

Lawrence Arms, The "Requiem Revisited"

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We'll knock back a few (We'll knock back a few)
And talk about life (And talk about life)

His dreams gone, and all the smiles have faded
They come in masks to kill the child who came in

Woah, woah, woah, woah
Woah, woah, woah, woah

His 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 the same damn thing now
How to return to someplace far behind now

Woah, woah, woah, woah
Ohh

This heart is pumping blood much harder 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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