

With a rhyme in a laugh we shrug it off  
With a word in a phrase we mourn the loss  
Please save us all from the preaching  
Inhale the blasphemy  
Behold what you can't see  
We're pouring our souls out and bleeding  
We're pouring our souls out and bleeding

Baptized in lies  
You're gonna need all of our prayers  
And the whole damn congregation to save you  
Toward your demise  
You're gonna need all of our prayers  
And the whole damn congregation to save your soul

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That all who wish to rise may rise again  
To touch the stars and fly upon the wind  
For those who know the most tragic of ends  
Is not to die, but never to have lived

When you were young, oh, how the sun shone  
And beneath your feet, the greenest of grass would grow  
Your time has come, see the grass from below  
And the procession of all who've loved letting go

Dies Irae dies illa  
Solvat saeculum in favilla  
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