

Bayside

"The Ghost Of Saint Valentine"

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Oh pain, am doing bad
I'm getting answers to some questions that I never
should have asked
And it's getting old, it's decomposing fact
Just when I thought it couldn't get much worse
I stab me in the back

I'd rather face the gallows
Cause nothing matters
And I'll just change my name

There is no love just appetite
And its consequences keep you up at night
Well appetite is lust at best
And it's up to us to figure out the rest

I thought that I was working towards the truth
Thought if I wait long enough I'd put the passion to good
use
And in a flash cut to me with hated hands
In a fight without a cause I am a wounded veteran

I'd rather face the gallows
Cause nothing matters
And I'll just change my name

There is no love just appetite
And its consequences keep you up at night
Well appetite is lust at best
And it's up to us to figure out the rest

It's not right now to lose control the way I do
I am a slave to this
I am a masochist
This one's got whiskers it's as old as ice it's nothing new
I am a slave to this
I am a masochist

I'd rather face the gallows
Cause nothing matters
And I'll just change my name

There is no love just appetite
And its consequences keep you up at night
Well appetite is lust at best
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