

Biffy Clyro, The Weapons Are Concealed

I'm wearing it.
I'm wearing it under my face.
An expression and an admission of my disgrace.
But I'm sure I will make it okay.
I'll try to give you something better.
I'm wearing it today.
But I'm sure I will make it okay.
I'll try to give you something better.

You with a grin on your face.
Me with a bag in its place.
I've put a rope round my neck.
I'm trying to win your respect.

Conceal the weapons!
Conceal the weapons!
Death shares everything I have.
Conceal the weapons!
Conceal the weapons!
But I hate the way I
Conceal the weapons!

Blame it on the staring match between the two of us.
Blame it on the staring match between the two of us