

The Velourium Camper III: Al the Killer

Coheed and Cambria

At birth given scars along tender heart liberties
Injustice for awkward living situated casualties

They lay dead along your floor
Careful not to wake them they're sleeping
In the morrows good mourning

The dying will discard the wish to liveLet this colony know in the name of the dead we're comingWhen I kill
her, I'll have her

Dance upon the graves of the dead, upon your name
Die white girls, die white girls

Dance upon the graves of the dead, upon the graves of the deadYou'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 as they make their way
Surprise speed and malice

The opposing break the surface hold readyLet this colony know in the name of the dead we're comingWhen I
kill her, I'll have her

Dance upon the graves of the dead, upon your name
Die white girls, die white girls

Dance upon the graves of the dead, upon the graves of the deadWill the killing veil love should the heroes play
dumb

But killing's no fun when the heroes are noneLet this colony know in the name of the dead we're comingBye,
bye world, bye, bye world

Dance upon the graves of the dead, upon your name
Die white girls, die white girls

Dance upon the graves of the dead, upon the graves of the deadBye, bye world, bye, bye world
Dance upon the graves of the dead, upon your name

Die white girls, bye, bye world
Dance upon the graves of the dead, upon the graves of the dead,
Upon the graves of the dead, upon the graves!

Songwriters

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