

# Our Lady of Sorrows

## My Chemical Romance

We could be perfect one last night  
And die like star-crossed lovers when we fight  
And we can settle this affair  
If you would shed your yellow take my hand  
And then we'll solve the mystery of laceration gravity  
This riddle of revenge, please understand, it has to be this way  
Stand up fucking tall, don't let them see your back  
Take my fucking hand and never be afraid again  
We've only got once chance to put this at an end  
And cross the patron saint of switchblade fights  
You said, "We're not celebrities  
We strike and fade, they die by threes"  
I'll make you understand  
And you can trade me for an apparition  
Stand up fucking tall, don't let them see your back  
Take my fucking hand "Never trust", you said  
Who put the words in your head?  
Oh how wrong we were to think  
That immortality meant never dying  
Stand  
Take my fucking hand  
Take my fucking  
Stand up fucking tall, don't let them see your back  
Take my fucking hand, and never be afraid again  
Just because my hands around your throat

Songwriters

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Published by  
BLOW THE DOORS OFF THE JERSEY SHORE MUSIC, INC  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent  
9401941. Other patents pending.

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