

Every Time I Die, Gloom And How It Gets That Way

Pull the car over you're frightening the kids
What did you promise us about grinning in the rear view mirror without your fake teeth in?
Keep your glass eye glued on the end of the highway up ahead of us
The collision is always licking it's lips
You weren't supposed to open the door
Just keep the plane from drifting off course
We'll attend to the terrified first class convinced there's a hoof print on the bow
All hail the wounded heart contingent who've given us something more than faultlessness to sing a
Long live prosthetic live wires
The faulty mechanism of hope has disintegrated
Your captain nailed his feet to someone else's ship at the sight of me
Do what your mother tells you and put down the sheriff's horse
The choir on the black box rejoiced splendidly, singing hallelujah the king is dead
The king is dead