

The Bled, Daylight Bombings

the air raids at night, are keeping things serene.
the president's men are closing in on me.
and the crosshair grin you hold me in still doest not porpose an argument convincing me to shed th
electrodes to spine.
tongeuning my wounds clean.
that's when the nightmare stops.
oh yeah I had a dream, I had a dream.
it went - shackled to the lover of another in a chapel so pristine.
baptisted as atheists.
I never felt so clean.
the more I hear dove's cry, the less I want to fly.
the more I hear them crying out...
when does the seizure end?
when does the cyanide kick in?
I'd like to hike you up over this waste of love and back again.
oh my mistress sweet distress your dress is bringing it all back to me.
and we are closer then whores caught up in a roundabout in hell.
twilight isnt in the dark on this one you can play me out on the hotel floor.
the more I hear doves cry.
this is where the plot it thickens.
not behind the ribs but below the truth.
you can use your sleuth, cause I'm begging for proof.
when does the seizure end?
when does the cyanide kick in?
I'd like to hike you up over this waste of love and back again.
oh my mistress sweet distress your dress is bringing it all back to me.
and we are closer then whores caught up in a roundabout.
no need to run away.
the pig was snuffed and laid.
we say this happening all on the front page.
this is the last time we bet on landmines.
we've got a lot riding on this one.
so save your bullets for the call back.
we've got a lot riding on this one.
don't turn your back till you see the blood flow black