

By the Throat

Pretty Girls Make Graves

Crowds of people, bodies brushing
Mouths are moving, all white noise
Glasses clinking, people screaming
High hum, low buzz, no room to breathe
They story's slow with no conclusion
On and on the tape is clicking
Step by step and I am choking
On and on the tape is clicking
All the people with nothing in their eyes
All the soulless with their sharp teeth and their lies
All the people with nothing in their eyes
And I could run out of this theater screaming
Crowds of people, bodies brushing
Mouths are moving, all white noise
Glasses clinking, people screaming
High hum, low buzz, no room to breathe
I feel like this movie will never end
I could run out of this theater screaming
They story's slow with no conclusion
And on and on the tape is clicking
And step by step and I am choking
And I can't breathe
Will this movie ever run out of film?
This story is slow with no conclusion
And the tape is clicking
On and on and step by step
And I am choking
Yeah, I can't breathe
And the tape is clicking on and on
And the tape is clicking on and on
And the tape is clicking on and on
And step by step and I am choking
Yeah, I can't breathe

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