

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