

# Coheed And Cambria, Mother Superior

Here, sleep, at the bottom of hell  
Your time has come to pick the road you'll walk in this tale  
Turned and as a coward you've learned  
Through sickness and health, there's only one  
Now go and bite your tongue  
You'll just say the worst of me, with a hope they'll understand  
No, they know you're just a boy, so grow up and be a man  
Little baby, kicking, you scream and whine  
Victims pay the price eventually  
The cost, let's see... your life  
You've got nothing to prove  
Stay afraid young brother  
You've got nothing to prove  
Your answer is in there, just stare down the barrel  
Your sincerest apologies, won't write you out of this one  
Tonight... you'll find the right  
In the pull of the trigger, now bite  
Oh young fools, don't cry... anymore  
A fear sleeps, inside your stomach... it swells  
A torn boy alone in need of fix and the pinch that cures the itch  
For too long, this little baby has cried on  
For tomorrow we'll sing the words and song  
Of a time we're glad is long gone  
You'll just say the worst of me, with a hope they'll understand  
No, they know you're just a boy, so grow up and be a man  
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In the pull of the trigger, now bite  
Oh young fools, don't cry... anymore  
Mother superior  
Come catch the rabbit he runs, my how've you been?  
You're frightened of leaving this truly gone fishing amalgam  
Go fetch your gun  
Your answer is in there, just stare down the barrel  
Your sincerest apologies, won't write you out of this one  
Tonight... you'll find the right  
In the pull of the trigger, now bite  
Oh young fools, don't cry... not anymore  
Don't cry, boy, not anymore  
Don't cry, boy, not anymore  
Don't cry, boy.  
When your sick to the stomach, just pull out the knife.  
Don't cry boy, not anymore  
Don't cry boy, not anymore  
Don't cry, boy.  
When your sick to the stomach, just pull out the knife.