellin' my soul when there's nothing to buy
I'm livid in my space
Pissing in my face
Fuck you while you try
To fuck me

Dig bury me underneath
Everything that I am rearranging
Dig bury me underneath
Everything that I was you ain't fuckin' changing me

Let me help you tie the rope around your neck,
Let me help to talk you the wrong way off the ledge,
Let me help you hold the glock against your head
Let me help you tie the rope around your neck,
Let me help to talk you the wrong way off the ledge,
Let me help you hold the glock up to your head,
Let me help to chain the weights onto your legs
Get on the plank fuck

Dig bury me underneath
Everything that I am rearranging
Dig bury me underneath
Everything that I was slowly changing
Wish you were committing
Suicide suckin' on a mother fuckin' tailpipe
Dead man dangling from a tight rope
Limbless in the middle of a channel bob away