



## ***I Haven't Killed You, You Dug Your Own Grave***

It seems that I am born to be tortured  
With teeth stuck by glue, head sucked in toilet  
Bruised eyes, blood-stained lips are all my future  
Punched in, beat up like a prickly puppet  
Imagine that a bullet shoots you down  
My eyes will not produce salty water  
Like a mortal, I will make each day count  
The dark depths of my horrid heart mutters  
But my creepy volcano erupted  
I have been keeping mouth cowardly shut  
My revenge cannot be interrupted  
Enough is enough, I'll now kick your butt  
Perhaps poisons can make your organs crash  
Or a spinning fan make your blood go splash

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