

Mother Superior

Coheed and Cambria

Here, sleep, at the bottom of hell
Your time has come to pick the road
You walk in this tale Turning, as a coward you've earned
Through sickness, in health, there's only one
Now go and bite your tongue You'll just say the worst of me
With the 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
The sincerest apologies
Won't write you out of this one
Tonight, you'll find the right
In the pull of the trigger now bite
Young fools, don't cry anymore 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's cried on
Tomorrow we'll sing the words in song
Of a time where glad's long gone You'd just say the worst of me
With the hope they'll understand
No, they know you're just a boy
So grow up and be that 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, young fool don't cry Mother superior
Come catch the rabbit he runs
My how you've grown
You're frightened of leaving this
Truly gone fishing amalgam
Go fetch you gun Your answer is in there, just stare down the barrel
The sincerest apologies
Won't write you out of this one
Tonight, you'll find the right

In the pull of the trigger
Now bite, young fools, don't cry Oh, not anymore, don't cry, boy
Not anymore, don't cry, boy
Not anymore, don't cry, boy When you're sick to the stomach
Just pull out the knife Don't cry, boy, not anymore
Don't cry, boy, not anymore
Don't cry, boy, not anymore When you're sick to the stomach
Just pull out the knife

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