

Mother Superior (Nervous Energies session)

Coheed and Cambria

Here, sleep at the bottom of hell
Your time has come to pick the road you'll walk in this tale.
Turned and as a coward you've learned
Through sickness and health, there's only one,
Now go and bite your tongue. You'll just say the worst of me,
With a hope they'll understand.
No, they know you're just a boy.
So grow up and be a man.
Little baby, kicking, you scream and whine
Victims pay the price eventually
The cost? Let's see... your life. You've got nothing to prove, stay afraid.
Young brother, you've got nothing to prove.
Your answer is in there,
Just stare down the barrel.
This sincerest apologies,
Won't write you out of this one.
Tonight, you'll find the right
In the pull of the trigger, now bite.
Oh young fools, don't cry... anymore. A fear sleeps inside your stomach... It swells.
A torn boy alone in need of fix and the pinch that cures the itch.
For too long, this little baby has cried on.
For tomorrow we'll sing the words and song
Of a time we're glad is long gone. You'll just say the worst of me,
With a hope they'll understand.
No, they know you're just a boy.
So grow up and be a man.
Little baby, kicking, you scream and whine
Victims pay the price eventually
The cost? Let's see... your life. Life...
You've got nothing to prove, stay afraid.
Young brother, you've got nothing to prove. Mother superior,
Come catch the rabbit, he runs.
My how've you grown?
You're frightened of leaving this truly gone fishing amalgam,
Go fetch your gun. Your answer is in there,
Just stare down the barrel.
Your sincerest apologies,
Won't write you out of this one.
Tonight, you'll find the right

In the pull of the trigger, now bite.
Oh young fools, don't cry... not anymore.
Don't cry, not anymore.
When you're sick to the stomach just pull out the knife.
Don't cry boy, not anymore.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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