

Coheed And Cambria, Gravemakers & Gunslingers

So draw, little piggy, better watch out for number one
(I fear there's a bad wind blowing through here!)
You better put up the shutters
'Cause Lord knows I ain't now stoppin' 'til the worst gets alive.
Little strut, don't you creep out that fuckin' rut
(It's best that you don't go walking through there!)
Now please a-don't bother knocking
'Cause God knows I ain't now stopping 'til you breathe none.

Hey! What I miss? We're one and the same
Just give it the push while I kick-start.
(There's just no time for this)
Come on! It's just the hurt I'm looking for
I don't wanna live no more
You've got the gun, I've got the bullets
Don't wanna live no more
Oh baby, be my lover, go on and pull that trigger!

You're the sin of the city, now repent for the wrong you've done
(I'm not sorry for this, not sorry at all)
You're a snake undercover
With no room for another, just these bad motherfuckers
Leave a long trail of nothing, little bad boy with gun in hand
(It's best that you don't go walking through there)
Now please a-come boy a-poppin'
'Cause God knows I ain't now stopping till you breathe none.

Let's flood out the weasel's hole, (Oh, Christ, will you bury my body?)
To choke out all the lies it's told, (Oh, Christ, will you bury my body?)
With time, hope the hurt gets sold, (Oh, Christ, will you bury my body?)
Let's fuck out the weasel's hole. (Oh, Christ, will you bury my body?)

We'll keep marching to the top of this tower
As God isn't at home
There's nothing in the way that could stop us
It's your time to go