

# Only The Young Die Good (Alternative Version)

## Saintseneca

Waste of a face never yours for the keeping  
Slapped across your head  
Then with what little time remained  
Set out to forget itYonder would break days plump with thunder  
Of new and glorious morn  
Hours would spill, souring still  
Despite our adornments for themBut all in good time  
You break before the light  
So soaked in wine  
It dries your will to fightBut everyday is never enough  
Socks tucked in the folds of your guts  
Contents of which blaze in your eyes  
Jesus, I'm drunk on this spirit tonightIf only the good ones die young  
I'd pray your corruption comes  
Swift like a thief in the night  
Right I'd pluck my right eye right outIf only the good ones die young  
I'd pray your corruption comes  
Swift like a thief in the night  
Right I'd pluck my right eye right outYanked from your slumber what ominous portent  
Dangles in your face  
Rife with sprites falling on knives  
Crowd into your gazeWell sight is a sense and in your defense  
What I might liken to  
The manner in which you touch what you clutch  
Or the way that the wind touches youIf only the good ones die young  
I'd pray your corruption comes  
Swift like a thief in the night  
Right I'd pluck my right eye right outIf only the young ones die good  
I'd pray your corruption would  
Slip like a slit in the wrist  
Hack the hands, redeem the rest

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by  
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