

Our Lady of Sorrows

My Chemical Romance

We could be perfect one last night
And die like star-crossed lovers when we fight
And we can settle this affair
If you would shed your yellow take my hand
And then we'll solve the mystery of laceration gravity
This riddle of revenge please understand it has to be this way

Stand up fucking tall
Don't let them see your back
And take my fucking hand
And never be afraid again

We've only got one chance to put this at an end
and cross the patron saint of switchblade fights
You said we're not celebrities, we spark and fade, they die by
threes
I'll make you understand and you can trade me for an apparition

Stand up fucking tall
Don't let them see your back
And take my fucking hand
And never

Trust, you said
Who put the words in your head
Oh how wrong we were to think
That immortality meant never dying

Stand
Take my fucking hand
Take my fucking...

Stand up fucking tall
Don't let them see your back
And take my fucking hand
And never be afraid again

Just because my hands around your throat!