

Every Time I Die, Guitarred And Feathered

This is a cause for celebration
here in the belly of the swarm.
The situation demands that we raise our glasses
in honor of the spokesman we've fixated to the floor.

Give us your headlines, hymns and your saddest verse.
You're not partnered with the half hearted anymore.
Our legs are spread wide open,
our weary heads are splitting at the seams and we all know
your proficient in the idioms of grief.

We are capable
of the of the kind of love
about which only the petrified can speak.

Concede him the microphone.
Let him sing the triumphs of the frauds
to all his loyal sycofanatics.

We all cater to the fire
once the walls come rushing down for shame.

I can say it better than you felt it.
I can be it bigger than you needed it.
I haven't lived a day of my life apart
from the one everyone's read about.

And I'll spark de-evolution.
And I'll spark de-evolution.
I was specially bred for the cover page of your magazines.
And I've been fattened up for the guillotines.
Fattened up for the guillotines.

Sweet talker, you're goddamn right I'm a blessed lamb.
I can show you how to have a good time.

I know why you came here,
but neither of us will get what you want out of me.
This room has one too many laureates, so I'm keeping my peace.
Every candidate ends his life with a cliché,
and the paths of glory lead to nowhere but the grave.

I've been spoiled rotten.
Every thought I've authored has curdled.
Not everything is poetry but I can't convince you of that.
I've been drawn and quartered.
I've been twice picked over.
And it's sickening what you've come here today to celebrate.

Fuck yea, we're gonna party tonight.
Fuck yea!
We're gonna party tonight.

I am capable of the kind of love
about which only the intoxicated
and the California bound can weep.