

One More Notch

Murder by Death

Hole up kid there's a storm comin' down
Work those fingers to the bone
You got grit that's a fact
You build 'em up just to knock 'em all down

Dig a hole that goes down deep in the ground
And when the time comes calling
And as the earth all shudders
At the pounding of the feet of the four horsemen

You aren't safe under the earth
Hiding your actions covered in dirt
Like a snake shedding its skin
If you fee up you can start all over again

And the whirlwind lifts you up to the ceiling
The balconies pass but you don't even see them
As they go by and it whops your bodies higher and higher
When your lips lock you both catch on fire
The crowd covers their eyes

You've forgotten everything but yourselves
You don't really even matter to each other
It's the rush that you get when you know you've done wrong
As you bake your bodies separate but you never notice
That the other burning
You just pity yourself

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