Blue October, Dirt Room

I'm like a ghost
I'll be living in a dirt room
Waiting for the day to be closer
To the window in your home
I'll be standing by your back door
Reaching for the knife in my coat
I'm gonna put it to your throat
You sway, piggy, you're a bad man
What a fucking sad way to go
Your mother raised you as a joke
I should've wiped away your burden
Used the curtain in the kitchen to choke

You think you own me
You should've known me
You took the future and the food off my family's plate
You think you'll use me
I'm stronger than you
You take my money but it's useless
When you see what I do to you
(What I'm doing to you)

Oh god, then you awoke
You start screaming through the duct tape
Don't ever think I'm letting you go
I'm busy digging you a hole
Now you'll be living in a dirt room
Breathing through the straw of your own
I really think that this is fun for the money
I'll make you comfy for the time wasted making you rich
I want to cover you in ants, bees and honey
Then take a picture for the cover of our album

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And now I see it all
Cause your back's against the wall
And finally you're mine
You're mine

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