

## Death Tax

## Municipal Waste

How does it feel?  
Is it what you would expect?  
Do you feel good for what you have done?  
Or do you feel regret?

Just keep telling yourself  
It was going to happen anyway  
If that's what it takes to help make you get through  
another day

Was it worth it?  
Do you feel like a man?  
Did you feel the reward you dreamt of for so long?  
And will you kill again?

If you keep telling yourself  
It was going to happen anyway  
Then perhaps it will help you get through another day

Permanent delusions  
Assures you you'll get captured  
Anxiety and terror  
Was not the rush that you were after  
You've hidden everything yourself  
No way you could have left a trail  
Somebody had to see you  
And all you think about is the chair

Jump to your own conclusions now you're on the run  
Somebody better wish you some luck  
The voices getting louder it's like they all know  
No matter where or which way you go  
This sickness has ahold of you or is it regret  
But either way what it's too late to fix  
Regret the things you've done but now there's no  
turning back  
Reality is both fiction and fact

Exhaustion. Paranoia  
Delusional. A diseased mind

How does it feel?  
Is it what you would expect?  
Do you feel good for what you have done?  
Or do you feel regret?

Well was it worth it?  
Do you feel like a man?  
Did you feel the reward you dreamt for so long?  
And will you kill again?

If you keep telling yourself  
It was going to happen anyway  
Then perhaps it will help you get through another day