

My Own Grave

As I Lay Dying

The lies, the weight, deceit, decay

The lies, the weight
It's clear I lost my way
Deceit, decay
Decomposing

I thought I was an architect but I was just moving dirt
Stacking mud over malice covered-up forming nothing but a pile of hurt
I hadn't been building (building)
The time was spent digging (digging)
Boring the barriers that kept others away (away)
The deeper the walls the less anyone could hear (hear me) fall

So now I know there is no one else to blame

Buried alive inside of my own grave
And there's no one else to blame
Buried alive inside of my own grave
Inside of my own grave

Beneath my lies
Delusional enough to think I'd designed something great
Like a giant headstone inscribed to describe my shameful fate
I hadn't been building (building)
The time was spent digging (digging)
An ugly truth from which there was no way to escape (escape)
Nowhere left to hide and then finally forced to face what I'd become

Buried alive inside of my own grave (my grave)
And there's no one else to blame
Buried alive inside of my own grave (my grave)
What I'd become
Buried alive inside of my own grave

Beneath my pride crushing me
Beneath my lies collapsing
But we are still alive
We are still alive

Buried alive inside of my own grave
And there's no one else to blame
Buried alive inside of my own grave
My own grave
Buried alive inside of my own grave
And there's no one else to blame
The lies and the weight, I know I lost my way (my way)
What I'd become
Buried alive inside of my own grave (my grave)
And there's no one else to blame
Buried alive... buried alive

Finally forced to face what I'd become
What I'd become in my own grave (buried)
In my own grave (alive)