

Vic the Butcher

Coheed and Cambria

You made this harder than it had to be
The absolute martyr, etching into me
You flashed your colors at me way prematurely
And now I know what you're up to, and it feels so good
It's right

We've got your number written
Reset the system screaming
Hang your secrets, hang 'em up, hang 'em up now
Hang your secrets, hang 'em up, hang 'em up now

These sitting ducks in season
The march of little children
Hang your secrets, hang 'em up, hang 'em up now
Hang your secrets, hang 'em up, hang 'em up now

The truth will cut you down to pieces
One-eighty-four, let's burn it down
And if I can't keep from living with this regret
I'll need to change the way I think about us

I listened to them chuckle as they eat
Their judgment hiding behind eyes and dirty teeth
You think I care for all these phony pleasantries
When I want nothing to do with, I want nothing to do with your life

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Bye, bye, bye

Baby I'm bad company,
And you don't have a mark
You're the prettiest thing I've ever seen
Come with me, I want to make you dirty

This will cut you down to pieces
One-eighty-four, let's burn it down
And if I can't keep from living with this regret
I'll need to change the way I think

Hang your secrets, hang 'em up, hang 'em up now...

Heart rate: 119 bpm
Blood pressure: 85 systolic 50 diastolic
Respirations: 10 per minute
Pulse Oximetry of 83% indicates severe hypoxia and neurovascular compromise
Sirius, you are not well...
Caution, unidentified entity approaching...

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