

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
Little baby, kicking, you scream and whine
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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.