

When I was a young boy, my father took me into the city to see a marching band.  
He said, "Son, when you grow up, would you be the savior of the broken, the beaten and the damned?"  
He said, "Will you defeat them? Your demons, and all the non-believers, the plans that they have made?"  
"Because one day, I'll leave you a phantom, to lead you in the summer to join the black parade."

When I was a young boy my father took me into the city to see a marching band.  
He said, "Son, when you grow up, would you be the savior of the broken, the beaten and the damned?"

Sometimes I get the feelin' she's watchin' over me, and other times I feel like I should go.  
And through it all, the rise and fall, the bodies in the streets, and when you're gone,  
we want you all to know:

We'll carry on, we'll carry on, and though you're dead and gone, believe me: your memory will carry on.  
We'll carry on, and in my heart, I can't contain it, the anthem won't explain it.

A world that sends you reelin' from decimated dreams, your misery and hate will kill us all.  
So paint it black and take it back. Let's shout it loud and clear. Defiant to the end, we hear the call.

To carry on, we'll carry on, and though you're dead and gone, believe me: your memory will carry on.  
We'll carry on, and though you're broken and defeated, your weary widow marches ...

On and on, we carry through the fears, Oh, ah, ha ...  
Disappointed faces of your peers, Oh, ah, ha ....  
Take a look at me, 'cause I could not care at all.

Do or die, you'll never make me, because the world will never take my heart.  
Go and try, you'll never break me. We want it all, we wanna play this part.  
I won't explain or say I'm sorry. I'm unashamed, I'm gonna show my scars.  
Give a cheer for all the broken. Listen here, because it's who we are.

Just a man, I'm not a hero. Just a boy, who had to sing this song.  
Just a man, I'm not a hero. I don't care.

We'll carry on, we'll carry on, and though you're dead and gone, believe me, your memory will carry on.  
You'll carry on, and though you're broken and defeated, your weary widow marches, oh.

Do or die, you'll never make me, because the world will never take my heart.  
Go and try, you'll never break me. We want it all, we wanna play this part (we'll carry on).

Do or die, you'll never make me (we'll carry on),  
Because the world will never take my heart (we'll carry on).  
Go and try, you'll never break me (we'll carry on).  
We want it all, we wanna play this part (we'll carry on!).