

Flogging Molly, Another Bag Of Bricks

T'was in the early evenin'
Near the presence of the moon
You told me you would meet me here
Well now is not too soon
This dagger twisting in my back
Tells me I never should
Have trusted everything to fall
From beggar to the fool
I see your face like every race
A serpent with two arms
Devouring me while rains the sun
With dreams in foreign lands
This cold dark tormented hell
Is all I'll ever know
So when you get to heaven
May the devil be the judge
With another bag of bricks

I scratch your name across these walls
And with my blood turns red
Then drips upon my killing floor
Where I now call my bed
No precious light to harbor
Like so many here before
With every drop of blood you take
Now breathes a thousand more
With another bag of bricks

Temper filled with blindness
Leads this lost and lonely man
Dragged around your whipping tree
A scourge you can't command
So deafen me with silence
Drown me with your roar
Scowl me with your hollow eyes
Still burnin' to the core
No door will go unanswered
Like so many closed before
No vagabond to knock upon
This tired and beatin' war
When all return to exile
Free from all once bound
Decline and brawl old parasites
The truth will yet be found
With another bag of bricks

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Is all I'll ever know
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