

Tool "Eulogy"

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He had a lot to say.
He had a lot of nothing to say.
We'll miss him.

We're going to miss him.

It's, so long.
We wish you well.
You told us how you weren't afraid to die.
Well then, so long.
Don't cry.
Or feel too down.
Not all martyrs see divinity.
But at least you tried.

Standing above the crowd,
He had a voice that was strong and loud.
We'll miss him.
Ranting and pointing his finger
At everything but his heart.
We'll miss him.

No way to recall
What it was that you had said to me,
Like I care at all.

But it was so loud.
You sure could yell.
You took a stand on every little thing
And so loud.

Standing above the crowd,
He had a voice that was strong and loud and I

Swallowed his facade cuz I'm so
Eager to identify with
Someone above the ground,
Someone who seemed to feel the same,
Someone prepared to lead the way, and
Someone who would die for me.

Will you? Will you now?

Would you die for me?
Don't you fuckin lie.

Don't you step out of line.
Don't you fuckin lie.

You've claimed all this time that you would die for me.
Why then are you so surprised when you hear your own
eulogy?

You had a lot to say.
You had a lot of nothing to say.

Jump down.
Get off your fuckin cross.
We need the fuckin space to nail the next fool martyr.

To ascend you must die.
You must be crucified
For our sins and our lies. [sic]
Goodbye...

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