

# In Defense of the Genre

## Say Anything

Can't you see, my dear, what you create is greater than great  
It's beautiful and valid  
Go tell the false friend, who doubts your art:  
"Hey, toss my caustic salad!"  
Their noise pollution is a one-night stand  
A closet corporate ballad  
Compose the theme, compose the theme  
That seems to haunt the sultan's dreams

Yes their truth is a lie, a sickly, sober sky  
Don't you dare lay down your spear and die, oh small fry (oh small fry)  
Crime of the century, know what it meant to me  
They'll label us what they can never be

So hate me but  
I am in your heart (I am in your heart)  
pulling it apart

All those magazines and stifled teens  
Whose trite teething is outdated  
Have minuscule minds of clay in need of chiseling away  
This war's been reinstated  
So spit a wad in the face of their fucking flawless race  
And all they've consecrated  
I won't believe, believe, believe, believe, believe  
The twisted web they weave

They can stitch you silent now, or bitch the violence out  
I'm disavowed (hey, hey), disavowed (hey, hey)  
I'm proud to shun their know-how  
The wolf begat the lamb, and now it's in his hands  
I'm reeling from a feeling that they've banned

Our last stand goes:  
I am in your heart (Burning up a black hole)  
I am in your heart (Burning up a black hole)  
pulling it apart

Hallelujah, love lost (3x)

[Gerard Way:]  
I've got an empty wallet and a record cover  
The stage, hot and worn like an aging lover  
So I spew a comet of verbal vomit  
Sacreligious, of Christ or Islamic  
It's full of piss and they'll never stop  
Come on, come on, come on, come on, come on!

And kill the kindly ones  
The ever blinding ones  
We stand and face you now, we will not run  
Crime of the century, know what it meant to me  
Just you wait and just you wait and see where your lemming line leads

I am in your heart (Burning up a black hole)  
I am in your heart (Burning up a black hole)  
pulling it apart (Burning up a black hole)