

Mudvayne

"Dig"

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Dig
Bury me
Underneath
Everything that I am
Rearranging
Dig
Bury me
Underneath
Everything that I was
Slowly changing

I
Would love to beat the face
Of any mother fucker that's thinking they can change
me
White knuckles grip pushing through for the gold
If you want a piece of me
I broke the mother fucking mold
I'm drowning
In your wake
Shit rubbed
In my face
Teething
On concrete
Gums bleeding

Dig
Bury me
Underneath
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Rearranging
Dig
Bury me
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Everything that I was
Slowly changing

I
Struggle in violated space
Sell out mother fuckers in the biz that try to fuck me
Hang from their T's rated P.G. insight
I ain't selling my soul when there's nothing to buy

I'm livid
In my space
Pissing
In my face
Fuck you
While you try
To fuck me

Dig
Bury me
Underneath
Everything that I am
Rearranging
Dig
Bury me
Underneath
Everything that I was

You ain't fucking changing
Me
Dig
Dig
Dig

Dig
Mother fucker fucking dig
Dig
Mother fucker fucking dig
Dig
Mother fucker fucking dig

Let me help you tie the rope around your neck
Let me help to talk you the wrong way off the ledge
Let me help you hold the glock against your head
Let me help you tie the rope around your neck
Let me help to talk you the wrong way off the ledge
Let me help you hold the glock against your head
Let me help to chain the weights onto your legs
Get on the plank, fuck!

Dig
Bury me
Underneath
Everything that I am
Rearranging
Dig
Bury me
Underneath
Everything that I was
Slowly changing

Wish you were committing
Suicide
Sucking on a mother fucking tailpipe
Dead man walking on a tight rope
Limbless in the middle of a channel
Bombs away

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