

# Coheed And Cambria, The Willing Well I: Fuel For

Is this what I wish for those and all they know?  
Could depend on how cowardly I should act  
If she won't give me the love I came here for  
With pen I am armed here to react

Hey now, hey now what is it boy?  
All the things that trouble you  
So visit your mirror image  
Of what might have once behaved  
Hey now, hey now what is it boy?  
But I won't rest till dead, till dead do you part

This is how I feel my God from what's been dealt  
The flies that flutter fight tonight  
Is it love that I'm feeling or is this hate the same  
The emotion's enough to kill the sane

Hey now, hey now what is it boy?  
All the things that trouble you  
So visit your mirror image  
Of what might have once behaved  
Hey now, hey now what is it boy?  
Besides, I only hope you know that I love you.  
Oh I hope.

Feed little maggots off the Westside of your sin  
Run little maggot do they learn of what you did  
Feed little maggots off the Westside of your sin  
Run little maggot do they learn of what you did

(Feliz sera que hora) [x4]

From start to finish I've made you feel this  
Uncomfort in turn with the world you've learned  
To love through this hate to live with its weight  
A burden discerned in the blood you taste

Why would you deny me answers?  
If I'm just a boy on the break of being  
Horror and hell through its fires  
Be brutally honest, was it better before me?

In the curve of your body  
How I want, how I want her with me  
The truth of the story  
The Vishual, I wish you all

The better end of all to come  
The truth be now here one by one  
I am to you extend to none  
The memory that fuels the fire

Watching his tale with the words he unfolds  
Conscience and cold we'd never know  
They scream as he laughs off the dust from his eyes  
These words will now learn of the dreams in his mind

Could this be that hard for me?  
To configure a new love in vain  
To my new entity or banish it home to the grave  
No one is safe

With the quickness strike out for the less of us doubt  
Mercy of the man who put the pen in our mouth

Word write us well signed, &quot;Forgiveness for sale&quot;  
I'm through being full  
Of all the might you want killed  
The fiction will see the real  
The answer will question still  
In your body to blood as your parents once went  
You will follow their lead one by one, every step

Could this be that hard for me?  
To configure a new love in vain  
To my new entity or banish it home to the grave  
I will not save...  
Your world  
Your world in the end and you.  
Your world  
Your world