

No Son of Mine

Every Time I Die

We've drained full confession booths
Polluted drinking wells with our repentances
And then stood grinning with our arm
Around our shoulders of a rotting child

Hold that pose, provisional arrogant little pigs
Who devour their siblings

Shoot that dog if we can't afford to feed
Shoot that dog if we can't afford to feed
Famine fathered a moth
Famine fathered a moth that begot our fathers

Keep your voices down, I'm sneaking out
Hey, what's the big idea?
Keep your fucking hands off the insight

That rat has got it's mother's eyes
That rat has got it's mother's eyes
Breeding and nausea
They are pouring themselves into the sea

Stop thief, stop thief, stop thief, stop thief
Stop thief, stop thief, stop thief, stop thief

Leave your drunken accident at the prom
It'll grow to mend your broken heart

Don't sign the dotted line
Every house is a little bit of Hollywood
Don't sign the dotted line
Every house is a little bit of Hollywood

The world is too incredible
To bring such ugliness into it

The artist is sneaking down the hall
To impregnate the last of its kin
Indiscernible mute in a swarm of derivatives

I deny any part, I deny any part

Deadbeat, godfather
Deadbeat, godfather
Deadbeat, godfather
Deadbeat, godfather

Bite your tongue, who taught you those words?
Blaspheme, when you are under my roof
Don't ever say rock and roll
Don't ever say rock and roll