

# ...And You Will Know Us By The Trail Of Dead, O

One last thing that you regretted,  
Before it fell apart,  
Despite your powers you hated being,  
A stupid rock star,  
Kitty Pryde so sweet and innocent,  
You're all we talk about,  
We know you'd rather raise another demon,  
Than sooth your own faults.

And I can see your demon burning in me,  
Little chief, pull out your teeth and,  
When it burns, the words inside,  
Ounce of prevention that scars my eyes.  
And I can feel the human I had once been,  
Screaming for your mercy,  
When it burns the words inside,  
Ounce of prevention, its scars that make you civilised!

And everything that you didn't want, came true!