

Roman Holiday

Every Time I Die

We cut our teeth in the bedroom
We slit our wrists in our costumes
All of them witches, witches, witches, witches
We are the death of the party
We are the life of the funeral
All of us ragmen, ragmen, ragmen, ragmen
I want the ripened fruit
I want the fresh meat
I want the first born
I want the down beat

We traded vows on the front line
They ushered us through the stop sign
All of them witches, witches, witches, witches
We found our way in the blackout
We are the ghosts in the lighthouse
All of us ragmen, ragmen, ragmen, ragmen
I want the open wound
I want the dark street
I want the virgin blood
I want the wet heat

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