

Bury Your Dead, 69 Times A Charm

I close my eyes and you say those things that aggravate me.
I swear you say them just to make me cry.
I swear you say them just to make my heart break.
This time it's not going to fucking happen.
I put my hands around your throat
and squeeze until your pulse faded, until your pulse has faded.
So now who is begging who to stop,
and now who is crying to who,
and once again the annoying sound of 6 am, 6 am.
Saves your life, and as always my happiness is cut short.