

I'm Breathing, Are You Breathing Too?

Envy on the Coast

No, There is no Odyssey.
There's no Penelope,
Just maids and suitors.
Please,
Take this gun from me.
And let all the angels see,
This intoxicated...

No, there is no Odyssey.
There's no Penelope,
Just maids and suitors.
Please,
Take this gun from me.
And let all the angels see,
This intoxicated, barely breathing
Debauchery.

With the mass artillery,
And they won't consider thee.
You're nothing but a
Cocktail hour with an open bar
And the dance floor is
Begging for your feet.
And the maids all ruminare.
Your intentions dissipate.
12 rounds for 12 shots at the bar...

With the mass artillery,
And they won't consider thee.
You're nothing but a
Cocktail hour with an open bar
And the dance floor is
Begging for your feet.
And the maids all ruminare.
Your intentions dissipate.
12 rounds for 12 shots at the bar...

You just had to take.

[**Poem at the end that is in Russian:]

Celebrate the skeleton
Pull out your hair.
Pull out your hair.
Puke up all your sentiments.
Please don't stare.
Please don't stare.

The owl lost his voice within
He's full of shit.
He's full of shit.
We'll clip his wings and try again.
The vultures spit.
The vultures spit.

This is the year of the skeleton.
This is the year of the skeleton.

Set the bar below your head.
And tax your dreams.
And tax your dreams.
Wrap the bar around your neck.
Hang from your seams.
Hang from your seams.

Feed the leech and nurse her grief.
Now starve your friends.
Now starve your friends.
Eat the owl, salute the thief.
We'll love again.
We'll love again.

This is the year of the skeleton.
This is the year of the skeleton.