

Waste of Bereavement

Omnium Gatherum

Now the devil is old and diseased
In the very heart of each bone
All the sons have gone to their mothers
To learn the things that will count
Those who die may come back
"How you leave today" does not
And if you wanna get down below
Then you'll get down below
How I'd like to live in a city
That don't breed for spiritless dreams
But I'll stay awake and I'll pray
Let them go away if they want
"My fucking youth in a sewer"
Is not the loss to be grieved
And I got no hate for you
Honey, No good it will ever be
If I can't make it here I'm not gonna make it
If not here, I'm not gonna make it anywhere
"My fucking youth in a sewer"
Is not the loss to be grieved
And I got no hate for you
Honey, No good it will ever be
Poor devil's ass for god's fist
If what you are is being a no one
And if you wanna get down below
Then you'll get down below
Oh oh oh oh, Is it like that
Will the little town little boots
Melt away, Melt into this world
If I can't make it here I'm not gonna make it
If not here, I'm not gonna make it anywhere
Anywhere, Anywhere