

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

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