

# Cadaverous Condition, The Ever Bleating Fools

come to me, please come to me  
take my heart, fill up my soul  
take me out and take me in  
take my hand, let it all begin  
(and then let all fall down)

all shall be well  
but not for me

of what I tell in the rhyme  
they don't feel, they never do  
the ever bleating fools  
in this world it's plain to see  
they are luckier than me  
the ever bleating fools  
Lackey's tunes are beautiful  
his words are, too  
but not for you  
the ever bleating fools  
some will never understand  
anything or everything  
or what to do  
the ever bleating fools