The Shame

The Blood Brothers

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

My heart is a black haunted loom,
weaving jackets for children who'll never be born.
My hands are abandoned factories
manufacturing heartbreak and hate for the world.
As we waltz the broken dance of our limbs
this ballroom has been groped by so many evil whims.
As I drill the last hole into you,
the well of your body has hardened into glue.
Everything is going to be just awful when we're around.
All the colors gonna rot off your sight when we're around.
I remember the day that I sold my smile to that nice couple
who lost their first child.
I threw in a set of sympathy,
and a bucket of popcorn for the cemetary.
But now my face is all fenced off, the sky is boarded up,
the hills covered in drop cloth.
How many chords till this song vomits out real love?
How many feathers to pluck naked the soiled dove?
How many whores till you send away for that trophy?
And how many punches till you give yourself away for free?
Because those bruises on your face look like the sun setting in disgrace.
(From these cliffs you can see the whole city
laid out groveling like a field of wounded soldiers.
The billboards in heat and hissing,
the sky scrapers stitching the gash of the earth.
As they waltz the broken dance of their limbs
their ballroom has been groped by so many evil whims.)
Everything is going to be just awful when we're around.
All the colors gonna rot off your sight when we're around.
I am just a salesman pleased to meet you can I show you around.
Every thing must go the shadows the seagulls when we're around.
This is our shame.

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