

## Your Soul's Funeral

Santa Hates You

Are you sure you're really breathing?  
'Cause you're looking dead to me  
There's no blood and no heart-beating  
Just a robot paying a fee

You say the world has just one color  
That's the way you've always been  
You got nothing left to honor  
You're just a dot - longing to be seen

I will not go to the funeral of your soul  
I'll send some flowers and maybe a song  
I'll pretend not see you crawl  
But it'll be only to prove you wrong

You claim you saw a thousand things  
What about life? Could you even catch a glimpse?  
You were too busy turning into a creep  
All that's left to do now is to bury your soul deep