

# 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 walls

Look at their eyes, they always seem to follow  
Look at their eyes, they always seem to follow me  
Out of tune this tale of terror

The solemn tolling of the funeral bells

I want to know what's going on in that pretty little head of yours

Where every day'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 light never see morning, as finally one will not  
Maybe you're the one that's overrated

Shriek and scream, much too horrified to speak  
Out of tune this tale of terror

The solemn tolling of the funeral bells

I want to know what's going on in that pretty little head of yours

Where every day's a Bone Palace Ballet

Every day, [Incomprehensible]  
This morning I woke up, I rubbed my eyes

And I took a quick glance around the room

And saw what happened here last night  
There was blood on the walls

And the sheets smelled like sweat and sex

We have narrowed it down to the butcher knife

And the mockingbird with the blood  
Out of tune this tale of terror

The solemn tolling of the funeral bells

I want to know what's going on in that pretty little head of yours

Where every day's a Bone Palace Ballet

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