

# Coheed And Cambria, The Crowing

I fed the clues of a lost day killed in motion  
But I thought of it so like there's no other way it could've been done  
Will they size my fit for a puzzle I wish not to play a part in it.  
A heart stained in hate, a feeling of fear will play circles.

But you, you were my favorite  
But you, you know, you were my favorite

I severed my ties to shroud this body under the streets of this city  
And wait for the day when I am summoned to walk across the face  
Well, slowly but clearer now, in visions that play and plague memories  
I loved them with all as the son should to mother and father

But you, you were my favorite  
But you, you know, you were my favorite

Would I walk through the door, shedding the light of all life?  
With the rise and reform, would I come as before?  
Pray you're not the only one  
Pray you're not the only...  
If given mistakes, would I take them back?  
If erasing them could, if erasing them would  
But would they be the words that I would say?  
Your face and a door between  
I've parted three ways  
For you, the Newo that I love... love...

Did you ever really know before my face shamed to break?  
Did you ever really know before my mind scared to think?  
Did you ever really know before my name son to these?  
Did you, did you, did you come clean in the end from the start?

Dear Ambellina, the Prise wishes you to watch over me  
Dear Ambellina, the Prise wishes you to watch over me

I fought the decisions that call and lost  
My mark has the revelant piece in this  
I will come reformed  
In short, for the murders of those I court  
I bless the hour that holds your fall  
I will kill you all!!

I will call you out from shelter (I will call you out)  
burn your wings you'll know no better (burn your wings)  
I will call you out from shelter (I will call you out)  
burn your wings and learn their letters (burn your wings)

I will call you out from shelter (Dear Ambellina, the Prise wishes you to watch over me)  
burn your wings you'll know no better (burn your wings)  
I will call you out from shelter (Dear Ambellina...) (I will call you out)  
burn your wings and learn their letters (...to watch over me)  
[fade]