

Curse of a Fallen Soul

Dropkick Murphys

Another wake, another time, a premature goodbye.
I've watched you go and I've seen you pass,
I always knew that it wouldn't last.
Together now we mourn the loss, and remember all the fun.
We'll drink the beer and we'll hang out where death took another son.
So all for one and one for all, do we ever wonder why?
Though the reasons clear, this friend so dear was taken before his time.

So may this round be on the corpse of a dead man,
with a toast that tells of a love you never shared.
So as we dance on the grave of the misbehaved
Raise your glass and sing the praise of a fallen soul.

Many bow their heads for this man they know so well,
with solemn thoughts they'll drink and drug for a resurrection.
(Facing death we fear no danger)
While mothers shed their tears through a veil of desperation
these fiends of a vicious breed raise holy hell.

How many times can fate be chanced, the dice be rolled
is there no path of least resistance for the bold
(It's never sought and rarely taken)
Shocked and dismayed at how it stole his life
When this fateful course of action takes its toll

Now let's all gather 'round in our costume suits and ties
Telling how this soul was a source of inspiration
(Love him now, he lives no longer)
But you never tell the tales of the times you turned your back
on this friend who never found his grateful path