

# Biffy Clyro, The Weapons Are Concealed

I'm wearing it.  
I'm wearing it under my face.  
An expression and an admission of my disgrace.  
But I'm sure I will make it okay.  
I'll try to give you something better.  
I'm wearing it today.  
But I'm sure I will make it okay.  
I'll try to give you something better.

You with a grin on your face.  
Me with a bag in its place.  
I've put a rope round my neck.  
I'm trying to win your respect.

Conceal the weapons!  
Conceal the weapons!  
Death shares everything I have.  
Conceal the weapons!  
Conceal the weapons!  
But I hate the way I  
Conceal the weapons!

Blame it on the staring match between the two of us.  
Blame it on the staring match between the two of us