Pretty Grim (Post-Hardcore.COM)

Vanna

Well here we go again, R.I.P. to another friend
Wrap them up, throw them out and send the next one in
I didn't ask for this man, you put me here
You made me kill anything that comes nearSo rest in peace to my company
I'm the reaper, you see there's no hiding from me
So rest in pieces, your heart beat ceases
But that's what you get for being friends with meLife is pretty grim when you're on your own
Can't feel, can't touch, can't hold anyone
Cause my hand is the hand of death
Please to meet you I think you're next
Now I'm dead
Underground listening
Haunting your head with sounds
You can't get out
I am the voice of death
There's no time leftI've walked with the devil, I spoke with god
They don't care if you're miserable
I've walked with the devil, I spoke with god
They don't even know who you areSo rest in peace to my company
I'm the reaper, you see there's no hiding from me
So rest in pieces, your heart beat ceases
But that's what you get for being friends with me
Now I'm dead
Underground listening
Haunting your head with sounds
You can't get out
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There's no time left
Now I'm dead
Underground listening
Haunting your head with sounds
You can't get out
I am the voice of death
There's no time leftThey dont care if you're miserable
Cause I am the voice of death
If you can hear me I think you're next
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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