A Brief Tutorial In Bachanalia

Fear Before The March Of Flames

"Hey man, heard you're a real clean shot!"
(When I've got a couple drinks in me, and I've got a couple drinks in me!)
"Hey man, heard you get the job done!"
(When I've got a couple drinks in me, I'm known to practice apathy!)When you see me stagger
Know I'm being antagonized by what you can't hear
And just moving with the currentCurrent state of self embalment
Where I don't involve myself in human affairs
Just leave me an address on where I live
I'll make it slow and painfulI don't ask for much
(They will lead us out of town, straight out of town,
we can dodge the freight cars, just passerbys in the morning)
A few bills, and the occasional, occasional, occasional human touch
(I won't move if you won't move, and I won't move if you won't move,
trade cigarettes for stories, you and I the Lords of the Rails,
straight out of town and that is why we follow the pennies lay for we have stories and smokes)
Drink to take the edge offI told you that I'd bring you my head
I told you I was better off dead
Have you heard the kind of shit that I've said?
Cause I'm a mad, mad man, no, I'm not a mad man.
I told you if you slipped me a drink...
I told you not to speak when I'm thinking
I told you I was having a hard time sleeping
I'm a sad, sad man, yeah I'm a real sad man!There's empty bar stools
(To each of my sides)
And empty glasses
(So who the fuck's talking?)
And who's covering the tab?
Just a lonely man with a deathwish
(And a head full of crossed wires)
Making a deal with himself
(He keeps talking)
He keeps noddingA SICK SON OF A BITCH
WILL ALWAYS END LIKE THIS

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