

The Emperor's New Clothes

Every Time I Die

all ways lead to the queen what cards she still holds she plays
like a
hangman her house is full of the broken hearted a suicide king
and a pair of
rusted spades she is gone a bit mad she wants her roses painted
red but
we've yet to find the shade God save the queen she wears her su
it on her
sleeve her hourglass shape is a funhouse reflection heartbreake
r don't let
her find you here confidence is the cancer of this courtyard it
'll split
your head if we don't get to the flowers red death by division
don't call it
jealousy it's an exercise in infection control insanity's maste
r piece split
at the seams shakespearean virgin your world is a stage but you
r charms in
the basket they gave the ax to an amateur I haven't stopped lau
ghing how am
I supposed to line this up kneel down vanity everyone's waiting
we all want
what's swollen depressurized look at the floor look at what you
've done
narcissus your reflection is heartbroken red your savior wears
a charcoal
veil these are the colors of her courtyard these are the suits
that split
the days two handed engine runs itself through the bone when th
e ego lands
it rolls heads will roll