

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