

Finger Eleven, Digging The Grave

It would be wrong to ask you why,
Because I know what goes inside.
Is only half of what comes out.
Isn't that what it's about?

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 shadow's so big,
It takes the sun out of the day.
And the feeling goes away,
When you close the door.
Comfortable.

Digging the grave, I got it made.

Let something in, or throw something out.
You left the door open wide.

Digging the grave, I got it made.

Comfortable.

Digging the grave, I got it made.

Let something in, or throw something out.
You left the door open wide.

And it's out of this world,
Covered in shit.
Out of this world,
Covered in shit.
Out of this world,
Covered in shit.
Out of this world,
Covered in shit.
Out of this world,
Covered in shit.