

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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