

At Your Funeral

Saves The Day

This song will become the anthem of your underground.
Your two floors down getting high in the backroom.
If I flooded out your house do you think you'd make it out,
Or would you burn up before the water fills your lungs.
And at your funeral, I will sing the requiem.
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If I flooded out your house do you think you'd make it out,
Or would you burn up before the water fills your lungs.

And at your funeral, I will sing the requiem.
I'd offer you my hand, it would hurt too much to watch you die.
And you can bet when we mourn the death of you that night.
(of you that night)
When they lay me on the dinner table, I will be the pig.
With the apple in my mouth. The food that celebrates your end.
And at your funeral, I will sing the requiem.
I'd offer you my hand, it would hurt too much to watch you die.
And at your funeral, I will sing the requiem.
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