

# 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