

The Willing Well I: Fuel for the Feeding End

Coheed and Cambria

Is this what I wish for those and all they know?
Could depend on how cowardly I should act
(Is it from hell or does come it from within?)
If she won't give me the love I came here for
With pen I am armed here to react Hey now, hey now what is it boy?
All the things that trouble you
So visit your mirror image
Of what might have once behaved
Hey now, hey now what is it boy?
But I won't rest till dead, till dead do you part This is how I feel my God from what's been dealt
The flies that flutter fight tonight
(Is it from hell or does come it from within?)
Is it love that I'm feeling or is this hate the same
The emotion's enough to kill the sane
Hey now, hey now what is it boy?
All the things that trouble you
So visit your mirror image
Of what might have once behaved
Hey now, hey now what is it boy?
Besides, I only hope you know that I love you.
Oh I hope. Feed little maggots off the Westside of your sin
Run little maggot when they learn of what you did
Feed little maggots off the Westside of your sin
Run little maggot when they learn of what you did Fe este dia que hora) (x4) From start to finish
I've made you feel this
Uncomfort in turn with the world you've learned
To love through this hate to live with its weight
A burden discerned in the blood you taste
Why would you deny me answers?
If I'm just a boy on the break of being
Horror and hell through its fires
Be brutally honest, was it better before me? In the curve of your body
How I want, how I want her with me
The truth of the story
The Vishual, I wish you all The better end of all to come
The truth be now here one by one
I am to you extend to none
The memory that fuels the fire Watching his tale with the words he unfolds
Conscience and cold we'd never know
They scream as he laughs off the dust from his eyes
These words will now learn of the dreams in his mind Could this be that hard for me?
To configure a new love in hate

To my new entity or banish it home to the grave
No one is safe With the quickness strike out for the less of us doubt
Mercy of the man who put the pen in our mouth
Word write us well signed, "Forgiveness for sale"
I'm through being full
Of all the might you want killed
The fiction will see the real
The answer will question still
In your body to blood as your parents once went
You will follow their lead one by one, every step Could this be that hard for me?
To configure a new love in hate
To my new entity or banish it home to the grave
I will not save...
Your world
Your world in the end and you.
Your world
Your world

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