Angel With A Dirty Face

Bury Your Dead

Lift high, your brazen calf
Praise him, for we are helpless
Every night you serve two masters,
Your hands are blistered
How long till we see you for what you really are?

Remove the mask
Your face is dirty
No prayers are ever gonna save you
You're on your own now
Why did you turn on us when we needed you the most?
You bound our outstretched hands and severed them at joint
So how are we to forgive and forget when I can taste the lust o
n your breath

You're pathetic and it makes me sick
Sick to my stomach, to be in love with a cancer

Every night you'd sell us out for the minute of sanity
To fly high above the trees
Yet you never made it off the ground
You make me sick
Get off your knees
That look is getting old, even for you
I refuse to be your crutch anymore.

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