

A Trunk Full Of Dead Bodies "Walking-standing"

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Don't be afraid
I'm here to comfort you with all this new found stress
So take this knife
Across your neck and watch to slice the bitterness
Time will only call on yesterday
The perfect place would be right here on your bedroom
floor
So write your note and brush your teeth
Close the closet door
Life has made this you can't take this
The whispers have all died
Just like your best friend
With one clenched fist and promises
I promise you tonight
A tear is she'd for every sweetened breath I missed
Don't miss out
Soon you'll be alright (x2)

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