

# Alexisonfire, Kennedy Curse

Take this blood from my veins  
And paint me a masterpiece of a parade  
A parade of the dead sun  
Bang, bang  
Writing  
(Writing this letter to you)  
This letter to you  
(I slice my wrists)  
Kill their leader  
(By way of paper scars and pictures frames)  
And watch his family die  
(Of all you left behind)  
Family die  
Last man, last man standing is a joke  
In spite of the  
(When white)  
Glorious head shots  
(Bleeds into red)  
Head shots and 8 by 10s  
(When white)  
In exchange for your conspiracy

(Bleeds into red)  
(When white)  
We'll give thanks  
(Bleeds into red)  
Stop and you'll decide  
(When white)  
Decide if you can  
(Bleeds into red)  
Then the name won't exist  
Set him on death row  
Go on, let this happen  
That, that's all, that you get  
That's all you get, that's all you get, fuck  
(In, in the the ground, in the ground  
In the ground, in the ground, the ground)  
Put the dead Kennedy in the ground  
In the ground, in the ground  
The name does not live on  
Not live on