

The Velourium Camper III: Al the Killer

Coheed and Cambria

At birth, given scars along tender heart liberties
In justice for awkward living situated casualties
They lay dead along your floor Careful not to wake them, they're sleeping
In the morrows, good morning
The dying will discard the wish to live When I kill her, I'll have her
(Dance upon the grave of the dead upon your name)
And die white girls, die white girls
(Dance upon the grave of the dead, upon the grave of the dead) You'll get nothing for something
Arise the hidden war of a dead song unsung
The night of your children's day
Beneath the surface sealed by the floors boarded up Seal the lips of your voice with haste
And cower at the sounds, they make their way
Surprise speed and malice
The opposing break the surface hold ready When I kill her, I'll have her
(Dance upon the grave of the dead upon your name)
Die white girls, die white girls
(Dance upon the grave of the dead, upon the grave of the dead) Will the killing veil love, should the heroes play
dumb, dumb?
But killing's no fun when the heroes are none, none
[Incomprehensible] Bye bye world, bye bye world
(Dance upon the grave of the dead, upon your name)
And die white girls, die white girls
(Dance upon the grave of the dead, upon the grave of the dead) And bye bye world, bye bye world
(Dance upon the grave of the dead, upon your name)
And die white girls, bye bye world
(Dance upon the grave of the dead, upon the grave of the dead)
Upon the grave of the dead, upon the grave

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