

Emmure

"I Should Have Called Ms. Cleo"

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GO!

Why did september take them away from me?

So hear me now, my silver goddess.

For I am your knight of swords.

Such cold hands, I must have to make skin feel so far
away.

So teach me how to say our last goodbyes.

TEACH ME HOW TO DIE.

I bet you'll love me more when I am gone.

And there must be another way out.

FEAR NOT, MY BRETHEREN..

..THERE WILL BE SALVATION!

Won't you go for a ride?

Let's drink a cerveza and shed our wings.

LET'S SHED OUR WINGS!

So hear me now my silver goddess.

I swear one day, you'll be ok, my darling.

Such cold hands, I must have to make skin feel so far
away.

So teach me how to say our last goodbyes.

TEACH ME HOW TO DIE.

I bet you'll love me more when I am gone.

And there must be another way out.

Won't you teach me how to die?

Won't you go for a ride?

Let's drink a cerveza and shed our wings.

IS THIS WHAT YOU CALL LOVE?

IS THIS WHAT YOU CALL LOVE?

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