

And it's been forty days  
I've tried forty ways  
You will never quite leave your sins behind  
They'll haunt you, taunt you until the day you die

You will never really go  
You'll just think about it much but you'll need to know how the  
story ends,  
so you'll sit around, even though you should just go  
Tell your friends what you have heard, show them all the lies u  
nlearned  
And when you really go, you will really know you were never mea  
nt for earth  
What's it worth?  
If we're going to break it down with any logic, it's absurd

And no matter where we go, we are not alone  
When the silence turns to cries of "Why?"  
What a way to begin: we inherit sin  
And nobody's going to quench your thirst when the well runs dry

And nobody's going to hold your hand on the day you die

I've tasted seven sins, so they won't let me in  
I knock knock knock until my knuckles are bruised and raw  
Stuck in the middle with my blood in a puddle on the floor  
We made our beds, we'll judge ourselves  
And only then and there will we disappear to our final resting  
place  
What a waste!  
So many decent people at the gates

And no matter where we go, we are not alone  
When the silence turns to cries of "Why?"  
What a way to begin: we inherit sin  
And nobody's going to quench your thirst when the well runs dry  
And nobody's going to hold your hand on the day you die

And no matter who you know, you will be alone  
When the silence turns to cries of "Why?"  
What a way to begin: we inherit sin  
And nobody's going to quench your thirst when the well runs dry  
, well runs dry  
And nobody's going to hold your hand on the day you die