

Deadman Songs

Boys Night Out

These hands are mine. Waving means I'm alive...that's the signal.

Thieves, snakes and I are the same thing. We tow the line while lives are taken.

Bottles high, singing dead man songs like, "Cure this coma craving calmly coming on." Say goodnight and let those black dogs run. We're wild like forest fires howling at the dawn.

We take the timid in our jaws. Violent gnashing takes us over.

We're the worst parts. Our slakeless thirst for leaving scars starves our hearts of basic feeling. We're the worst parts.

Bottles high, singing dead man songs.

Wheezing; breathing so hard. You've been so blind. We feel so right.

We're wild like forest fires howling at the dawn. We're wild like forest fires.