

The Weapons Are Concealed

[Biffy Clyro](#)

I'm wearing it, I'm wearing it under my face
An expression and an admission of my disgrace
But I'm sure I will make it okay
I will try to give you something better
I'm wearing it today
But I'm sure I will make it okay
I will try to give you something better
You with the grin on your face
Me with the bag in it's place
I've put a rope 'round my neck
I'm trying to win your respect

Conceal the weapons, conceal the weapons
Death shares everything I have
Conceal the weapons, conceal the weapons
But I hate the way I
Conceal the weapons, conceal the weapons
Conceal the weapons, conceal the weapons
Conceal the weapons, conceal the weapons
Conceal the weapons, conceal the weapons
Blame on the staring match between the two of us
Blame on the staring match between the two of us
The two of us

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