

My Ritual

The Folk Implosion

My blood moves
I feel all right
My ritual followed us to paradise
My blood moves
I feel all right
Don't touch me
'cause I've had too much to feel tonight

I'm a martyr of a new and magic kind
It's gettin' easy not to suffer all the time

My good time
I feel all right
My ritual followed us to paradise
My blood moves I feel all right
Don't touch me 'cause you're still too much to feel tonight

Not tonight, I repeat, me over
I'm a martyr of a new and magic kind
It's getting easy not to suffer all the time
My sense of humor might have narrowed with my age
But happy anarchy is all I really crave

Trying to be good, while I get my fill
Will I get what I need?
I don't know if I will
When I take it in , will I make it my own again
My own again

My good time, I feel all right
My ritual got my through another night

I'm a martyr of a new and magic kind
It's getting easy not to suffer all the time
My sense of humor might have narrowed with my age
But happy anarchy is all I really crave
It's all I want. it's all I need
So come over.