

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