

Every Time I Die, No Son Of Mine

We've drained full confession booths;
Polluted drinking wells with our repentances and then stood,
Grinning with our arm around shoulders of a rotting child.
Hold that pose.
Provisional, arrogant little pigs who devour their siblings.

Shoot that dog if we can't afford to feed.
Shoot that dog if we can't afford to feed.

Famine fathered a moth. Famine fathered a moth
that begot our fathers.

Keep your voices down I'm sneaking out.
Hey! What's the big idea? Keep your fucking hands off the insight
That rat has got its mother's eyes.
That rat has got its mother's eyes.
Breeding ad nauseam, they are pouring themselves into the sea.

Stop. Thief.
Stop. Thief.
Stop. Thief.
Stop. Thief.
Stop. Thief.
Stop. Thief.
Stop. Thief.

Leave your drunken accident at the prom. It'll grow to mend your broken heart.
Don't sign the dotted line (every house is a little bit of Hollywood).
The world is too incredible to
bring such ugliness into it.
The artist is sneaking down the hall to impregnate the last of its kin.
Indiscernible mute in a swarm of derivatives.
And I deny any part. I deny any part of a
Deadbeat godfather.
Deadbeat godfather.
Deadbeat godfather.
Bite your tongue. Who taught you those words?
Blaspheme! When you are under my roof
Don't ever say "rock and roll"
Don't ever say "rock and roll";