

# Blood Red Summer

Coheed and Cambria

Faint white figures paint my sleep  
please don't tell my secrets keep them hidden (you got it, you got it, you got it)  
if the words that matter reach your face from floor  
will you be wondering if, or (do I need what is given or honest)  
does it cost me scarring if the words stay true  
even number your nephew (I don't want it, don't want it, don't want it anymore)

and when the answer that you want  
is in the question that you state  
come what may  
come what may

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in a pain that buckles out your knees  
could you stop this if I plead (you got it, you got it, you got it)  
so destined I am to walk among the dark  
a child in keeping secrets from (will they know what I've done in the after)  
in the sought for matter when the words blame you  
in a blood red summer I'll give you (I don't want it, don't want it, don't want it)

what did I do to deserve  
what did I do to deserve  
this? this?

what did I do to deserve  
what did I do to deserve  
this? this?

[wa oh wa ooooh  
wa oh oh oh woah

what did I do to deserve  
what did I do to deserve  
this? this?

wa oh wa ooooh  
wa oh oh oh woah

what did I do to deserve  
what did I do to deserve  
this? this? )

wa oh wa ooooh  
wa oh oh oh woah

what did I do to deserve  
what did I do to deserve  
this? this?

what did I do to deserve  
what did I do