Disciple's Anthem

Coheed And Cambria

This round caught the boiling points,
Severed hands, dismembered body parts
I'll face the answer when I cornered age thirteen.
Flowers to remember the dead.
I'll taste you to stain all of us,
To bury my hands.
I'll scream from the top of the world,
And hope you'll hear me.
Leave me sour,
Leave me sour,
Unfulfilled.
(Stiff aroused)
Leave me sour,
Leave me sour,
Unfulfilled.
(Stiff aroused)
Farewell Nikki...
Farewell Nikki...
Farewell Nikki...
Farewell Nikki...
Farewell Nikki...
Farewell Nikki...
Farewell Nikki...
Farewell Nikki...
Could have sworn that you'd run,
A beautiful girl,
Whose smiles could cut me.
Could have sworn that you'd fall,

A beautiful girl,
Whose smiles could cut me.
Shabutie,
Shabutie,
Shabutie
Yeah, well I'm a disciple.
Shabutie,
Shabutie,
(Oh yeah)
Shabutie,

Yeah, well I'm a disciple.
Could have sworn that you'd fall,
A beautiful girl,
Whose smiles could cut me.
Could have sworn that you'd fall,
A beautiful girl,
Whose smiles could cut me.
Shabutie,
Shabutie,
Shabutie
Yeah, well I'm a disciple.
Shabutie,
Shabutie,
Shabutie
Yeah, well I'm a disciple.

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