Our Lady Of Sorrows

[unknown]

We could be perfect one last night
And die like star-crossed lovers when we fight
And we can settle this affair
If you would shed your yellow take my hand
And then we'll solve the mystery of laceration gravity
This riddle of revenge, please understand, it has to be this way
Stand up fucking tall, don't let them see your back
Take my fucking hand and never be afraid again
We've only got once chance to put this at an end
And cross the patron saint of switchblade fights
You said, "We're not celebrities
We strike and fade, they die by threes"
I'll make you understand
And you can trade me for an apparition

Stand up fucking tall, don't let them see your back
Take my fucking hand
"Never trust", you said
Who put the words in your head?
Oh, how wrong we were to think
That immortality meant never dying
Stand
Take my fucking hand
Take my fucking
Stand up fucking tall, don't let them see your back
Take my fucking hand, and never be afraid again
[Incomprehensible]

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