

Buried Alive

Flobots

Each movement that I make could make a movement
Stress fatigue
Each movement that I make could
Glass gun deadly recipe
Movement that I make could make a move
Edge of the precipice
Each movement that I make could make a
Trigger finger press release

Now I know you heard of me
I know you saw
I know you're cursing me
Round of applause
Like I don't deserve to breathe
Life when he's not
Like why was I personally trying to be God
Now some of us murder and some of us lie
But I am not one of them
I am not one of them
Why
Pull out a gun to survive
Fire a gun and then die a thousand deaths
If you really knew me you would know
I am afraid of the dark
If you really knew me you would know
Try to be brave in my heart
But monologue monologue stereotype
I am not one of them
I am not one of them
Why
Pull out a gun to survive
Fire a gun and then die
Buried alive

Buried alive buried alive buried alive
Don't let me be

Yea shadows I battled and fell short
Hands up and lay down for a day
Yea yea yea
Rattled by the snakes that don't show up and support
Get tread on with nothing to say
The flag doesn't sway without a plentiful breeze
I rather be buried than swing from a tree
And all of the yous are just different me's
Wanna speak less cause I am choosing to see
This epiphany
In infancy diplomacy is listening
To the child in each of us scream
A little bit of wisdom is a dangerous thing
And I don't give a dam
Without a militant eve
I'm deep but I'm not

If you could ever know
The thoughts I've known and seen what I have seen
All the spiteful stones that I've thrown did not protect me

I want you to know these heavy stones nearly crushed me
If I'd only known that heavy load that brought me low would help me grow I w
ouldn't be