

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