

# Guitarred and Feathered

## Every Time I Die

This is a cause for celebration here in the belly of the swarm  
The situation demands that we raise our glasses  
In honor of the spokesman we've fixated to the floor  
Give us your headline hymns and your saddest verse  
You're not partnered with the half-hearted anymore  
Our legs are spread wide open  
Our weary heads are splitting at the seams  
And we all know you're proficient in the idioms of grief  
We are capable of the kind of love about which  
Only the petrified can speak  
Concede him the microphone let him sing  
The triumph of the frauds to all his loyal psychofanatics  
We all cater to the fire  
Once the walls come rushing down for shame  
I can say it better than you felt it  
And I can be it bigger than you needed it  
I haven't lived a day of my life apart  
From the one that everyone's read about  
I'll spark de-evolution  
I was specially bred for the cover page of your magazines  
I've been fatted up for the guillotines  
Sweet talker, you're goddamn, right, I'm a blessed lamb  
I can show you all how to have a good time  
I know why you came here  
But neither of us will get what you want out of me  
This room has one too many laureates so I'm keeping my peace  
Every candidate ends his life with a cliché  
And the paths of glory lead to nowhere but the grave  
I've been spoiled rotten  
Every thought I've authored had curdled  
Not everything is poetry but I can't convince you of that  
I've been drawn and quartered, I've been twice picked over  
And it's sickening what you've come here today to  
celebrate  
Fuck, yeah, we're gonna party tonight  
I am capable of the kind of love about which only the intoxicated  
And the California bound can weep

Lyrics provided by

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