

Type O Negative

"Everyone I Love Is Death"

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Seems three years,
though maybe four
Someone drops dead
whom I adore
You love someone,
there will be grief
The kiss of death,
lips of a thief

Goddamn it

A dusty stack of photographs
Of times I've cried
but mostly laughed
Commit the past
into blue flames
Acrid smoke,
cowardly shame

At times I'm truly terrified
'Cause dope and booze
don't help to hide
They're used to mask
a weakling's hurt
It's just like painting
over dirt

Everyone I love is dead (ha-ha)

Life's a game I cannot win
Both good and bad
must surely end
The mirrors
always tell the truth
I love myself
for hating you

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