Pretty Dirty

Every Time I Die

The great American mischief has muted our hearts
And our rhythms are met
With the inharmonious grunts of electric guitars
It's all but too much
So nobody out there believes the obscene are reprieved
Everybody get fed up
My baby better get high
'Cause, I got something that I need to confess
The dead men talking are longing
For so much more than simply the obvious
Cut us off
We're suffering, hysterical
Lighting the flare from the foot of her bed
I've been begging you for less mercy than this
But the only thing you need to know
Is that you never wanted to know
Take it off, take it back
Or take cover because we're nearing a nerve
Dead is wasted on the patient
So make haste and head for the wake
Now the hornets inhabit the hearts
We've abandoned, we are the gone
Cast aside our clothes like funeral roses
And dance straight through the psalm
I was right all along
I'm dead in the water, don't come for me
I was once alive in the desert?s eyes
On the day it wed the sea
I drew a chalk outline around your city
I hushed the sobs in your halls
But we both know that it's killer
Baby, he'll outrun them all
There is so much shame
In how little we've gained for so long
Now the sky is falling
And you're just repeating everything I say
You're not listening close enough, it's a catastrophe
You have not been concentrating
Pay attention there will be an exam

Build an ark, build an ark
Come bring us back to the ruin
Drifting out of our heads
Taped off the sky above your city
Dusted for prints on the chapel wall
But we all know that it's killer
Baby, I will outrun them all

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