

ICIBILLET

Paroles de chanson

03/05/2026

Born Dead

Par Annotations of an Autopsy

Album : Reign of Darkness

The sound of laughter inside your head

Don't you wish you were born dead?

The sound of laughter inside your head

Makes you wish you were born dead

Born dead, you make me fucking sick

Born dead, you make me fucking sick

No future, no guilt

Destined to walk the line of mediocrity

Nothing can become of what is born dead, born dead

A society taken in by your wall of smoke

Cloaking your face, a disposable entity

Born with the intent to breath

But never achieving your goal

The sound of laughter inside your head

Don't you wish you were born dead?

The sound of laughter inside your head

Makes you wish you were born dead

Born dead, you make me fucking sick

Born dead, you make me fucking sick

The entire human race will acknowledge you

As the earth's biggest mistake

Existence is defective by nature

As we lie in our own filth and stagnate

Failure was inevitable

Failure was inevitable

Failure was inevitable

Close your eyes and pray that you don't wake up

Lay in your own filth, you have no future, no guilt

Destined to walk the line of mediocrity

We, we took your soul

There was no remorse as we dug your grave

You were a cancer and we cut you out

We, we took your soul

There was no remorse as we buried you

And they'll be no tears as we spit upon your grave

The sound of laughter inside your head

Don't you wish you were born dead?

The sound of laughter inside your head

Makes you wish you were born dead

Born dead, you make me fucking sick

Born dead, you make me fucking sick