

# Escape Artists Never Die

## Funeral for a Friend

The red poison of your lips  
The red poison of your eyes  
Is where I kissed the blood from  
Just that corner of your mouth, where I can see the white of your smile  
Up to my neck  
When I'm breathing without you, without you  
Up to my eyes  
And I'm seeing without you, without you  
We'll start a fire  
And burn some bridges  
And make it out of here tonight  
We'll start a fire  
And burn some bridges  
And make it out of here tonight  
We need some leverage  
We can't seem to open up  
The locks are far too tight  
And the chains are far too strong, far too strong  
Up to my eyes  
And I'm seeing without you, without you  
Up to my heart  
When I'm bleeding without you, without you  
We'll start a fire  
And burn some bridges  
And make it out of here tonight  
We'll start a fire  
And burn some bridges  
And make it out of here tonight  
Please someone help me  
I'm dying here in front of you  
Please someone help me  
I'm dying here in front of you  
With a hundred thousands lights  
Timing as everything will  
With a hundred thousand lights  
Timing, timing is everything to me  
Please someone help me  
I'm dying here in front of you  
Please someone help me  
I'm dying here in front of you  
It's everything  
It's everything  
Timin' is everything, it's everything

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