

You're Dead

Internal Affairs

When someone becomes nothing to anyone
Whilst feelings have died anyone would know it
They set out sticks and stones, they say they crossed my bones
I say I don't get mad I get even before they do
Spoils go to the boy victor
I'm dead on time
Your time is going to come
One day I'll dance on your graves
Even if you're buried at sea
Till then till when I exact my revenge
I'll tell them you're dead to me
We're all just trying to hold on to innocence
You'd think they'd notice what we're trying to do
These wounds are invisible, underneath the dirt I still see the scars
But then when things got bad we spread our wings and fly away
You'll take all your riches
In the back of a hearse
Your time is going to come
One day I'll dance on your graves
Even if you're buried at sea
Till then till when I exact my revenge
I'll tell them you're dead to me
One day I'll dance on your grave
Even if you're buried at sea
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