

# Another Bag of Bricks

## Flogging Molly

It was in the early evenin' near the presence of the moon  
You told me you would meet me here, well now is not too soon  
This dagger twisting in my back tells me I never should  
Have trusted everything to fall from beggar to fool I see your face like every race, a serpent with two arms  
Devouring me while rains the sun with dreams in foreign lands  
This cold dark tormented hell is all I'll ever know  
So when you get to heaven may the devil be the judge  
With another bag of bricks I scratch your name across these walls and with my blood turns red  
Then drips upon my killing floor where I now call my bed  
No precious light to harbor like so many here before  
With every drop of blood you take, now breathes a thousand more  
With another bag of bricks Temper filled with blindness leads this lost and lonely man  
Dragged around your whipping tree a scourge you can't command  
So deafen me with silence, drown me with your roar  
Scowl me with your hollow eyes still burnin' to the core No door will go unanswered like so many closed before  
No vagabond to knock upon, this tired and beaten war  
When all return to exile free from all once bound  
Decline and brawl old parasites, the truth will yet be found  
With another bag of bricks This cold dark tormented hell is all I'll ever know  
So when you get to heaven may the devil be the judge  
With another bag of bricks

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