

# Walk Over My Grave

**Yours Truly**

You'd have me eating from the palm of your hand  
What a shame I was small I'm confessing  
It was fine in your eye I was faceless  
But in time you were right it was pointless

Makes me sick to the pit of a stomach  
What was warm has grown cold, I can taste it  
Is the pain I express satisfying  
You don't lay in your bed toss and turning

I'm on the line  
You're cutting the thread that I would trace to you  
I'm on the line  
Can't keep hold of the thread when it unravels through

When my ears burn  
I know it won't be because of you  
In my dreams  
I don't see you anymore  
When I shiver  
I hear you say someone's walking over my grave  
Lay your flowers at my door

You locked the door and you swallowed the key  
Hand on heart you began to start healing  
Must be nice to be fine with the silence  
I can't hate you but I can attempt to

Does it feel like your insides sunburn  
Like your heart has been stung by a seatbelt  
Stare at walls might as well watch the paint dry  
I breathe the air that remains laced with poison

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You're cutting the thread that I would trace to you  
I'm on the line  
Can't keep hold of the thread when it unravels through

When my ears burn  
I know it won't be because of you  
In my dreams  
I don't see you anymore  
When I shiver  
I hear you say someone's walking over my grave  
Lay your flowers at my door

When my ears burn  
I know, I know it's not because of you  
You in my dreams  
I don't see you anymore  
When I shiver  
I hear you say someone's walking over my grave  
Lay your flowers at my door