

# 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 near So 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 Life 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 left I'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 are So 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  
I am the voice of death  
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 left They don't 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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