

There's enough people that we hate
that I think we should build a temple
I guess I'll never relate to the people that I'm supposed to resemble.
There's an empty coffin at a wake carved with the words
"Death to all rebels."
A purgatory's an empty gate
when you project love the right love will...
And the only way to feel peace
is to make your brothers hurt like hell.
Just make sure you salute your masters
'Cause they'll probably hurt as well.
And if they don't, I'm sure you'll be able to tell
'cause you'll be the one feeling the crashing waves
and feeling the swell.
And the apple never falls far from the tree,
and darling I guess we were the apples that fell right into the weeds.
We see all these blind sheep taking their turn at the slaughter,
as they devour our existence under the branches of our father.
Your skin is worn, my skin is torn.
I think we should build a house so we have something to burn.
Your skin is worn, and my skin is torn.
I think we should build a house so we have something to burn.
'Cause I trusted my mind to speak for my heart.
And I can see those bags under your eyes,
and the sun is a reminder that we're not afraid to die.
With rays burning flesh and our shoulders turning red.
The last hope we had was dragged in the streets by a cigarette.
Love is only love if it knows no death!
Father I promise you that I will not fall asleep,
until someone rips out your tongue, until you cannot speak.
Father I promise you that I will not fall asleep,
until someone gouges out your eyes, until you cannot see.
This happy day will never end.
This happy day will never end.
This happy day will never end.
When all we do is sleep.
A promise of a victory march is all it took to let these demons go.
A promise of a victory march is all it took to let my heart beat again.
A promise of a victory march is all it took to let these demons go.
A promise of a victory march is all it took to let these demons in.
And our dignity has no passion but at least it understands
that if we want to build a mansion,
we need to cut off our children's hands
and devour every asset they have
until they've fallen to death.
'Cause regrets the only way to smile in this world that we've upset.
When we're just building our financial tower,
forgetting that some day we'll live under the flowers.
And I know we tried to get across this moat,
tried to build a bridge and watch it turn into a boat.
And maybe we can't climb over the crashing waves
but at least we can endure them, at least we can try.
'Cause if I know one thing, I can tell you everytime you step on a butterfly
the consequence is still knowing you'll never die.