

Snuff, Verdidn't

Just what lived and just what died is open to conjecture.

The one that walked away can't find the words to say.

In the early morning sun death just did a little dance.

He opened up a grave and stole the day.

He stopped believing.

It's time to lose.

Just what's truth and just what's lies is open to conjecture.

The words that slipped away fell silent to the grave.

Off the early morning sun, dead man's click, a dagger in the ribs.

He opened up a grave and stole the day.

Waiting for the time to lose.