

Eulogy

Tool

He had a lot to say.
He had a lot of nothing to say.
We'll miss him.
So long.
We wish you well.
You told us how you weren't afraid to die.
Well then, so long.
Don't cry.
Or feel too down.
Not all martyrs see divinity.
But at least you tried.
Standing above the crowd,
He had a voice that was strong and loud.
We'll miss him.
Ranting and pointing his finger
At everything but his heart.
We'll miss him.
No way to recall
What it was that you had said to me,
Like I care at all.
So loud.
You sure could yell.
You took a stand on every little thing
And so loud.
Standing above the crowd,
He had a voice so strong and loud and I
Swallowed his facade cuz I'm so
Eager to identify with
Someone above the ground,
Someone who seemed to feel the same,
Someone prepared to lead the way, with
Someone who would die for me.
Will you? Will you now?
Would you die for me?
Don't you fuckin' lie.
Don't you step out of line.
Don't you fuckin' lie.
You've claimed all this time that you would die for me.
Why then are you so surprised to hear your own eulogy?

He had a lot to say.
He had a lot of nothing to say.
Come down.
Get off your fuckin' cross.
We need the fuckin' space to nail the next fool martyr.
To ascend you must die.
You must be crucified
For our sins and our lies
Goodbye

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