

The Camper Velourium III: Al the Killer

Coheed and Cambria

At birth given scars along tender heart liberties
injustice for awkward living situated casualties
they lay dead along your floor
careful not to wake them they're sleeping
in the morrows good mourning
the dying will discard the wish to live

Let this colony know in the name of the dead we're coming

When I kill her, I'll have her
Dance upon the graves of the dead, upon your name
Die white girls, die white girls
Dance upon the graves of the dead, upon the graves of the dead

You'll get nothing for something
arise the hidden war of a dead song, unsung
the night of your children's day
beneath the surface sealed by the floors boarded up
seal the lips of your voice with haste
and cower at the sounds as they make their way
surprise speed and malice
the opposing break the surface hold ready

Let this colony know in the name of the dead we're coming

When I kill her, I'll have her
Dance upon the graves of the dead, upon your name
Die white girls, die white girls
Dance upon the graves of the dead, upon the graves of the dead

Will the killing veil love should the heroes play dumb
but killing's no fun when the heroes are none

Let this colony know in the name of the dead we're coming

Bye, bye world, bye, bye world
Dance upon the graves of the dead, upon your name
Die white girls, die white girls
Dance upon the graves of the dead, upon the graves of the dead

Bye, bye world, bye, bye world
Dance upon the graves of the dead, upon your name
Die white girls, bye, bye world
Dance upon the graves of the dead, upon the graves of the dead,
Upon the graves of the dead, upon the graves!