

Coheed And Cambria, The Velourium Camper III:

At birth given scars along tender heart liberties
In justice for awkward living situated casualties
They lay dead along your floor
Careful not to wake them they're sleeping
In the morrows good mourning
The dying will discard the wish to live
Let this colony know in the name of the dead we're coming
When i kill her, i'll have her
Dance upon the grave of the dead upon your name
Die white girls, die white girls
Dance upon the grave of the upon the grave
fuck the dead
You'll get nothing for something
Arise the hidden war of a dead song unsung
The night of your children's day
Beneath the surface sealed by the floors boarded up
Seal the lips of your voice with haste
And cower at the sounds as they make their way
Surprise speed and malice
The opposing break the surface hold ready
Let this colony know in the name of the dead we're coming.
When I kill her, I'll have her
Dance upon the grave of the dead upon your name
Die white girls, die white girls
Dance upon the grave of the dead upon the grave of the dead
Will the killing veil love should the heroes play dumb?
But killings no fun when the heroes are none.
Let this colony know in the name of the dead we're coming
Bye bye world, bye bye world
Dance upon the grave of the dead, upon your name
Die white girls, die white girl
Dance upon the grave of the dead upon the grave of the dead
Bye bye world, bye bye world
Dance upon the grave of the dead, upon your name
Die white girls, bye bye world
Dance upon the grave of the dead, upon the grave of the dead, upon the grave.