

# Obituary, Back To One

A stab in the back  
With a fearless knife  
With no regard  
To an innocent life

Ruthlessly killing  
We're terrified (What terrible fun)  
Now that your falling  
With nowhere to run

Back to the one  
That you fear is dead  
The nightmare returns  
So it's sliced thru your head

Warmly embraced  
You will soon go away  
The bloodsoaked heads  
And the destitute say  
Back to one

Falling to your death down below  
You're dying it's the pain no one will ever know  
Crawling toward the goodness of the light  
You're crying out after those who may stop this fight