

# Digging

## Coldair

[Verse 1:]

So many times i sit and ask myself why are u afraid to die.

What is this fear that blinds u

Is it the thought of uncontrollable pain or

Suffocating loss of oxygen to your brain

Is it the people u have in your heart

The ones closest by your side when your soul departs

Its just a question that haunts mankind

Where am i going? Is there an afterlife

I sit and think about it and my blood runs cold

The mysteries of life and all the stories untold

Why we here? Where we going? Why do I exist?

Is there a point or any answer to all of this?

Will my spirit walk restless amongst the grave?

Haunting generations in a vile of rage

Or will my body just rot for maggot feast?

Gnawing on my bones while i rest in peace[Chorus 2x]

When you die

(will u) re-a-lize

(what takes u) From this life i suffer

Diggin' myself out this hole that they buried me in[Verse 2:]

The fear of darkness when they lower me down

Will I be concious to the fact that im up under the ground

And will i hearall the tears of the ones who attend

And the dirt hit my coffin when they lower me in

Or will I hover above lookin down on me

Realize the situation and just what it all means

A body laid to rest and a spirit left to fly

No instruction or direction or a sky when i die

Is there a tunnel? Will I walk into the light?

See the people long lost who I knew in life

Will my back spread wings as the choir sings

A halo on my head that heavenly bling

And in the blink of an eye will it be smashed away?

Pulled into the grips of hell my soul left to pay

For the sins of my fater and the sins of his father

Will the demons leave me down like a lamb to the slaughter[Chorus 2x]Diggin' myself out of this hole that they

buried me in to[Verse 3:]

All the things that we ever knew

Memories of this life coming back to you  
O we rocked deep inside of a shallow grave  
Eyes closed forever in our final resting place  
Will we remember all the pain of being alone  
And how the juggalo world took us into their home  
And now this hatchet means more than a tat on my arm  
Or this charm ill serve u up some bodily harm

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