

# Sentenced, Digging The Grave

It would be wrong to ask you why  
Because I know what goes inside  
Is only half of what come out  
Isn't that what it's about?  
To remind us we're alive  
To remind us we're not blind  
In that big, black hole  
Comfortable  
Digging the grave, I got it made  
Let something in or throw something out?  
You left the door open wide  
I know you have a reason why  
That knot is better left untied  
I just went and undid mine  
It takes some time  
And the shadows so big  
It takes the sun out of the day  
And the feeling goes away  
if you close the door  
Comfortable  
And it's out of this world  
Comfortable