

# Nuno Bettencourt, Bury You

If you think you've seen the last of me you're wrong  
Yeah your time is nearly up it won't be long

There's no need to run  
There's no need the damage has been done  
Tomorrow soon will come  
It gives me hope

No doubt about it, you're in my head  
Don't think about it, a broken man  
No doubt about it, this is the end  
I'll bury you

Even God is denied the power to change you  
Only lips of dying men will speak the truth

I can see your fate  
As you sit and plan your great escape  
Tomorrow is too late  
It gives me hope

Howling at the moon  
Your blood is slithering inside my veins  
I'll soon be rid of you  
It gives me hope