

Not My Funeral

Children of Bodom

Oh God Let me get this one flat out straight
Illuminate please, it's not too late
Since when did you become a god?
You might be right, I've been tattered and torn
Self destructing since I was born
So what's that got to do with you? Close yet far, I've gone now
Safe and sound, I don't know how
Knuckled under, never giving up So much fun when you can tell me I'm down
Such a sweet unchaining sound
Whisper me softly that I'm gonna die young
Before you do, take a look into the ground
It's not my funeral If you rip my life apart in no time
I'll put it back together in 2.5
How's that for punctuality? Since you wanna fuck me over and I know you really do
Better be aware I'm gonna fuck you too
But you should by now be schooled
In that very piece of my mind's obscurity Close yet far, I've gone now
Safe and sound, I don't know how
Knuckled under, never giving up So much fun when you can tell me I'm down
Such a sweet unchaining sound
Whisper me softly that I'm gonna die young
Before you do, take a look into the ground So much fun when you can tell me I'm down
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