

A Gentlemans 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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