Depressionista

Every Time I Die

Trained in the art of devastating
The arts be remaining unmoved in their midst
We came down, down, down
From that high and now we're looking for moreWe're bloodless now
And we are uninterrupted by the majesty of it all
We're passed around, around, around
Like the currency of the friendless roadsOne trick pony and the parlor
Isn't big enough for the both of us'Til death do we rock?
We're so full of shit
'Til death do we rock?
You keep buying it'Til death do we rock?
You're so full of shit
'Til death do we rock?
You're still buying itThe closed circuit of stimulus
That runs between fashion and guilt
Is winding tighter around the heartOur orbits are collapsing upon themselves
We're retreating into the vogue
Where we're sucking the blood from the necks of guitarsBeg for the scraps of prose
That piled up behind the bar
Though we try and try and try
We get the melodies wrongBut we remember the words
We're parasites, we are delicate
In the way we bring each other down
We were oh so close to the start when they finished usAim the mast at the ground
Aim the mast at the ground
And sail us to the belly of the whale'Til death do we rock?
We're so full of shit
'Til death do we rock?
You keep buying itThe closed circuit of stimulus
That runs between fashion and guilt
Is winding tighter around the heartOur orbits are collapsing upon themselves
But we stand in the traffic indifferent
To the grand histrionics of God unmoved

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