# Bleeding Ceremony

## Cherry Poppin' Daddies

I was taught to always be nice so I open doors on impulse
Always make room on the sidewalk though I notice no one else does
They just plow through knocking you down
With a smug look on their faces
So I stay home writing my songs in my fantasy oasis
Would it be out of line
To spend the rest of my life in my head?
While I'm running my thumb all along on a razor's edge?
Getting warm in the tub while I'm watching the clouds
Of the blood I spreadBut I never said
What I wanted to say
What I wanted to say
What I wanted to say
What I wanted to say
Was DROP DEAD.I'm a loner, like or not. A Marat. Inside I'm lonely
Purified my masochism in a bleeding ceremony
Light a candle, open my hand, and I'll end retaliations
From the dog pack cowardice here in the gauchest of the nationsWould it be too benign
To spend the rest of my time in my head?
Am I hurting myself to remember? Like Orson's sled?
I've been waiting so long for the words to this song
I bet I bleed to deathBut I never said
What I wanted to say
What I wanted to say
What I wanted to say
What I wanted to say
Was DROP DEAD.Now I hope that magically I will emerge back into life
Even though I'm vanishing now in a hemlock bath of wine
Become a hero swinging my sword in a bloody ancient world
And leave the life here ruined by guilt where they need to thin the herdDROP DEAD.Was what I wanted to say
What I wanted to say
Was DROP DEAD.What I wanted to say
What I wanted to say
Was DROP DEAD.What I wanted to say
What I wanted to say
What I wanted to say...

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