

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