

Every Time I Die, INRIhab

I tied the devil to the tracks (can you hear the train coming?).
I served him papers with a seal from the governor.
The spoiler throwing voices, the vapors that they built this city on.
But he don't write much for me anymore.

When we keep hell in our hearts, we make no excuse for our genius.
So what's my excuse now that hell has abandoned me?

I enticed the devil out with a bottle, but maybe it was he who lured me out instead.
When we slept in penitent beds, we awoke in the loving arms of attrition.
So what's my excuse now that hell isn't courting me?

Give me the strength to be widowed now that the honeymoon's over.
Grant me the privileges saved for the sailors.

Condemned with you all.
Goddamn you all.

I marched across the muddied stream, illuminated from beneath.
The lock was picked with the church's key we found on the belt of the veteran.
To open bar tabs in the taverns assembled in levels by the damned and fanatic for me.

We never loved ourselves so well as when we lusted after another.
We hummed along to electric guitars and the standard "whoa oh oh oh's" and we drank

I eased the devil back with the throttle, because I'd rather live my life in regret than not take part in

If the devil don't mind, well its alright with me.
So what do I do when the devil don't notice me.

Give me the strength to be widowed now that the honeymoon's over.
Grant me the privileges saved for the sailors.

Condemned with you all.
Goddamn you all.

And in my twenty-seventh year, I was dragged kicking and screaming into the light.
And I looked at God in the face and I said- I said, "God," I said, "I thought I'd been

I tied the devil to the tracks,
(can you hear the train coming?)
And I tied the tracks in a lover's knot around the finger of a beautiful girl.

I'll keep hell if hell will have me.