

Polkadot Cadaver, Deathwish

She likes to cut herself
Until she doesn't recognize her face in the mirror
She's walking evidence
As the scene of the crime, she sees hollow and
Belligerent witness

You belong right here baby, sitting in the electric chair
We'll flip the switches that take you to your burning home
A haunted castle of brimstone
I know you got a deathwish honey, protruding like a broken bone
Shot from a cannon, gliding on the dance floor
Smelling of menthols and coppertone

Heartbreak in the whites of your eyes
With pupils bleeding as you cry
Sirens scream at the moonlight
Because the wolf is on the loose tonight

Everyone's trying to live forever
But you've got your own agenda
That's what I like about you
You might not be here tomorrow

Through the champagne glass your face looks like a violent mime
Behind the prison bars your last meal is a bitter pill
One foot in the grave, and your head inside the lion's mouth

Time keeps on ticking
They keep on laughing at you, laughing at you