

# 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 meI 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 youThis is how the story ends  
Death is a party, invite all your friendsAnd 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 dayAnd 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 prettyAnd I know what I got  
keep on going till it stops  
What you got you know is gold  
nothing left we know its nothing moreI 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 youThis is how the story ends  
Death is a party, invite all your friendsAnd I've got lost on the way  
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Celebrate the trip of the day  
And I'm willing to start a fightUh 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 prettyMoonchild 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

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