

Guitarred and Feathered

Every Time I Die

This is a cause for celebration here in the belly of the swarm
The situation demands that we raise our glasses
In honor of the spokesman we've fixated to the floor
Give us your headline hymns and your saddest verse

You're not partnered with the half-hearted anymore
Our legs are spread wide open
Our weary heads are splitting at the seams
And we all know you're proficient in the idioms of grief

We are capable of the kind of love
About which only the petrified can speak
Concede him the microphone let him sing
The triumph of the frauds to all his loyal psycho-fanatics

We all cater to the fire
Once the walls come rushing down for shame
I can say it better than you felt it
And I can be it bigger than you needed it

I haven't lived a day of my life apart from
The one that everyone's read about
I'll spark de-evolution
I was specially bred for the cover page of your magazines

I've been fatted up for the guillotines
Sweet talker, you're goddamn right I'm a blessed lamb
I can show you all how to have a good time
I know why you came here
But neither of us will get what you want out of me

This room has one too many laureates so I'm keeping my peace
Every candidate ends his life with a cliché
And the paths of glory lead to nowhere but the grave
I've been spoiled rotten

Every thought I've authorized had curdled
Not everything is poetry but I can't convince you of that
I've been drawn and quartered
I've been twice picked over

And it's sickening what you've come here today to celebrate
Fuck, yeah, we're gonna party tonight
I am capable of the kind of love about which only the intoxicated
And the California bound can weep