

Fit For An Autopsy

"Digging Shallow Graves"

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Paralyzed by the overwhelming sense of failure
The weight of guilt and the dirt beneath my fingernails
I can't erase your stench from my skin
I'll never let you get away with what you did to me

I don't think you get the point
I don't think you understand just how far I'll go
All you've ever made me want to do is slit your throat

Never a word to be spoken from your mouth again

You are the empty well I placed my heart in
Now I will be the shallow grave you bury your life in

Your suffering will be the end of mine
Grind your teeth on this you fucking pig
Punishment to fit the crime
I'll watch you slip away
I'm sorry it had to end like this

I'll watch you slip away

The trails of blood and flesh
Will lead them to what's left of you

I don't think you get the point
I don't think you understand
All I want to do is slit your throat

It's going to be a cold day in Hell before I let you ruin
my fucking life
It's going to be a cold day in Hell before I let you live
your life

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