

Classic Crime, The "The Count"

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Be good to me as you once were
When you pulled me from the brink of death
My enemies were frenzied for a taste of my flesh
And now I've got the same feeling again
The beasts are closing in
Their teeth are dripping with rattlesnake poison

So I will run into your open arms, I've got nowhere else
to go

I don't want to live like this anymore
Trading truth for the simple things
I don't want to live like this anymore
Will you give me the will to sing out
when I'm filled with the darkest of doubts?
When I'm down for the count.

Protect me from mutiny, from those who miscarried
your baby
From those who miscarried the truth so they can
selfishly do
whatever they thought was pleasing
Protect me from insincerity, from between their teeth,
they're practically oozing.
Their eyes are hollow and blind, they're always wasting
my time
And it's time that I'm losing.

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