

Bayside, Ghost of Saint Valentine

Oh pain
I'm doing bad
I'm getting answers to some questions
That I never should have asked
And it's getting old
It's decomposing fact
'Cause when I thought it couldn't get much worse
Life stabbed me in the back

I'd rather face the gallows
'Cause nothing matters
And I'll just change my name

There is no love just appetite
And its consequences keep you up at night

Appetite is lust at best
And it's up to us to figure out the rest

I thought that I
Was working towards the truth
Thought if I waited long enough
I'd put this passion to good use
And in a flash
Cut to me with head in hands
In a fight without a cause I am a wounded veteran

I'd rather face the gallows
'Cause nothing matters
And I'll just change my name

There is no love just appetite
And its consequences keep you up at night

Appetite is lust at best
And it's up to us to figure out the rest

It's not right now to lose control the way I do
(I am a slave to this)
(I am a masochist)
This one's got whiskers it's as old as ice, it's nothing new
(I am a slave to this)
(I am a masochist)

I'd rather face the gallows
'Cause, nothing matters
And I'll just change my name

There is no love just appetite
And it's consequences keep you up at night

Appetite is lust at best
And it's up to us to figure out the rest