

# Murder

Ours

Tied down to the things that we can't let go of  
Realized too many dreams we can't recover  
We layed down in our sleep and began to choke  
Life doesn't have any meaning everything's a joke  
Been eating out of your hands, with never anything to show  
We tried to get off clean, but we would never grow  
Prison can't be worse than living with the pain of knowing

Murder, murder, murder, murder

We fight about the things we never even had control of  
In and out of thoughts so many different people bought  
Self serving ramblings in your favorite journal  
Won't bring you peace until you learn to read yourself

Murder, murder, murder, murder, murder

Bow down to the things you can't let go of  
Eating out of dog's hands with never anything to show  
Even if it hurt to love you couldn't leave it slowly  
Slipping from you core as you're waiting for your dream to come

Murder, murder

Give in the things you bought with  
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