

## **Bury Your Dead "Infidel's Hymn"**

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Honestly, honesty feels like such hard concept to understand.

I'll admit that I'm lost out here and a bit confused.  
Like a homesick abortion, I just wanted a chance.

Yet I wait on hand and foot for you to kick me in the mouth.

For three long years I kept crawling back  
For three long years you mistook my kindness for weakness  
This is the last

Homesick for the past, I am homesick for the days gone by  
This is the last

So many chances, so many lies  
Keep talking yourself out of the truth  
So many chances, so many lies  
Keep talking yourself out of the truth

(Fool)

I Love the taste of my own blood  
We are all vampires now. This is how we were bred.  
Pitiful, what we have become.  
We are a waste of time  
We are a waste of space

Yet I wait on hand and foot for you to kick me in the mouth.

For three long years I kept crawling back  
For three long years you mistook my kindness for weakness  
This is the last

Homesick for the past, I am homesick for the days gone by  
This is the last.

So many chances, so many lies  
Keep talking yourself out of the truth

So many chances, so many lies  
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