

## Dragged Out And Shot

### Bury Your Dead

Now here's a medal for being so fucking perfect,  
Perfect at making me miserable.  
How do you do it?  
So let me get some paper to take down these notes,  
So that I can take the papers dull edge  
And saw away at my tired wrists.  
There is something about you.  
I can't quite put my finger on it,  
I can't quite put my fingers around your neck.  
You die.