

...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!