

The Willing Well III: Apollo II: The Telling Truth

Coheed and Cambria

In the worst of all your fears
You have come so far to hear
That in turn they've showered your name
As the laughing stock Now by fire you must hang
As my word holds course through vein
You will walk to the end of days
I'll gravitate towards you, I will, in the now, hate you, woah These days are numbered
Least close encounter
To the heartland
Through the madness I'll make you wish
You hadn't burned our time before
I'll live through this
In a manner cursed at my own accord I don't want to go
So come on bitch why aren't you laughing now?
You left me here to fend on my own
So cry on bitch why aren't you laughing now? In my presence you will make sure the fiction meets its fate
That death will grace your face my dear character
Through these lessons you have learned
All the worlds from here must burn
For as God demands that the end we miss I'll make you wish
You hadn't burned our time before
I'll live through this
In a manner cursed at my own accord I don't want to go
So come on bitch why aren't you laughing now?
You left me here to fend on my own
So cry on bitch why aren't you laughing now? Woah, if my shame spills our worth across this floor
Woah, then tonight, goodnight, I'm burning star four
No, I don't want to think of you, no, I don't even think of you anymore
Goodnight, tonight, goodbye, goodnight, tonight, goodbye If then should they come home
With failed attempt we'll know
I won't leave a stone unturned
These worlds will surely burn Wait baby wait, wait baby wait
Wait baby wait, wait baby wait
Wait baby wait, wait baby wait
What did I do to, to deserve all of you Jesse, a bad boy just come look at what your brother did
To that girl's precious little whore of a body
Jesse, a bad boy just come look at what your brother did
To that girl's precious little whore of a body Now Jesse just come look at what your brother did
To that girl's precious little whore of a body

Now Jesse just come look at what your brother did
To that girl's precious little whore of a body, now I'll make you wish
You hadn't burned our time before
I'll live through this
In a manner cursed at my own accord I don't want to go
So come on bitch why aren't you laughing now?
You left me here to fend on my own
So cry on bitch why aren't you laughing now? Yeah Woah, if my shame spills our worth across this floor
Woah, then tonight, goodnight, I'm burning star four
No, I don't want to think of you, no, I don't want to think of you anymore
Goodnight, tonight, goodbye, goodnight, tonight, goodbye Woah, woah, woah, woah
Girl, I don't want to think of you
No, girl I don't want to think of you anymore
Goodnight, tonight, goodbye, goodnight, tonight, goodbye

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