

The Suffering

Coheed and Cambria

Is there word or right to say
Even in this old-fashioned way?
Go make your move girl.
I'm not coming home. Would things have changed if I could've stayed?
Would you have loved me either way?
Dressed to the blues
Day to day with my collar up. Decision sits so make it quick
A breath inhaled from an air so sick
I cursed the day that I'd learned
Of the web you span
You had your hold till bleeding
(Hey, Hey!)
If it was up to me
I would've figured you out
Way before the year clocked out
Oh, I hope you're waiting
I hope you're waiting Listen well, will you marry me (Not now, Boy)
And are you well in the Suffering (You've been)
The most gracious of hosts
You may be invited, girl, but you're not coming in Listen well, will you marry me (Not now,
Boy)
And are you well in the Suffering (You've been)
The most gracious of hosts
I may be invited, girl, but I'm not coming in
(Hey, Hey!)
If it was up to me
I would have never walked out
So until the sun burns out
Oh, I hope you're waiting We have lived as a child would care
With this vial to drink I dare
(Oh where have you been, oh where have you been)
Only to cry all alone with your taste on tongue
(Oh where have you been if it hurts to be forgiving, Bye) Should we try this again with hope
(Bye, bye)
Or is it lost, give up the ghost
And should I die all alone as I knew I would
(Then burn in hell young sinner) (Hey, Hey!)
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