Daylight Bombings

The Bled

The air raids at night are keeping things serene
The president's men are closing in on me
And the crosshair grin you hold me in
Still does not propose an argument
Convincing me to shed the devil's clothesElectrodes to spine, it's tonguing my wounds clean
That's when the nightmare stops, oh yeah
I had a dream, I had a dream it went
I shackled to the lover of another in a chapel so pristine
Well, Baptized at atheists, I never felt to cleanThe more I hear doves cry, the less I want to fly
The more I hear them crying outWhen does the seizure end?
When does the cyanide kick in?
I'd like to hike you up over the
Waste of love and back againOh my mistress, whoa, sweet distress
Your dress is bringing it all back to me
And we are closer than whores
Caught up in a roundabout in HellTwilight isn't in the dark on this one
You can play me out on the hotel floor
Twilight isn't in the dark on this one
You can play me outThe more I hear doves cry, the less I want to fly
The more I hear those doves cryingThis is where the plot thickens
Not behind the ribs but below the truth
You can use your sleuth
'Cause I'm begging for proofThis is where the plot thickens
Not behind the ribs but below the truth
You can use your sleuth
'Cause I'm begging for proof, begging for proofWhen does the seizure end?
When does the cyanide kick in?
I'd like to hike you up over the
Waste of love and back againOh my mistress, whoa sweet distress
Your dress is bringing it all back to me
And we are closer than whores
Caught up in a roundaboutNo need to run away
The pig was snuffed and laid
We saw this happening all on the front page
This is the last time we bet on landminesWe've got a lot riding on this one
So save your bullets for the call back
We've got a lot riding on this one
Don't turn your back till you see the blood flow back

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/