

Infidel's Hymn

Bury Your Dead

Honestly, honesty feels like such hard concept to understand.
I'll admit that I'm lost out here and a bit confused.
Like a homesick abortion, I just wanted a chance.

Yet I wait on hand and foot for you to kick me in the mouth.
For three long years I kept crawling back
For three long years you mistook my kindness for weakness
This is the last

Homesick for the past, I am homesick for the days gone by
This is the last

So many chances, so many lies
Keep talking yourself out of the truth
So many chances, so many lies
Keep talking yourself out of the truth

(Fool)

I Love the taste of my own blood
We are all vampires now. This is how we were bred.
Pitiful, what we have become.
We are a waste of time
We are a waste of space

Yet I wait on hand and foot for you to kick me in the mouth.
For three long years I kept crawling back
For three long years you mistook my kindness for weakness
This is the last

Homesick for the past, I am homesick for the days gone by
This is the last.

So many chances, so many lies
Keep talking yourself out of the truth
So many chances, so many lies
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