

# Composing

## Boys Night Out

It's all about the song in my head  
The one where the audience is all dead  
These days they're allowing  
Visitation to aid in my rehabilitation  
To make these days mean so much more to me  
I beg friends and family for forgiveness  
And now for the first time together well witness  
Together well live this song I've been living incessantly  
So come sing with me  
Through these poison pills and chemicals  
I know that you'll be something beautiful  
And brilliant, release will be instant  
I'm sorry it's the only way  
It's all about the song in my head  
The one where the audience is all dead  
So come over to my house  
Catch up over dinner  
We're having strychnine and sirloin  
Port wine and paint thinner  
You'll convulse through the chorus  
It's the song of the sinner  
As I slowly clear the table  
I know that this won't be the last time  
It won't be the last time  
We wrote this song  
And the world will sing it  
To me it's everything, to me it's everything, to me it's  
On every corpse I see, her face, my love, my heart  
I hear her laughter and she's still alive  
It's like she's still alive  
It's in her body I'm holding  
As we make love  
My heart breaks everytime I dismember the flesh  
Hide the evidence and start again because

Lyrics provided by

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