

One More Notch

Murder By Death

Hole up kid there's a storm comin' down
Work those fingers to the bone
You got grit that's a fact
You build 'em up just to knock 'em all down
Dig a hole that goes down deep in the ground
And when the time comes calling
As the earth all shudders at another beat, another beat
Another beat, another beat, another beat of the four horsemen
You aren't safe under the earth
Hiding your actions covered in dirt
Like a snake shedding its skin
If you fess up, you can start all over again
And the whirlwind lifts you up to the ceiling
The balconies pass but you don't even see them
As they go by and it whips your bodies higher and higher
When your lips lock you both catch on fire
The crowd covers their eyes
You've forgotten everything but yourselves
You don't really even matter to each other
It's the rush that you get when you know you've done wrong
As you bake your bodies separate but you never notice
That the other is burning, you just pity yourself
You aren't safe to sit on this earth
Hiding your actions covered in dirt
Like a snake shedding its skin
If you fess up you can start all over again
And the whirlwind lifts you up to the ceiling
The balconies pass but you don't even see them
As they go by and it whips your bodies higher and higher
When your lips lock you both catch on fire
The crowd covers their eyes

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