

# Mother Superior

Coheed and Cambria

Here, sleep at the bottom of hell  
Your time has come to pick the road  
You walk in this tale.  
Turned and as a coward you've learned  
Through sickness and health,  
There's only one,  
Now go and bite your tongue.

You'll just say the worst of me,  
With a hope they'll understand.  
No, they know you're just a boy.  
So grow up and be a man.  
Little baby, kicking, you scream and whine  
Victims pay the price eventually  
The cost? Let's see... your life.

You've got nothing to prove, stay afraid.  
Young brother, you've got nothing to prove.

Your answer is in there,  
Just stare down the barrel.  
Your sincerest apologies,  
Won't write you out of this one.  
Tonight, you'll find the right  
In the pull of the trigger, now bite.  
Oh young fools, don't cry... anymore.

A fear sleeps inside your stomach,  
It swells.  
A torn boy alone in need of fix and the pinch that cures the itch.  
For too long,  
This little baby has cried on.  
For tomorrow we'll sing the words and song  
Of a time we're glad is long gone.

You'll just say the worst of me,  
With a hope they'll understand.  
No, they know you're just a boy.  
So grow up and be that man.  
Little baby, kicking, you scream and whine  
Victims pay the price eventually  
The cost? Let's see... your life.

You've got nothing to prove, stay afraid.  
Young brother, you've got nothing to prove.

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Just stare down the barrel.  
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Won't write you out of this one.  
Tonight, you'll find the right  
In the pull of the trigger, now bite.  
Oh young fools, don't cry...

Mother superior,  
Come catch the rabbit, he runs.  
My how've you grown?

You're frightened of leaving  
This truly gone fishing amalgam,  
Go fetch your gun.

Your answer is in there,  
Just stare down the barrel.  
Your sincerest apologies,  
Won't write you out of this one.  
Tonight, you'll find the right  
In the pull of the trigger, now bite.  
Oh young fools, don't cry...

Not anymore, don't cry boy  
Not anymore, don't cry boy  
Not anymore, don't cry boy  
When your sick to the stomach  
Just pull out the knife, Oh no.

Don't cry boy.  
Not anymore, don't cry boy  
Not anymore, don't cry boy  
When your sick to the stomach  
Just pull out the knife, Oh no.