

Bayside

"The Ghost of St. Valentine"

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oh pain, i'm doin bad
i'm getting answers to some questions
that i never should have asked
if it's getting old, it's decomposing fact
cause when i thought it couldn't get much worse
love stabbed 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 apatite
and it's consequences keep you up at night
appetite is lost 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 waited long enough i'd put this passion to
good use
and in a flash, cut to me with hand in hands
in a fight without a cause i am a wounded veteran
[The Ghost of St. Valentine Lyrics On]
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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 apatite
and it's consequences keep you up at night
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