Ebolarama

Every Time I Die

Boys shoot to thrill from the hip. This time we put the "act" in action
We've tricked the pigs into thinking that this auction is a pageant
In no time there will be makeup on our new set of cutlery
The livestock is star struck. They're all salivating like ravenous cartoons
Goddamn animal. You'd better watch where you spit
Squeal like soft music. If it helps, we'll dim the lights on the floor
Neon bulbs are the cosmetics of swine. Everybody looks quite dazzling
Trussed up in their formal attire
You'd make a great secret if I could keep you, but we all spill our guts
We're locked and loaded. Drip fed and bloated. Our trigger fingers snagged
In the mouse trap of the moment
Turn the lights off on us, like a moth left in the cold. In the dark, begging for more
When the urgency strikes you, you'd better not lose your nerve
It's the rush that the cockroaches get at the end of the world. It's alright
There's a pail by the bed if you need one, but you're doing just fine
When in Rome we shall do as the Romans, when in Hell we do shots at the bar
Last call, kill it
We don't think in terms of the morning afters
And we don't utter a single word of the night befores
In the meantime we're just thoughtless incessant buzzing apparatus
Disillusioned and lonelier than the last man standing
It doesn't get any better than this so run like Hell
This is a rock and roll takeover
Living each day one night at a time
There were mercy fucks, there was blood
You should have been there by my side
This is passion, this is red handed denial
I have no lover and she hasn't the prettiest eyes. Last call, kill it

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