

# Daylight Bombings

The Bled

The air raids at night are keeping things serene  
The president's men are closing in on me  
And the crosshair grin you hold me in  
Still does not propose an argument  
Convincing me to shed the devil's clothes

Electrodes to spine, it's tonguing my wounds clean  
That's when the nightmare stops, oh yeah  
I had a dream, I had a dream it went  
I shackled to the lover of another in a chapel so pristine  
Well, Baptized at atheists, I never felt to clean

The more I hear doves cry, the less I want to fly  
The more I hear them crying out

When does the seizure end?  
When does the cyanide kick in?  
I'd like to hike you up over the  
Waste of love and back again

Oh my mistress, whoa, sweet distress  
Your dress is bringing it all back to me  
And we are closer than whores  
Caught up in a roundabout in Hell

Twilight isn't in the dark on this one  
You can play me out on the hotel floor  
Twilight isn't in the dark on this one  
You can play me out

The more I hear doves cry, the less I want to fly  
The more I hear those doves crying

This is where the plot thickens  
Not behind the ribs but below the truth  
You can use your sleuth  
'Cause I'm begging for proof

This is where the plot thickens  
Not behind the ribs but below the truth  
You can use your sleuth  
'Cause I'm begging for proof, begging for proof

When does the seizure end?  
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Oh my mistress, whoa sweet distress  
Your dress is bringing it all back to me  
And we are closer than whores  
Caught up in a roundabout

No need to run away  
The pig was snuffed and laid  
We saw this happening all on the front page  
This is the last time we bet on landmines

We've got a lot riding on this one  
So save your bullets for the call back  
We've got a lot riding on this one  
Don't turn your back till you see the blood flow back