

Polkadot Cadaver, Purgatory Dance Party

The strobe lights your eyes
As the DJ is hung up and crucified
And there you are in all your innocence
With your back against the wall
Breaking hearts like commandments

I don't mind waiting for you
There's blood on the dancefloor
Oh now what are you gonna do?
I don't mind lying for you
About the bodies in the backyard
Oh now what are you gonna do?

Satan, go put on your blue dress honey, and let's do the tango
Jesus, go put on some Elvis, baby, and let's do the chacha
Satan, let's toast to the Armageddon, you know that is all you
Gandhi, go pour a couple of whiskeys, you know you my nigga!

I think I've seen you on TV
Where you're selling the end of the world
You seem harmless enough to me
As my eyes glaze over into medicated sleep

Thank you doctor, for these wonderful pills
I'm feeling so much different now
All suicidal thoughts are gone
And my new middle name is now optimistic

Just as the night fades into day, mourning becomes you
As your worst nightmares come true
What will you do now that no one wants you
And your wildest dreams are all dying on your birthday?

I want a front row seat to your technicolor funeral
I can't stop smiling as they're lowering your body into the ground