

# Ebolarama

## Every Time I Die

Boys shoot to thrill from the hip. This time we put the "act" in action  
We've tricked the pigs into thinking that this auction is a pageant  
In no time there will be makeup on our new set of cutlery  
The livestock is star struck. They're all salivating like ravenous cartoons  
Goddamn animal. You'd better watch where you spit  
Squeal like soft music. If it helps, we'll dim the lights on the floor  
Neon bulbs are the cosmetics of swine. Everybody looks quite dazzling  
Trussed up in their formal attire You'd make a great secret if I could keep you, but we all spill our guts  
We're locked and loaded. Drip fed and bloated. Our trigger fingers snagged  
In the mouse trap of the moment Turn the lights off on us, like a moth left in the cold. In the dark, begging for  
more  
When the urgency strikes you, you'd better not lose your nerve  
It's the rush that the cockroaches get at the end of the world. It's alright  
There's a pail by the bed if you need one, but you're doing just fine  
When in Rome we shall do as the Romans, when in Hell we do shots at the bar Last call, kill it We don't think in  
terms of the morning afters  
And we don't utter a single word of the night before  
In the meantime we're just thoughtless incessant buzzing apparatus  
Disillusioned and lonelier than the last man standing  
It doesn't get any better than this so run like Hell This is a rock and roll takeover  
Living each day one night at a time  
There were mercy fucks, there was blood  
You should have been there by my side  
This is passion, this is red handed denial  
I have no lover and she hasn't the prettiest eyes. Last call, kill it

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