

Legion Of Doom, A Threnody For A Grand

It's so hard to see when your eyes are rolling in the back of your head
It's even harder to speak when everything you say just comes out wrong
All you want is the world to bleed,
Someone somewhere stole your desire
The pain akin to, being punched in the throat, and stabbed in the chest
It's so hard to see when your eyes are rolling in the back of your head
It's even harder to speak when everything you say just comes out wrong
Your bed swallows you whole as the days bleed together, torment on the lips
Of a loved one, and if you try hard enough,
You can almost taste her, feel her pass and scream,
"Oh god why me?"
This is a call to arms
For all those who recognize romance as,
As a dying scene, who'll take it to their graves;
This is a call to arms
For all who hold this sacrament close,
May our hearts burn on
This is a call to arms
For all those who recognize romance as,
As a dying scene, who'll take it to their graves;
This is a call to arms
For all who hold this sacrament close,
May our hearts burn on
(It's so hard to see when your eyes are rolling in the back of your head)
This is a call to arms
(It's even harder to speak when everything you say just comes out wrong)
This is a call to arms
For all who hold this sacrament close,
May our hearts burn on