# The Emperor's New Clothes

## Every Time I Die

all ways lead to the queen what cards she still holds she plays like a hangman her house is full of the broken hearted a suicide king and a pair of rusted spades she is gone a bit mad she wants her roses painted red but we've yet to find the shade God save the queen she wears her suit on her sleeve her hourglass shape is a funhouse reflection heartbreaker don't let her find you here confidence is the cancer of this courtyard it'll split your head if we don't get to the flowers red death by division don't call it jealousy it's an exercise in infection control insanity's masterpiece split at the seams shakespearean virgin your world is a stage but your charms in the basket they gave the ax to an amateur I haven't stopped laughing how am I supposed to line this up kneel down vanity everyone's waiting we all want what's swollen depressurized look at the floor look at what you've done narcissus your reflection is heartbroken red your savior wears a charcoal veil these are the colors of her courtyard these are the suits that split the days two handed engine runs itself through the bone when the ego lands it rolls heads will roll

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