

Pretty Dirty

Every Time I Die

The great American mischief had muted our hearts
And our rhythms are met with the inharmonious grunts of electric guitars.
It's all but too much.

Still nobody out there believes the obscene are reprieved.
Everybody get fed up.
My baby better get high, I've got something I need to confess.
The dead mean talking are longing for so much more than simply the obvious.
Cut us off.
We're suffering, hysterical, lighting flares from the foot of her bed.

I've been begging you for less mercy than this.
But the only thing you need to know is that you never wanted to know.
Take it off, take it back or take the cover because we're nearing a nerve.
Death is wasted on the patient, so make haste and head for the wake.
Now the hornets inhabit the hearts we've abandoned.
We are the gone.
Cast aside clothes like funeral roses, and dance straight through the psalm.
I'm dead in the water.
Don't come here for me.
I was once alive in the deserts eyes on the day it wed the sea.
I drew a chalk outline around your city.
Hushed the sobs in your halls.
But we both know it's a killer, baby he will outrun them all.
There is so much shame in how little we've gained for so long.
Now the sky is falling.
And you're just repeating every word I say.
You are not listening close enough.
It's a catastrophe.
You have not been concentrating.
Pay attention there will be an exam.
Build an ark.
Come bring us back to the ruin.
Drifting out of our heads.
Taped off the sky above your city.
Dusted for prints on the chapel wall.
But we all know that it's a killer, baby I will outrun them all
.