

# Cyanide

## Bad Religion

Well, let me bend your ear  
'Cause I'm never really there  
When shadows turn to light  
And hope into despair  
There was an only one  
But the broody skies above  
Brought down a shameful stain  
And not a single drop of cleaning rain  
Well, let me say  
Oh whoa, well, there's no place left to hide  
Oh whoa, from the loneliness inside  
The road to you is paved right through  
With bloody good intentions  
And missing you is like kissing cyanide  
Well, in this world of things  
One of them is lost  
I've been it in my dreams  
But not without a cost  
Down a lonely street  
It was our destiny to meet  
Nobody asked you twice

We found purchase then  
With no requite, nothing nice  
Oh whoa, well, there's no place left to hide  
Oh whoa, from the loneliness inside  
The road to you is paved right through  
With bloody good intentions  
And missing you is like kissing cyanide  
Would you believe in something good  
That's so wrong?  
And have you worshiped our invention?  
Well, I've paid my debt in coin and sweat  
With trifling hesitation  
Because the road to you is paved  
With good intentions  
Oh whoa, well, there's no place left to hide  
Oh whoa, from the loneliness inside  
The road to you is paved right through

With bloody good intentions  
And missing you is like kissing cyanide  
Cyanide, cyanide, cyanide  
Cyanide, cyanide, cyanide, cyanide

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