

Cold Hands

AFI

How I regret what I must do but you've left me no choice.
Though I still strain I can't recall the beauty of your fey voice.

Now that I've heard come through the walls a song I've heard many times

I must return all you gave me in the company of swine.

We had found sacred ground

Oh, We had found sacred ground, you burnt down.

I thought you sang so tastefully but now I see I was wrong.

Your serenade turns to filth when I leave so, please, cut the love song.

How I regret what I must do but you must be replaced

For I cannot go on suffering such simple and common tastes.

When you met my eyes you sang to me of passion, pain and will.

When I blinked you turned away to kiss the hand of filth.

We had found sacred ground

Oh, We had found sacred ground, I'll burn down

I thought you sang so tastefully but now I see I was wrong.

Your serenade turns to filth when I leave so, please, cut the love song.

Tell me who will hear your voice, your song,

When the smoke has cleared and the lights are gone?

Tell me, who appears when I'm gone.

[x2:]

I thought you sang so tastefully but now I see I was wrong.

Your serenade turns to filth when I leave so, please, cut the love song.