

# Another Bag of Bricks

## Flogging Molly

T'was in the early evening near the presence of the moon  
You told me you would meet me here, well now is not too soon  
This dagger twisting in my back tells me I never should  
Have trusted everything to fall from beggar to the fool I see your face like every race, a serpent  
with two arms  
Devouring me while rains the sun with dreams of foreign lands  
This cold and dark, tormented hell is all I'll ever know  
So when you get to heaven, may the devil be your judge With another bag of bricks  
I scratch your name across these walls and with my blood, turns red  
Then drips upon the killing floor which now I call my bed  
No precious light to harbor like so many here before  
With every drop of blood you take, now breaths a thousand more With another bag of  
bricks Temper filled with blindness leads this lost and lonely man  
Dragged around your whipping tree, a scourge you can't command  
So you deafen me with silence, drown me with your roar  
Scour me with your hollow eyes, still burning to the core No door will go unanswered like so  
many closed before  
No vagabond to knock upon this tired and beaten war  
When all return from exile, free from all once bound  
Through cannonballs of parasites, the truth will yet be found  
With another bag of bricks This cold and dark, tormented hell is all I'll ever know  
So when you get to heaven, may the devil be your judge With another bag of bricks

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>