

Your Favorite Hero "Murder, She Wrote"

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How much more am I suppose to suffer for something I
did when I was twenty years old.

'Scuse me for bleeding
I'm sorry for screaming
I'll pick up these guts then I'll run
I'll finish myself, I'll say you won (WON!)

Excuse me for gluing my eyes to, the ceiling
Can't stomach looking at your face
Reminds me that the last four years were a mistake
(whoaoaoaoaoao)
Keep sharpening your knife, when polishing your rifle
Keep your eyes on mine, and my name on your shovel
(SHOVEL!)
So bury me, keep digging my shallow grave
I'll haunt you sooner than you think

Your guilts gone, You're shaking
These nightmares, got you playing
Each second takes an inch of years
As the concept of your love begins to reappear

So keep sharpening your knife, when polishing your
rifle
Keep your eyes on mine, and my name on your shovel
(SHOVEL!)
So bury me, keep digging my shallow grave
I'll haunt you, sooner than, you think

Is this the life that you have asked for
Another chapter in your horror
In the morning when you wake up next to me
With your hands tied down to your feet
Don't say I didn't warn you and don't forget to smile

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