

Knives/Sorrow

My Chemical Romance

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!