

Last to Know

Bullet For My Valentine

Here come broken bones
where's your sticks and stones
word's you use to hurt me
something you should know
cannot take no more
time to settle scores
filled with rage and fury
blood I'll make it our

hypocrisy from jealousy
hypocrisy from jealousy

Lies you spit are harmless to me
your spite your greed your envy
why do you stoop so low
am i the last to know
am i the last to know

Wheres your big mouth now
hope your fucking proud
do you like your bruises
now you make no sound
is your lesson learned
how the tables turn
what were your intentions
to hell with you now burn

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