

# Roman Holiday

## Every Time I Die

We cut our teeth in the bedroom  
We slit our wrists in our costumes  
All of them witches, witches, witches, witchesWe are the death of the party  
We are the life of the funeral  
All of us ragmen, ragmen, ragmen, ragmenI want the ripened fruit  
I want the fresh meat  
I want the first born  
I want the down beatWe traded vows on the front line  
They ushered us through the stop sign  
All of them witches, witches, witches, witchesWe found our way in the blackout  
We are the ghosts in the lighthouse  
All of us ragmen, ragmen, ragmen, ragmenI want the open wound  
I want the dark street  
I want the virgin blood  
I want the wet heat

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