

Receipt

The Black Dahlia Murder

Ripping from me is this haunting admission, so daunting
A complete jealousy of the recently dead
The deepest of all admirations, so foul
Of who'd choose to aim bullets for the hinds of their heads
Have you ever tasted it?
Metallic barrel placed in it?
Do you possess the gall to pain all those in life you've touched?
Failure, I renounce our tenure
This venture has drained me
I ask thee grant self murder's bliss
My conscience has begged me to end this horrendousness
Wrap rope so tightly 'round my neck and twist
Suicide be my guide
The only thing I will get right in this life
My appeal shall not be denied
My place - now secured
My home - the other side
I never belonged here
I never did ask if I could join this world collapsed
A hell hath awakened and now I choose sleep
So let this razor get the better of me
Suicide be my light
The only wrong I stand to right in this life
To the ear of the Reaper confide
His blade offers mercy
May it tear me wide
I never belonged here
I never did ask if I could join this world collapsed
My hell hath awakened and now I choose sleep
So let this gesture do the talking for me
Dear Mother and Father, now look what you've made
More eager fodder for the depth of a grave
For the sweet gift of life you've both bestowed upon me
You'll wish that you'd felt inclined to keep the fucking receipt

Songwriters

MAXWELL JAMES LAVELLE, ALAN MICHAEL CASSIDY, RYAN DURELL KNIGHT, TREVOR
SCOTT STRNAD, BRIAN GARRETT ESCHBACH

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