

The Bled, Dale Earnhardt's Seatbelt

The signal flares will light the way to the scene of the accident,
where we'll dance like a pile of teeth in a broken mouth.

Such a sick celebration.

Everyone loves a tragedy in epic proportions.

Lets set our hearts at self-destruct.

Like scarlet drips on a white tile floor.

A cardiac metronome.

We'll scrape the guardrail from our teeth and start again.

There's a flood in the infirmary where we'll swim through broken glass.

Our prosthetic limbs will keep us afloat.

Lets set our hearts at self-destruct.