

The Lawrence Arms "Requiem Revisited"

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[Whispers]

His dreams gone, and all the smiles have faded
They call him mask to kill the child who came in
(oh)

These hands beat red
With those mercy killings
Good eye, dead man
You hit your mark again
These hands beat red
With those mercy killings
Good eye, dead man
You hit your mark again
Oh!

And now his words beg for same damn thing now;
To return to someplace far behind now
(oh)

This arm has broken more china than you know
These fists are squeezed too tightly ever to let go
These are the syncopations of these weary bones,
bones

These hands beat red
With those mercy killings
Good eye, dead man
You hit your mark again and
This time, this time, this time
I walk these avenues to find
The place where I can let these dreams and demons
go...
And finally rest my weary bones, bones, bones, bones

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