

# Wednesday 13, My Home Sweet Homicide

I've got nothing to lose that's why I'm with you  
My X-Ray glasses don't lie  
And the best thing about our future  
Is knowing that I'm gonna die

It's a simple mistake that anyone could make  
And I guess I won the grand prize  
A lifetime supply of misery  
My home sweet homicide

And I'm so love sick, sick of you  
I guess I'll see you in hell  
But I'm sure you'd ruin that too

You'll be the death of me  
Baby you're my home sweet homicide

You're the reason why I never even tried  
You're the biggest star in your own mind  
No anti-dote, it's a fucking joke  
And I'll never get out alive

Now on the count of three  
Won't you bury me  
Close the casket and say goodbye  
And its ashes to ashes, dust to dust  
My home sweet homicide

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