

Death Is a Party, Invite All Your Friends

Palaye Royale

Fabricated fictional goodbye is all you know
Raise it up for me
Manufactured typical some Christians go to hell
Good enough for me I want you to see what I've seen
I want you to be where I've been
If you go what I've been through
Maybe there's some hope for you This is how the story ends
Death is a party, invite all your friends And I've got lost on the way
She calls my name
Heaven life in the holy day
They know my way
Nature boys they think the same
We're going today
Celebrate the trip of the day And I'm willing to start a fight
Uh wa oh uh wa oh
Children in the city don't look so pretty
uh wa oh uh wa oh
Children in the city don't look so pretty And I know what I got
keep on going till it stops
What you got you know is gold
nothing left we know it's nothing more I want you to see what I've seen
I want you to be where I've been
If you go what I've been through
Maybe there's some hope for you This is how the story ends
Death is a party, invite all your friends And I've got lost on the way
She calls my name
Heaven life in the holy day
They know my way
Nature boys they think the same
They're going today
Celebrate the trip of the day
And I'm willing to start a fight Uh wa oh uh wa oh
And I'm willing to start a fight
Uh wa oh uh wa oh
And I'm willing to start a fight
Uh wa oh uh wa oh
Children in the city don't look so pretty
uh wa oh uh wa oh
Children in the city don't look so pretty Moonchild goes away

Sunshine lights those graves
Kids forget their autumn names
But the love funeral goes away
Red eyes on your face
Driftwood will take your fate
Cities built for the last parade
But the love funeral becomes the holy days
Becomes the holy days
Becomes the holy days
Becomes the holy days
and I'm willing to start a
Uh wa oh uh wa oh
And I'm willing to start a fight
Uh wa oh uh wa oh
And I'm willing to start a fight
Uh wa oh uh wa oh
Children in the city don't look so pretty
uh wa oh uh wa oh
Children in the city don't look so pretty I know I'm in the underground
We the youth we walk on floating doors
I don't know where I've seen them
Kids parade around till they drop dead
I know I'm in the underground
We the youth we walk on floating doors
I don't know where I've seen them
Kids parade around till they drop dead

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnyrics.com/>