

The Hound (of Blood and Rank)

Coheed and Cambria

Was it in the cold of that knife you screwed in the heart of the enduring?
'Cause when you opened that door, you knew, well now, there'd be no returnin
g,
Or room to mourn what we have lost, to wait while the willing.
As you're the hound of blood and rank, and boy you've got another thing comi
ng.

Come on, come on, come on,
You've gotta give it to me,
As though you want it too.
Come on and set me free, yeah.

I'll dig it 'til we've made your grave.
Oh, you've been a bad, bad boy.
I'll cut until I carve it out,
And stick it in a sad, sad song.

Why the bother?
You're no brother,
You're the wrong I need.
Boy, we all found an audience.
While you found the worst of me,
you got another thing.

Put 'em up against the wall, now they're of no use to you.
God, it's time for the curing.
Only your in for that big refuse,
Surprise boy! This tide's come a turning.

No room to mourn what you have lost.
Oh, no waiting while the willing.
Poor little hound of blood and rank,
who deserves every ounce of what's coming.

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We caught you on the wrong side of lying.
Within the dust we left you dying.
If only words could keep you hiding.
Well, go on, cowards, we've offed you.
Cowards, we've offed you.

(I hope your life's a living hell.)
It's all on you, boy.
(I hope your life's a living hell.)
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