

Them

The Haunted

I won't be your alibi for disaster
No more pathetic rehashes
I've heard enough
Predictable and self-pitying thing
Escalate your prolonged suicide
Poor thing
You're almost there!

Come on!
Come on
Give this man a hand!

Could we have,
Could we have a standing ovation?

And you can't break it off
It seems a fate worse than death
You're repeating the same mistakes again
"I've been here before but I'll try it again"
Over and over and over and over again

You're just like everyone
You're just like them

So in love with a monster
And a precious lie
But someone's got to pay
For each and every single fuck up

Your fingernails don't count
For much it claws are what you're looking for
But you won't need them where you're going
The only thing that keeps all this together
Is a lucid dream

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You're just like them

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