

Monday In London "Long Live The Traitor"

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My God, my mouth you say it did me in.
The years, the tears I shared with you my friend.
I sit and stare waiting for my pride to mend.
Tighten the reigns, hasten your step, many are
the pains you plotted while I slept.
You bastard child, you whore to the world.
Look within yourself. You have? Look again!
Cause I blame you for most of everything but

most of all I blame myself for giving you a chance.
And when everyone's gone, long live the traitor baby.
And now I have a different personality for every
piece of my broken heart.
Step on my back to further yourself brother.
This dagger has four bodies to it's resume.

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