

# Type O Negative, ...A Dish Better Served Coldly

What makes you think that you have won  
When the battle has only just begun?  
Let the punishment fit the crime  
Bad things come to those in all good time

My mistake was to put you first  
Deceitful bubble was so soon to burst  
I asked you - believe in just us  
Now my faith lie in mine own justice

How many times must I say I'm not sorry?  
And how many ways can I show I don't care?

Rotting bodies of enemies  
Cannot smell sweet enough to me  
What is the price of a friend  
Who would carry out revenge?

In this bleak world of absent laws  
One in which the just are whores  
An honor to die for the truth  
Eye for an eye, tooth for tooth

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And how many ways can I show I don't care?