

Secret Lives Of The Freemasons, Make Like A D

suffer from wait heartbreak the fall
we give up all that we know of you its gone

i've screamed in vain of your blood shed over these wires
over the heads of crowds that you will never see
i must have wasted all my breath over and over
to get nothing more than crooked smiles when we meet

we saw set in stone examples
you were the first you were the bestheartbreaker ever
this is the epitaph sang for you
we heard your first this is your last, last song ever

i've taken time to warm my hands over the fire
over the fires that burnt up all your memories
and i have spit up blood for this
and over these matters i have screamed until i was blue in the face.
the face the heart i could have torn apart myself my soul my life
and now tonight we sing a song its the last one you'll hear
i hope you're happy and i'm proud

suffer i was not made for suffering
i was not made to suffer get it got it go
we'll be just fine
we'll be just fine
he'll be just fine
we need to get some sleep so go on home