

I Should Have Called Ms. Cleo

Emmure

Why did September take them away from me?
So hear me now, my silver goddess; for you I am your knight of
swords
Such cold hands I must have to make skin feel so far away
So teach me how to say our last goodbyes
Teach me how to die
I bet you'll love me more when I am gone
And there must be another way out
Fear not my brothers, there will be salvation
Won't you go for a ride? Let's drink a Cerveza
Won't you go for a ride? And shed our ways
So hear me now, my silver goddess; I swear one day you'll be at
my doorway
Such cold hands I must have to make skin feel so far away
So teach me how to say our last goodbyes
Won't you please...
Won't you teach me how to die?
Won't you love me more when I am gone?
Once we shed our wings, is this what you call love?