

Saves The Day, At Your Funeral

This song will become the anthem of your underground.
You're two floors down getting high in the back room.
If I flooded out your house, do you think you'd make it out,
or would you burn up before the water filled your lungs?

And at your funeral I will sing the requiem.

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If I flooded out your house, do you think you'd make it out,
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And at your funeral I will sing the requiem.
I'd offer you my hand, it would hurt too much to watch you die.

And you can bet when we mourn the death of you that night
that they'll lay me on the dinner table, I will be the pig
with the apple in my mouth, the food that celebrates your end.

And at your funeral I will sing the requiem.
I'd offer you my hand, it would hurt too much to watch you die.
[x2]