

## Oh, Manhattan

### "To The Gallows"

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I've seen a man killed by his best friend with a greedy  
eye  
In a musical there's always someone to catch me  
There is comfort right in the eye of a hurricane  
One-hundred seven steps, from our necks we'll hang  
What a magical sound, this room full of noises

Abandon your vessels, and float to the ceiling  
Lock eyes with the terminal, both dismal and fleeting  
Break down your body, and hang your head in defeat  
Gravity malfunctions for the likes of you and me

This ship is sinking, afflictions all lead to an end  
Your departure is on its way, so sing your last farewell

There are no violins, no choir singing  
(Strike with a blow of mercy, strike with a blow of  
mercy)  
A virus contains them, we're theirs for the taking [x2]

In a world of dreams, it's hard to  
Translate images, from illusions

I've seen the signs of what's to come,  
And I've heard the discord of death's remorse [x2]

I am my father's son, I have my mother's eyes  
This is the harsh truth that I've come to realize [x2]

There are no violins, no choir singing  
(Strike with a blow of mercy, strike with a blow of  
mercy)  
A virus contains them, we're theirs for the taking [x2]

Your departure is on its way, so sing your last farewell

One, two, step - left, right, left  
Single file  
One, two, step - left, right, left  
To the gallows

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