

Everyone I Love Is Dead

Type O Negative

Seems three years or maybe four
Someone drops dead, whom I adore
You love someone, there will be grief
A kiss of death, lips of a thief, oh, goddammit
A dusty stack of photographs
Of times I cried but mostly laughed
Commit the past, into blue flame
Acrid smoke, cowardly shame now, oh, goddammit
At times I'm truly terrified
'Cause dope and booze, don't help to hide
They're used to mask, a weakling's hurt
It's just like painting, over dirt
Everyone I love is, dead
Everyone I love is, dead, all dead
Life's a game I cannot win
Both good and bad, must surely end
The mirrors, always tell the truth
I love myself, for hating you
[Incomprehensible] Everyone I love is, dead, everyone I love is, dead
Everyone I love is, dead, everyone I love is, dead
Oh, goddammit, oh, goddammit
All dead, all dead
They're all dead, they're all dead, they're all dead
They're all dead, they're all dead, they're all dead
They're all dead, they're all dead, all dead, oh, goddammit

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