Type O Negative

Everyone I Love Is Dead

Seems three years Though maybe four Someone drops dead Whom I adore You love someone There will be grief The kiss of death Lips of a thief Goddamnit

A dusty stack of photographs Of times I cried But mostly laughed Commit the past Into blue flame Acrid smoke Cowardly shame Goddamnit

At times I'm truly terrified Cause dope and booze don't help to hide They're used to mask a weakling's hurt It's just like painting over dirt

Everyone I love is dead Everyone I love is dead (All dead)

Life's a game I cannot win Both good and bad must surely end The mirrors always tell the truth I love myself for hating you

Everyone I love is dead Goddamnit All dead