

Pretty Grim

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
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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

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