

With a rhyme in a laugh we shrug it off
With a word in a phrase we mourn the loss
Please save us all from the preaching
Inhale the blasphemy
Behold what you can't see
We're pouring our souls out and bleeding
We're pouring our souls out and bleeding

Baptized in lies
You're gonna need all of our prayers
And the whole damn congregation to save you
Toward your demise
You're gonna need all of our prayers
And the whole damn congregation to save your soul

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That all who wish to rise may rise again
To touch the stars and fly upon the wind
For those who know the most tragic of ends
Is not to die, but never to have lived

When you were young, oh, how the sun shone
And beneath your feet, the greenest of grass would grow
Your time has come, see the grass from below
And the procession of all who've loved letting go

Dies Irae dies illa
Solvat saeculum in favilla
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