

Coheed And Cambria, Mother May I

Did you ever really think that you'd
Expose the truth that pains the page?
And in their asking, did you see their lie,
The motive true and earnest side
Four in the morning, should they wake up?
Or see them precious in this sleep?
Every step should break the same
With every move and every need
So run little children, play
I'll leave the light off to turn your mother on
So run little children, play
I'll leave the light off to turn your mother on
Could you ever really wish of them?
One of your games and counts of truth
With every moment you'll trace the doubt
And of the premise what about?
Will they ever really see an end
Or does it matter now from then?
What of their love for once pronounced
And of this love a loss without
So run little children, play
I'll leave the light off to turn your mother on
So run little children, play
I'll leave the light off to turn your mother on
I should have known
God only knows when your word isn't pure
And the blood on your hands isn't yours
I won't believe any word that you tell
And I won't drink the blood if it spills
So give them the story they want...
You too
So give them the story they want...
A kiss to you girl before you fall down and leave me
[x2]
So give them the story they want...
You too, before you leave me
[x4]
God only knows when your word isn't pure
And the blood on your hands isn't yours
I won't believe any word that you tell
And I won't drink the blood if it spills
[x2]