

Darlings of New Midnight

These Arms Are Snakes

At our parties, there's two guys for every girl
At our parties, there's two bodies for every cannibal
At our parties, there's two cooks for every entree Whatever you want, you got, you got Just don't ask me to wait
around 'cause I will
And nobody ever makes up their mind
And it's that which makes me wonder what crazy really is
'Cause everyone seems to be just a little bit Some more than others
And at our parties, we use sign language
Sign language, sign language
God, come on We all stop for pedestrians
But as I stand here
Feeling all the braille of your back
I realize I may never have to see again Because you can lead me anywhere
Anywhere you want
As long as I don't get hit by a car This is a, a celebration of our lethargy
Carnival clowns with six packs of wet eyes
They can smell, they can smell our mischief in the air
In the air, in the air, in the air, in the air, in the air I'm not trying to collect fingers here
I'm trying to ask you to sever your own
We've been starving at hands for awhile
Still yet to hit our own When I speak to you, it's so fluent
When I speak to you, it's so fluent
No eyes closed Sisters of new midnight
Come on drop your plans
If the devil is your diamond
Then we'll gladly take your hand Darlings of the past tense
Catch up if you can
If this living is your idol
Then we're glad you understand Sisters of new midnight
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