

Another Bag of Bricks

Flogging Molly

T`was in the early evenin`
Near the presence of the moon
You told me you would meet me here
Well now is not too soon
This dagger twisting in my back
Tells me I never should
Have trusted everything to fall
From beggar to fool
I see your face like every race
A serpent with two arms
Devouring me while rains the sun
With dreams in foreign lands
This cold dark tormented hell
Is all I`ll ever know
So when you get to heaven
May the devil be the judge

With another bag of bricks

I scratch your name across these walls
And with my blood turns red
Then drips upon my killing floor
Where I now call my bed
No precious light to harbor
Like so many here before
Now breathes a thousand more

With another bag of bricks

Temper filled with blindness
Leads this lost and lonely man
Dragged around your whipping tree
A scourge you can`t command
So deafen me with silence
Drown me with your roar
Scowl me with your hollow eyes
Still burnin` to the core
No door will go unanswerd
Like so many closed before
No vagabond to knock upon
This tired and beatin` war
When all return to exile
Free from all once bound
Decline and brawl old parasites
The truth will yet be found

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