

## The Bacchanal Affair

It Dies Today

Tonight, we're drunk upon our nostalgia,  
So raise a glass to the black maria.  
Through laughter seems to soothe the pain,  
Of adoring what I violate.

I'm sick to death by the irony and all the lies that we create,  
When we're feigning every red letter day.

The chemicals aid in our neglect, feigning all of adoration.  
Destined it seems for this disease, becoming all I loathed,  
Feigning all our adoration.

Dissembling passion, our foreplay to debauchery,  
A perfume of zinfandel and coffin nails.  
Intoxicates, fair Judas goat, now you've got your sheep.

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When we're feigning every red letter day.

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Destined it seems for this disease, becoming all I loathed,  
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Track marks and a trail of hearts will guide you home,  
There is a bleak horizon everywhere I roam.  
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