Murder By Death, One More Notch

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 know 'em all down

Dig a hole that goes down deep in the ground and when the time comes crawl in as the earth all shudders at the pounding of the feet 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

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