

# 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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