

The Suffering

Coheed and Cambria

Is there a word or right to say
Even in this old fashioned way?
Go make your move, girl
I'm not coming home Would things have changed if I could've stayed?
Would you have loved me either way?
Dressed to the blues
Day to day with my collar up Decision sits, so make it quick
A breath inhaled from an air so sick
I cursed the day that I learned
Of the web you spun
You had your hold till bleeding Hey, hey, if it was up to me
I would've figured you out
Way before the year clocked out
Oh, I hope you're waiting Hey, hey, if it was up to me
I would've never walked out
So until the sun burns out
Oh, I hope you're waiting We have lived as a child would care
With this vial to drink I dare
Only to cry all alone with your taste on tongue
Oh, where have you been if it hurts to be forgiving?
Bye Should we try this again with hope?
Or is it lost, give up the ghost
And should I die all alone as I knew I would
Then burn in hell, young sinner Hey, hey, if it was up to me
I would've figured you out
Way before the year clocked out
Oh, I hope you're waiting
Oh, I hope you're waiting Listen well, will you marry me?
Not now, boy
Are you well in the suffering?
You've been the most gracious of hosts
You may be invited, girl, but you're not coming in Listen well, will you marry me?
Not now, boy
Are you well in the suffering?
You've been the most gracious of hosts
I may be invited, girl, but I'm not coming in Hey, hey, if it was up to me, you had your hold
I would've figured you out
Way before the year clocked out
Oh, I hope you're waiting Hey, hey, if it was up to me, give up the ghost

I would've never walked out
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You've been the most gracious of hosts
I may be invited, girl, but I'm not coming in
And you're not coming in

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