

The Hair-trigger Flamenco (demo)

Trophy Scars

Lost; I thought you were lost? I keep on hiding from this Winter is moving east towards New Jersey will encompass A harbored glacier ice storm Now no one knows the difference I'm not an empiricist But your answers are forgiven I'm just not living like this Your endeavors Are dancing on top of the world You said you said These pills are shining like pearls Put the telephone on hold 'cause I need to recount all my words There's a shard of dyslexia caught in my eye I'm taking that girl to the bank I'm dancing all night These knives by the way you abuse them Are glowing like ice I'm back and I love everyone I color between all the lines My stomach is red rosy cinnamon And baked into pies Badadadadbadadadbada My death bed Is shaking and trembling in fear And the priest, and the priest Is weeping and drinking his beer I know words alright It's all about what you don't hear I hear words alright alright I'm taking that girl to the bank I'm dancing all night These knives by the way you abuse them Are glowing like ice I'm back and I love everyone I color between all the lines My stomach is red rosy cinnamon And baked into pies Badadadadbadadadbada Violet Bruises These drinks Will out way them Out way them oh La dada la dada I know the Spanish flamenco The dance that we break and turn into limbo The reflection is simple So everyone knows in the end My friend My heart is a headache It's held in a neck brace It's beaming with bad taste And lost in ghost chase So everyone knows in the end I'm losing, My friend So pour another Glass of this whiskey It's making me dizzy I like being dizzy I like being sleepy Oh I like feeling sleepy So come on, let's dance baby! This river's a fountain A corpse in the canyon A drink in the mountains We breathe all around them To turn it in To ice Ice, ice Lose your control To find out you know No one has died It was just the snow oh It was just the snow oh So pour another Glass of this whiskey And dance let's dance Dance dance dance Dance dance Dance like your dead And those words words Words in your head They stopped stopped Stopped making sense And (ohh) slaughter you

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