

Dead Rats

Against Me!

Easter Sunday and she's dressed in black.
Pez machine in hand, riding a BMX.
Running barefoot through the graveyard, drawing pentagrams on tombstones.
Her bloodbath visions are for him, not me

And I'm just living in your house,
Sleeping in your bed
It was a nice dream, but it was a night-fucking-mare to see

2000 freaks stabbed into my back,
Well there are certain words I won't ever believe again.
Is that all it means to you, a little push and a little screw?
Smoke it down to the last match, there's nothing here worth left to say

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Dear succubus, I miss you more than the rest
But there's a little bit less divide each time I look back
In the eve's of your attic, I know how to haunt
Shallow graves for all dead rats, I like the dark clouds the best

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