

Requiem Revisited

The Lawrence Arms

Let's knock back a few
And talk about life...

Every synapse gone and all the smiles have faded
They come en masse to kill the child that came in

Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa

These hands beat red with the mercy killing
Good eye, dead man, you hit your mark again
These hands beat red with the mercy killing
Good eye, dead man, you hit your mark again

And all these words beg for the same damn thing now
How to return to someplace far behind now

Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa

This heart is pumping blood much harder than you know
These fists are squeezed too tightly ever to let go
These are the syncopations on these weary bones

These hands beat red with the mercy killing
Good eye, dead man, you hit your mark again
And this time, this time, this time I'll walk these avenues to
find
A place where I can let these dreams and demons go
And finally rest my weary bones