

Black Mass

The Menzingers

I was staring through the stained glass
Into the procession of a black mass
Saw how subject at the altar wants their life back
The view from here to there's a lot like wilting flowers
It's bored beyond repair and unfit for an altar
It's strange relating with the lamb to the slaughter But hey, do you really want to throw it away?
Do you really want to throw it away?
I'd do anything to make you stay We used to want to take the back roads
But now we found a distance shorter
You used to call me darling
Now you prefer more formal
We used to get high and stare at the moon
And wonder how long it would take to walk to
But now that's like the distance between me and you But hey, do you really want to throw it away?
Do you really want to throw it away?
I'd do anything to make you stay

Songwriters

GREG BARNETT, JOSEPH GODINO, ERIC JOSEPH KEEN, THOMAS F. MAY Published by
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