

The Grates

"Toe Tags And Body Bags"

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Once upon a time I made a choice to never have a
chance
Now every single day I can't escape the sound of my
regrets
Another little misfit with an ending that is bitter sweet
All is dead and done it's my reflection that will rot your
teeth

I'm dead alive, I'm dead alive
I want you here with me, I want you!

Murder all the lies, and bury the redemption
Just another suicide, the diesel to my system

Once upon a crime, his-mine-your demise
Deep into the center is the echo of your muted cries
Injecting all my hate into a place of self-
destructiveness
Imitating everyday will eat away the pain of happiness

Just another suicide Hey, Hey
Right before your very eyes I have become decay

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