

## One More Notch

### Murder by Death

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 knock 'em all down

Dig a hole that goes down deep in the ground  
And when the time comes calling  
And 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 fee 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 whops 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 burning  
You just pity yourself

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