

# 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