The story of you,
Undersold living proof.
A man truly dies before the grave.
The glory and truth overreach black and blue
From the daily demands,
I'm a fool.

Blood red! You said
Everything I had to hear!
Conceive inbred!
Pull the skin back and grin!
Deaf ears! Split tongue!
Keep your eyes down and run!

So long! Fair enough!
You found a way to kill the plan!
Whoa! Things were looking up!
But the bastards, here they come again!
(They come again, they come again!)

A life line abused, cut the cord, what's the use? Calling on your faith
That you lost inside your crowded head and hid away.
Yeah I'm the fool!

Blood red! You said
Everything I had to hear!
Conceive inbred!
Pull the skin back and grin!
Deaf ears! Split tongue!
Keep your eyes down and run!

So long! Fair enough!
You found a way to kill the plan!
Whoa! Things were looking up!
But the bastards, here they come again!
(They come again, they come again!)

So long! Fair enough!
You found a way to kill the plan!
Whoa! Things were looking up!
But the bastards, here they come!

You throw yourself in line again! You're taking my dreams right out of my hand, And that's the smile of a guilty man! And the darkest clouds will roll away!

So long! Fair enough!
You found a way to kill the plan!
Whoa! Things were looking up!
But the bastards, here they come again!

So long! Fair enough!
You found a way to kill the plan!
Whoa! Things were looking up!
But the word again!

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