

# Everyone I Love Is Dead

Type O Negative

Seems three years  
Though maybe four  
Someone drops dead  
Whom I adore  
You love someone  
There will be grief  
The kiss of death  
Lips of a thief  
Goddamnit

A dusty stack of photographs  
Of times I cried But mostly laughed  
Commit the past Into blue flame  
Acrid smoke Cowardly shame  
Goddamnit

At times I'm truly terrified  
Cause dope and booze don't help to hide  
They're used to mask a weakling's hurt  
It's just like painting over dirt

Everyone I love is dead  
Everyone I love is dead  
(All dead)

Life's a game I cannot win  
Both good and bad must surely end  
The mirrors always tell the truth  
I love myself for hating you

Everyone I love is dead  
Everyone I love is dead  
Everyone I love is dead  
Everyone I love is dead  
Goddamnit  
Goddamnit  
All dead