

The Last Supper After Party

Give Up the Ghost

Jesus and all his saints couldn't save our wretched face
And no man parting some sea could keep you from me
We had to walk away from the streets that knew our names
I stutter soft and say
"I'd give you anything,
anything and everything
And you can tell the town
We're down till we're underground"
We lost the heartache sound when our order was found
I burned a testament
and misused 'heaven-sent'
We made a comeback and it, it was received quite well
The earth, for all its worth, never seemed so far from Hell

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