

# A Gentleman's Sport

## Every Time I Die

Vague men tied to a stake, gather round your little ones  
Feast your eyes, steady your aim behold  
We hit shore dragging miles of verse  
Poisoned food on the line, well we're throwing it back  
Thought the meat of this kill would feed  
Starving artists for centuries  
Skin him, gut him  
This is not what we bargained for  
He is worthless unless he is whole  
Make bait food for thought  
Spit back every hound  
Spit back every hound  
All that we hunt you for, we are  
All that we hunt you for, we are  
All that we hunt you for, we are  
Plastic rabbits, white elephants  
An unclothed singularity  
It's the fox that the dogs couldn't reach  
Skin him, gut him  
The contaminated repast  
For the head of the bachelor band  
Make bait food for thought  
You have no idea what you're up against  
You have no idea  
Chewed off my very own head  
To get me out of this trap  
Chewed off my very own head  
To get me out of this trap  
Chewed off my very own head  
To get me out of this trap  
Chewed off my very own head  
To get me out of this trap  
Bring me the tongue  
Everything else is fat  
Salvage the tongue  
Discard the rest of him  
Bring me the tongue  
Everything else is fat  
Bring me the tongue  
Bring me the tongue  
Bring me the tongue  
Throw back the rest of him

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