

# Coheed And Cambria, The Velorium Camper III: A

At birth given scars along tender heart liberties  
injustice for awkward living situated casualties  
they lay dead along your floor  
careful not to wake them they're sleeping  
in the morrows good mourning  
the dying will discard the wish to live

Let this colony know in the name of the dead we're coming

When I kill her, I'll have her  
Dance upon the graves of the dead, upon your name  
Die white girls, die white girls  
Dance upon the graves of the dead, upon the graves of the dead

You'll get nothing for something  
arise the hidden war of a dead song, unsung  
the night of your children's day  
beneath the surface sealed by the floors boarded up  
seal the lips of your voice with haste  
and cower at the sounds as they make their way  
surprise speed and malice  
the opposing break the surface hold ready

Let this colony know in the name of the dead we're coming

When I kill her, I'll have her  
Dance upon the graves of the dead, upon your name  
Die white girls, die white girls  
Dance upon the graves of the dead, upon the graves of the dead

Will the killing veil love should the heroes play dumb  
but killing's no fun when the heroes are none

Let this colony know in the name of the dead we're coming

Bye, bye world, bye, bye world  
Dance upon the graves of the dead, upon your name  
Die white girls, die white girls  
Dance upon the graves of the dead, upon the graves of the dead

Bye, bye world, bye, bye world  
Dance upon the graves of the dead, upon your name  
Die white girls, bye, bye world  
Dance upon the graves of the dead, upon the graves of the dead,  
Upon the graves of the dead, upon the graves!