

Coheed & Cambria "Mother Superior"

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Here sleep at the bottom of Hell
Your time has come to pick the road
You walk in this tale
Turn, and as a coward you've learned
Through sickness and health, there's only one
Now go and bite your tongue
You'd say the worst of me,
With the hope they understand
No, they know you're just a boy
So grow up and be a man.
Little baby, kicking, you scream and whine
Victims pay the price eventually
The cost? lets see... your life

You've got nothing to prove, stay afraid.
Young brother, you've got nothing to prove.

Your answer is in there, just stare down the barrel
The sincerest apologies, wont write you out of this one
tonight
You'll find the right, In the pull of the trigger, now bite
Young fools, Don't cry anymore.

Fear sleeps inside your stomach it swells
A torn boy in long in need of fix
In the pinch that cures the itch
For too long this little baby has cried on
Tomorrow we'll sing the words and song
Of a time were glads long gone

You'd say the worst of me,
With the hope they'd understand
No, they know you're just a boy.
So grow up and be that man.
Little baby, kicking you scream and whine
Victims pay the price eventually
The cost? Lets see... your life

You've got nothing to prove, stay afraid.
Young brother, you've got nothing to prove

Your answer is in there, just stare down the barrel

The sincerest apologies, wont write you out of this one
tonight
You'll find the right, In the pull of the trigger, now bite
Young fools, Don't cry anymore

Mother superior,
Come catch the rabbit, he runs.
My how you've grown
You're frightened of leaving this, truly gone fishing
Amalgam
Go fetch your gun

Your answer is in there, Just stare down the barrel
The sincerest apologies, wont write you out of this one
tonight
You'll find the right, In the pull of the trigger, now bite
Young fools, Don't cry anymore
Not anymore, don't cry boy
Not anymore, don't cry boy
Not anymore, don't cry boy

When you're sick to the stomach,
Just pull out the knife

Don't cry boy, not anymore
Don't cry boy, not anymore
Don't cry boy

When you're sick to the stomach,
Just pull out the knife

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