

# Every Time I Die, Buffalo Gals

We're making habits out of vanities and gospel for the stalls.

The less you breathe the more you see of it all.

The lion's share is courting the teen; one hand holds them back while the other is holding me.

We don't connect but we're both disconnected.

Woah, oh yeah! We're so in love or else we're waving unloaded guns in the air...but it's the same t

I'm only here to give you someone to leave when you get bored,

but the first mistake's so good it'll only ensure another.

Woah, oh yeah! You look so good or you're just saving your flaws for the tight lipped lover...but it's

We're lost.

Profound.

And we are bound by the secrets we keep from each other.

Pick up your heels or dig them in; it doesn't matter when the void is ravenous.

It's too late for us now anyway.

It's too late for us now. (x2)

This confession is a lost cause; we are damned before we arrived.

We're making habits out of vanities and gospel for the stalls.

So grab your old lady and dance into the breach.

Yeah, let's dance one more time into the breach!

Woah, oh yeah! We're so in love or we're just waving unloaded guns in the air...but it's the same th

Divine light sparks from a severed wire, so we hit the town like our parachutes failed.

We're lost.

Profound.

And we are bound by the same dichotomy.