

Misfits "Resurrection"

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Complications inside of me
Reminds me that my heart won't always beat
The ugly face of death that's smiling
At my rotting teeth

I will die here in this sorrow
I was waiting for tomorrow
Palpitate the pulse until
You feel my heart explode against the wall

Oh

Talk about me
Laugh about me
Cry about me
Nail me to the cross
I'll be a martyr for the hated
The weak, the ugly, the lost

I will die here in this sorrow
I won't wait for tomorrow
Palpitate the pulse until
You resurrect my soul from the wall

Whoa

Talk about me
Laugh about me
Cry about me
Nail me to the cross

Whoa

Whoa

Whoa

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