

Every Time I Die, Ebolarama

Boys: shoot to thrill from the hip. This time we put the "act" in action.

We've tricked the pigs into thinking that this auction is a pageant.

In no time there will be makeup on our new set of cutlery.

The livestock is star struck. They're all salivating like ravenous cartoons.

Goddamn animal. You'd better watch where you spit.

Squeal like soft music. If it helps, we'll dim the lights on the floor.

Neon bulbs are the cosmetics of swine. Everybody looks quite dazzling, trussed up in their formal attire.

You'd make a great secret if I could keep you, but we all spill our guts.

We're locked and loaded. Drip fed and bloated. Our trigger fingers snagged in the mouse trap of the moment.

Turn the lights off on us, like a moth left in the cold. In the dark, begging for more.

When the urgency strikes you, you'd better not lose your nerve.

It's the rush that the cockroaches get at the end of the world. It's alright.

There's a pail by the bed if you need one (but you're doing just fine).

When in Rome we shall do as the Romans, when in Hell we do shots at the bar.

Last call, kill it.

We don't think in terms of the morning afters, and we don't utter a single word of the night before.

In the meantime we're just thoughtless incessant buzzing apparatus.

Disillusioned and lonelier than the last man standing. It doesn't get any better than this so run like hell.

This is a rock and roll takeover.

Living each day one night at a time.

There were mercy fucks, there was blood.

You should have been there by my side.

This is passion, this is red handed denial.

I have no lover and she hasn't the prettiest eyes. Last call, kill it.