

Too Late The Hero "Faces Of Death Is On The Syllabus"

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Such is the fate, whoa, of this misguided boy who gives
and gives but never receives,
Or so he thinks
But really, what does he know?
Lock and load, we'll find out soon enough

"Lights up! Now class, what have we learned?"
"To bite our tongues?"
"Lights down! Now flip the film reel and watch him die
again"

That's it, he's through
But it's not that he wants to be;
Lonely peace is bitter, but it's peace
Fist to face
Hand in hand
Knife in throat
Cheek to cheek
'Cause "I love you!" is his battle cry as he starts
another crusade

"Lights up! Now class, what have we learned?"
"To bite our tongues?"
"Lights down! Now flip the film reel and watch him die
again"

Relax, you're safe now, I'd never hurt you
I'm all you've ever wanted (I'm a dream come true)
Relax, it's over, I'd never hurt you
I'm all you've ever wanted (please untie my hands)
From the chair, and face the wall

Death comes slow to the boy
When your heart's on your sleeve, chest wounds aren't
so serious
Turn up the lights!
Oh god, I can't watch, 'cause I've seen so many kisses
end in blood

"Lights up! Now class, what have we learned?"
"To bite our tongues?"
"Lights down! Now flip the film reel and watch him die

again"

Die again, with me by your side, whoa.

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