

Black Mass

The Menzingers

I was staring through the stained glass
Into the procession of a black mass
Oh how the subject at the altar wants their life back

The view from here to there's a lot like wilting flowers
It's bored beyond repair and unfit for an altar
It's strange relating with the lamb to the slaughter

But hey, do you really want to throw it away?
Do you really want to throw it away?
I'd do anything to make you stay

We used to only take the back roads
But now we found a distance shorter
You used to call me darling
Now you prefer more formal
We used to get high and stare at the moon
And wonder how long it would take to walk to
But now that's like the distance between me and you

But hey, do you really want to throw it away?
Do you really want to throw it away?
I'd do anything to make you stay

For just a little, just a little bit longer
For just a little, just a little bit longer
For just a little, just a little bit longer
For just a little, just a little bit longer