

# Say Anything, I Am A Transylvanian

You're bent over the grand piano.  
Feel my eyes slide over you.  
Legs that curve the same as hers  
could run as quickly too.  
My lazy tongue lies low and ready.  
It cannot seem to speak its words.  
I'd axe it off to shut me up  
but you've already heard  
the murders have occurred.

The path into this heart  
is littered with corpses  
and strewn with body parts  
of those who came before  
So just give up.

The path into this heart  
is littered with corpses  
and strewn with body parts  
of stronger souls than you,  
of stronger souls than you.

So take me where they cannot see us  
and lay me down on coffin rich dirt.  
Tonight, I am a Transylvanian.  
A taste of you won't hurt.  
'Cause I am numb to every feeling  
and stubborn ears will hear no sound.  
My last few rounds have left me reeling.  
My teeth are on the ground  
I've taken pound for pound.

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is littered with corpses  
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of those who came before  
So just give up.

The path into this heart  
is littered with corpses  
and strewn with body parts  
of stronger souls than you,  
of stronger souls than you,  
stronger souls than you.

So child, don't go getting your hopes up.  
Don't go getting your hopes up. [x5]