

Sad Stanley

Trophy Scars

If there's one thing I can tell you, you've got to remember
your heart, your health, and your hands.
She'll crawl up the wall.
She'll tear you apart limb from limb.
So it's best to be wise and stand your own ground.
If you look away, she'll smell your black fear.
Make your soul face the mirror to reflect your death in your face.
Don't you recognize what you put in your mouth is the same fucked up shit ev
eryday.
Spit it all out and take a look in the mirror
The darkness, it won't fade.
You're a part of this sinking,
this dying, this wretched world we all gave away.
Don't let her know, don't let it show.
You ruined the earth just for her.
Where is she now?

I wish I knew.
The beast and the battle befell.
The felons, the villains, your friends are the victims of Hell.
You'd shoulder the weight of her final days.
You wish you could hold her hand,
but she loves a man, a despicable man,
and on doomsday, you're all alone.

Feed me some more, just feed me
just feed me time.
The clouds opened up and swallowed us whole,
Christ won't recognize all your soft moans.
While it's all happening, you hope that she's dreaming about when she was a
kid.
Happy and sweet
the way it should be
in Heaven supposedly.
Where is she now?

We're a part of it.
This whole bloody town, as it gets burned down.
And it's safe to say, if we all had our way
we all do things the same.
Without objection,
this holy intervention
is just a sad extension of
all the things we lost, all the things we gave.
We all say: "Save me from Hell"
Save me from Hell.
Save me from Hell.
Save me from Hell.

When the ground split open wide and swallowed us all whole,
the earth was turned to smelling salt to wake the beast below.
I saw my body disappear, I felt my soul turn cold.
But I remember loving her a long, long time ago.
I wonder if we'll find each other in the bowels of Hell.

And she'll save me from Hell.
Save me from Hell.