

## Cryptkeeper Five "Fairweather Fiends"

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I had a heart,  
But I gave it away,  
It was abused and torn,  
And now it's not worth  
Anything.

I used to belong,  
But that's a missing page,  
My notes are so incomplete,  
I've got nothing to say,  
But I've seen better days.

Can't make new friends,  
I've run short on parts,  
My chest is now bare,  
The stitchwork is fair,  
And oh, I feel so alone.

I had a heart,  
But I threw it away,  
It was abused and torn,  
And now it's not worth  
Anything.

I used to belong,  
But that's a missing page,  
And so my work is a waste,  
And I've seen better days,  
But my blue skies turned gray.

Can't make new friends,  
I've run short on parts,  
The workshop is bare,  
Weather's no longer fair.

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