

# Requiem Revisited

The Lawrence Arms

Let's knock back a few  
And talk about life...

Every synapse gone and all the smiles have faded  
They come en mass to kill the child that came in

Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa

These hands beat red with the mercy killing  
Good eye, dead man, you hit your mark again  
These hands beat red with the mercy killing  
Good eye, dead man, you hit your mark again

And all these words beg for the same damn thing now  
How to return to someplace far behind now

Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa

This heart is pumping blood much harder than you know  
These fists are squeezed too tightly ever to let go  
These are the syncopations on these weary bones

These hands beat red with the mercy killing  
Good eye, dead man, you hit your mark again  
And this time, this time, this time I'll walk these avenues to  
find  
A place where I can let these dreams and demons go  
And finally rest my weary bones