

Is It Progression If a Cannibal Uses a Fork?

Chiodos

Listen up sweetie, we all know that you're a beautiful girl in this horrible world.
In this suggestion of horror, the portraits on the wall...(look in their eyes they always seem to follow)

Look in their eyes...they always seem to follow me.

Out of tune this tale of terror.
The solumn tolling up the funeral bells.
I want to know what's going on in that pretty little head of yours, where everyday's a Bone Palace Ballet!

Biting, the flesh from your finger, you know I just can't help myself.
I wish to believe but belief is a graveyard.
May this night never see morning
as finally one will not.

Maybe you're the one thats overrated.
Shriek and scream much too horrified to speak.

Out of tune this tale of terror.
The solumn tolling up the funeral bells.
I want to know what's going on in that pretty little head of yours.
Where everyday's a bone palace ballet.

Flowers of red begin to bloom on the white sheets of her room.
Our lifeless bodies, lying there rotting for all of time.
(sang at the same time ^)
This morning I woke up, I rubbed my eyes and took a quick glance around the room and saw what happened
here last night.
There was blood on the walls and sheets smelled like sweat and sex we have narrowed it down to the butcher
knife and the mocking bird with blood.

Out of tune this tale of terror.
The solumn tolling up the funeral bells.
I want to know whats going on in that pretty little headof yours.
Where everyday's a bone palace ballet.

Lyrics submitted by M@D!\$0N.

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