

Dies Irae

"Redhead Saint"

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EVERYTIME I TRY TO SAY IT
SOME AIRBAG STOPS ME FROM COLLIDING
WITH THE MEMORY OF THE PAIN
BUT TODAY I ARRIVED ON
TIME TO BREAK OUT AND TOSS MY HATE
LET ME TELL YOU RIGHT NOW, THIS IS REAL

HEY, IS IT TOO LATE NOW?
I'M DYING HOPE IT AIN'T TOO LATE NOW, I'M DYING
I CAN'T PRETEND I'M HERE TO SAY GOODBYE

NEVER SEEN A REDHEAD SAINT
BUT THIS TIME I CAN MAKE IT RIGHT
AS 23 YEARS OF SWEEPING AWAY
PASS RIGHT BEFORE MY EYES
SO BLIND I COULD HARDLY SEE
WE WERE MEANT TO LIVE LIKE WE'RE 3 OF A KIND

HEY IS IT TOO LATE NOW? I'M DYING
HOPE IT AIN'T TOO LATE NOW I'M DYING

DON'T WANNA CARRY THE WEIGHT
NEED TO SEE YOUR FACES, TIE YOUR SHOELACES
SO BOTH OF YOU PLEASE, MAKE ME GET IN TOUCH
WITH WHO I AM, I AM

TIME TO BREAK OUT AND TOSS MY HATE
AS I APPROACH THE DOOR,
CLOSER THE TWO OF YOU
ASK ME HOW HAVE I BEEN...
THIS TIME I KNOW I SHOULD SAY IT,
BUT I'LL JUST PRETEND I'M HERE TO SAY GOODBYE

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