

# Every Time I Die, Pretty Dirty

The great American mischief has muted our hearts and our rhythms are met with the inharmonious  
It's all but too much  
Nobody out there believes the obscene are reprieved  
Everybody get fed up  
My baby better get high, I've got something I need to confess  
The dead men talking are longing for so much more than simply the obvious. Cut us off. We're suff  
Build an ark  
Come bring us back to the ruin  
Drifting out of our heads  
Taped off the sky above your city  
Dusted for prints on the chapel wall  
But we all know that it's killer, baby I will outrun them all