

Every Time I Die, Depressionista

<Trained in the art of devastating the arts be remaining unmoved in their midst.
We came down, down, down from that high and now we're looking for more.
We're bloodless now, and we are uninterrupted by the majesty of it all.
We're passed around, around, around like the currency of the friendless roads.
One trick pony.
And the parlor isn't big enough for the both of us.

'til death do we rock?
we're so full of shit.
'til death do we rock!
you keep buying it.
'til death do we rock?
you're so full of shit.
'til death do we rock!
you're still buying it.

The closed circuit of stimulus that runs between fashion and guilt is winding tighter around the head
our orbits are collapsing upon themselves.
we're retreating into the vogue where we're sucking the blood from the necks of guitars.
Beg for the scraps of prose that piled up behind the bar.
Though we try and try and try we get the melody wrong but we remember the words. We're the par
We were oh so close to the start when they finished us.

Aim the mast at the ground
aim the mast at the ground
sail us to the belly of the whale

'til death do we rock!
we're so full of shit.
'til death do we rock!
you keep buying it.

The closed circuit of stimulus that runs between fashion and guilt is winding tighter around the head
Our orbits are collapsing upon themselves but we stand in the traffic indifferent to the grand historion
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