Everyone I Love Is Dead

Type O Negative

It seems three years, or maybe four
Someone drops dead whom I adore
You love someone, there will be grief
The kiss of death, lips of a thiefGoddamn itA dusty stack of photographs
Of times I've cried, but mostly laughed
Commit the past into blue flame
Acrid smoke, cowardly shameGoddamn itAt times, I'm truly terrified
'Cause dope and booze don't help to hide
They're used to mask a weakling's hurt
It's just like painting over dirt
Everyone I love is dead
Everyone I love is deadAll deadLife's a game I cannot win
Both good and bad most surely end
The mirrors always tell the truth
I love myself for hating youEveryone I love is dead
Everyone I love is dead
Everyone I love is dead
Everyone I love is deadGoddamn it
Goddamn itAll deadAll dead
All dead
All dead
All dead
All dead
All dead
All dead
All deadGoddamn it

Lyrics provided by http://counterlikes.com/