

## Cog

### "The Willing Well III: Apollo II: The Telling Truth"

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In the worst of all your fears  
You have come so far to hear  
Then turn to shout where your name is the  
laughingstock  
Now by fire you must hang  
As my word holds coarse through rain  
You will walk to the end of days  
I'd rather they taught you  
I will in the now hate you  
Oh whoa  
Oh whoa  
These days are numbered  
This close encounter  
To the heartland  
Through the madness

I'll make you wish  
You hadn't burned our time before  
I'll live through this  
In a manner cursed in my own accord  
(I don't wanna go)  
So come on bitch why aren't you laughing now?  
(You left me here to cry on my own)  
So cry on bitch why aren't you laughing now?

In my presence you will make  
Sure the fiction meets it's fate  
The death will brace your face like a character  
Through these lessons you have learned  
All the worlds from here must burn  
For as god demands in the end we miss

I'll make you wish  
You hadn't burned our time before  
I'll live through this  
In a manner cursed in my own accord  
(I don't wanna go)  
So come on bitch, why aren't you laughing now?  
(You left me here to cry on my own)  
So cry on bitch, why aren't you laughing now?

Yeah a whoa a whoa  
If my shame spills our worth across this floor  
A whoa a whoa  
Tonight, good night I'm burning star IV  
Only I don't even think of you  
No I don't wanna think of you anymore  
Goodnight, tonight goodbye  
Goodnight, tonight goodbye

If then  
Should they come home  
With failed attempt we'll know  
I won't leave stone unturned  
These worlds will surely burn

What did I do to deserve all of you?

Jesse, bad boy  
Just come look at what your brother did  
To that girl's  
Precious little whore of a body  
Jesse, bad boy  
Just come look at what your brother did  
To that girl's  
Precious little whore of a body now  
Jesse  
Just come look at what your brother did  
To that girl's  
Precious little whore of a body now  
Jesse  
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