

This eulogy bares your name, And the guilt like dirt covers your fucking grave, The circle of black cloaks all turn their backs, As the cherubs sing loud of your funeral mass. This eulogy bares your name, And the guilt like dirt will cover your fucking grave. This eulogy bares your name, And the guilt like dirt will cover your fucking grave. That's when she turned to me and she said, That's why faiths like suicide, And the hand fulls of dust will replace your pride. That's when she turned to me and she said, That's why faiths like suicide, And the hand fulls of dust will replace your pride. That's when she turned to me and she said, That's why faiths like suicide, And the hand fulls of dust will replace your pride. Lies the lies drag your rotting corpse across the ground, And the masks you wore only weigh your body down, The rows of crosses flash in the lightning light, As your screams echo your last rights. This eulogy bares your name, And the guilt like dirt will cover your fucking grave. This eulogy bares your name, And the guilt like dirt will cover your fucking grave. That's when she turned to me and she said, That's why faiths like suicide, And the hand fulls of dust will replace your pride. That's when she turned to me and she said, That's why faiths like suicide, And the hand fulls of dust will replace your pride. Face the razor, Face your pride, It's the faith in you that cuts like suicide, Face the razor, Face your pride, It kills the only part of you, You're not trying to hide. Face your pride, It's the faith in you that cuts like suicide. Face the razor, Face your pride, It kills the only part of you, You're not trying to hide. This eulogy bares your name, And the guilt like dirt will cover your fucking grave. This eulogy bares your name, And the guilt like dirt will cover your fucking grave. That's when she turned to me and she said, That's why faiths like suicide, And the hand fulls of dust will replace your pride. That's when she turned to me and she said, That's why faiths like suicide, And the hand fulls of dust will replace your pride. That's when she turned to me and she said, That's why faiths like suicide. Lies the lies drag your rotting corpse across the ground, And the masks you wore only weigh your body down. Lies the lies drag your rotting corpse across the ground, And the masks you wore only weigh your body down.