

I Hate Sally

"Anna's Empty Conscious For The Blessed"

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I could not stop for death
So death grabbed onto me, picked me up by the throat
Dropped down, last time to see
Did you walk left or right
At the country forks crossroad of life?

Not me, not me
These can't be my words
How could, how could
Heaven forget and hell be so sure
My old school yards passed
By the churches I'd prayed
By a prison wall sign
Who'll come visit these graves?

Dust, wait cause everything is fine down here I swear
I'll fear and
Pay more, pay more
Yeah but the time has come, your sales were good you
sold your soul and
Had more, had more
Hold on it isn't fair you conned us all, you were not real
We rejoiced and rejoiced
You are the stupid ones with epitaphs that don't mean
anything at all

I'm not the anti-christ nor angel
Scorpion or saint
But I bet you can relate
You laughed a lot
You cried a lot
You had enough

Raise your cup
Safe from sins
Burn the cross, bury the dead
Raise your cup
Saved from sins, blessed heart
Blessed, blessed
Left for dead

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