



My Chemical  
Romance

*The Black Parade*

10/2006

Reprise

# Carry On

Claire L. Smith

*"If you look in the mirror and don't like what you see, you can find out first-hand what it's like to me,"*

A corpse in a hospital bed,

Restrained with my own demons,

Choked with my rage

Swallowed by my misery.

Breathing in bullets,

My life a wide battlefield,

The cadaver of my sanity,

Laying next to my passion.

Lost without another warm body,

Refusing with mouldy taste of help.

Stubborn and drunk on poisonous thoughts.

I could never come home.

As I lay forgotten,

My legs broken and my teeth rotten.

A saving voice whispered,

Through a softened speaker, I heard.

*"We'll carry on and though you're dead and gone believe me. Your memory will carry on.  
We'll carry on,"*

Each word a breath of air,

The melody a sweet lullaby.

A push from the death bed,

The floor cold but awakening.

The lyrics were another nudge,

A kiss of encouragement,

With the tune of hope,

Pulsing in my heart.

The Patient held my hand,

Letting go as he joined the parade.

I watched on as they marched,

Turning away from the infected memories.

Mother War lead me to battle,

The last of the demons screaming over the music.

An opera of death,

Yet it saved my life.

*"I am not afraid to keep on living, I am not afraid to walk this world alone"*