

## 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