

Diggin' Myself Out

Boondox

So many times i sit and ask myself why are u afraid to die.
What is this fear that blinds u
Is it the thought of uncontrollable pain or
Suffocating loss of oxygen to your brain
Is it the people u have in your heart
The ones closest by your side when your soul departs
Its just a question that haunts mankind
Where am i going? Is there an afterlife
I sit and think about it and my blood runs cold
The mysteries of life and all the stories untold
Why we here? Where we going? Why do I exist?
Is there a point or any answer to all of this?
Will my spirit walk restless amongst the grave?
Haunting generations in a vile of rage
Or will my body just rot for maggot feast?
Gnawing on my bones while i rest in peace

When you die
(will u) re-a-lize
(what takes u) From this life i suffer
Diggin' myself out this hole that they buried me in
(2x)

The fear of darkness when they lower me down
Will I be concious to the fact that im up under the ground
And will i hearall the tears of the ones who attend
And the dirt hit my coffin when they lower me in
Or will I hover above lookin down on me
Realize the situation and just what it all means
A body laid to rest and a spirit left to fly
No instruction or direction or a sky when i die
Is there a tunnel? Will I walk into the light?
See the people long lost who I knew in life
Will my back spread wings as the choir sings
A halo on my head that heavenly bling
And in the blink of an eye will it be smashed away?
Pulled into the grips of hell my soul left to pay
For the sins of my fater and the sins of his father
Will the demons leave me down like a lamb to the slaughter

When you die
(will u) re-a-lize
(what takes u) From this life i suffer
Diggin' myself out this hole that they buried me in
(2x)

Diggin' myself out of this hole that they buried me in to

All the things that we ever knew
Memories of this life coming back to you
O we rocked deep inside of a shallow grave
Eyes closed forever in our final resting place
Will we remember all the pain of being alone
And how the juggalo world took us into their home
And now this hatchet means more than a tat on my arm
Or this charm ill serve u up some bodily harm