

# Every Time I Die, The Emperor's New Clothes

all ways lead to the queen what cards she still holds she plays like a  
hangman her house is full of the broken hearted a suicide king and a pair of  
rusted spades she is gone a bit mad she wants her roses painted red but  
we've yet to find the shade God save the queen she wears her suit on her  
sleeve her hourglass shape is a funhouse reflection heartbreaker don't let  
her find you here confidence is the cancer of this courtyard it'll split  
your head if we don't get to the flowers red death by division don't call it  
jealousy it's an exercise in infection control insanity's masterpiece split  
at the seams shakespearean virgin your world is a stage but your charms in  
the basket they gave the ax to an amateur I haven't stopped laughing how am  
I supposed to line this up kneel down vanity everyone's waiting we all want  
what's swollen depressurized look at the floor look at what you've done  
narcissus your reflection is heartbroken red your savior wears a charcoal  
veil these are the colors of her courtyard these are the suits that split  
the days two handed engine runs itself through the bone when the ego lands  
it rolls heads will roll