

(•rec)

To The Grave

Do you ever get the feeling you're being watched?
I hope you question every light in the dark
Shut it down, listen closely for the sound
Smile for the cameras clown, you're fucking done now
Should see the look on your face

So put a mirror to the monster and what do you see?
The top of the food chain or the runt of our species?
All we know is to bite our tongues off
And claw at the scraps, salivating as the limbs drop
The threats roll in but they won't do shit, I guarantee
Get close enough, they'll find me with your throat in my teeth
Come get me, pig, lock us up and see what difference that makes
Off comes the head of the beast and two grow in its place
Pry their fucking eyelids
They're gonna want to see this
Chew your razorblades
Say your fucking prayers
Holy water burns
The blood on your hands
So do your parts, trade your hearts, still take part
Are you happy now? I see you looking at the mess you made
Should see the look on your fucking face

Now you're all alone in a blood-soaked hell
And the only way out is to kill yourself

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