Every Time I Die, Champing At The Bit

We drew a crowd

The crowd drew the blood

Fawning swindlers

There's a shark in the stream where the newborns are baptized

Who let the flatterer into the gallery on our sweet sixteen? Take him away

Get him against the wall for the witnesses

This is doom in a borrowed suit

It's a pickup line at a funeral

Cannibals along side the catwalk

But it's ok we're got old blood and our veins are rooted to the hornets nest again

New love is tasteless

We're wearing down

This is the year of the party crasher

What is charm? Where are the heroics?

What is harm to the perfumed wrists of the stoics?

Designer impostors find us twitching in the claws of the snake

A fin is circling around the floor

It appears we've lost our way

The tide is swelling and we've fallen asleep on the shore

Get inside

Someone's yelling fire in the theater

Oh dear god. Everybody stay calm

Tell your husband that his screaming just invited it in

The horsemen are crashing through the gates

We had better learn to play dead

Our hands are reeking of rapture

It's dripping from our chin

The tragedy of infant hearts

But it's ok we've got old blood and our hair is woven to the same hotel again

We're wearing down

This is the year of the party crasher

It's you and me for the first time in history

We're history