

We could be perfect one last night  
And die like star crossed lovers when we fight  
And we could settle this affair  
If you would shed your yellow  
Take my hand and then  
We'll solve  
The mystery of laceration gravity  
This riddle  
Of revenge  
Please understand that it has to be this way

Stand!  
Up fucking tall, don't let them see your back  
And take!  
My fucking hand  
And never be afraid again

We've only got one chance to put things at an end  
And cross the patron saint of switchblade fights  
You said, we're not celebrities  
We spark and fade, they die by threes  
I'll make you  
Understand  
And you can trade me for an apparition

Stand up fucking tall  
Don't let them see your back  
And take my fucking hand  
And never...

Trust  
You said  
Who put the words in your head?  
Oh how wrong we were to think that immortality meant never dying

Stand...  
Take my fucking hand...  
Take my fucking...

Stand up fucking tall, don't let them see your back  
Take  
My fucking hand  
And never be afraid again

Just because my hand's around your th-throat!