

## 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?