

The Low Road Has No Exits

Every Time I Die

Wherever I go, there too shall be grief.
(My love) dotting on me, tenderly.
Vacant praise for her hollow man.
Such poise.
What loyalty.
What elegance.
Inspired lust in a languid tongue.
(Gave blood) and found me where there once was none.
So I burned the bridge she'd have taken to leave.
Each one.
She's all I have left.
C'est la vie. (2x)

The more it spreads the closer I come.
(Better off behind your back)
Where we consummate in the presence of none.
(Dead weight don't wait)
For the violent and endless stream
(A spineless yet supporting cast)
Of charmless that are harming me.

From the cradle to the grave it has been a walk of
shame.
What did you think that your absence could bring, old
friend?
My heart, it burns with cavities.
A slur couldn't rouse the sadness I've seen.
Look close.
That beauty is life and she's with me.
Flaunted indifference is cheap cologne.
Actor, you speak of me in formal tones.
To the gutless dogs that have cried mutiny.
Know this: marooned with grief, I'm richer than kings.
From the cradle to the grave it has been a walk of
shame.

I am dead.
What is one less worm?
Seconds off of a prisoner's term?
This is hell.
You brought a candle to burn?
I am death.
And you have marked my words.