

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