

# Bring Out Your Dead

## Beautiful Small Machines

Heavy like thousand pounds  
What if I told you now  
To carry the smell of death is  
harder than it sounds  
Heavy like thousand pounds  
I bite my lips and look around  
You said:  
My dear, it smells like corpse in here

Bring out your dead  
Pull out the speakers now  
What comes out I will allow  
I didn't come here to die  
Dare to see what's inside  
It feels like suicide  
My favorite corpse I like to hide

Who am I without  
my skeleton friend?  
Without the rules I bend  
Can these broken bones mend?  
Scared if I let it all out  
You will know what I'm about  
And the void, what do I fill it with  
Once that corpse is gone

Bring out your dead  
Bring out what's dead  
Pull out the speakers now  
What comes out I will allow  
I didn't come here to die  
Dare to see what's inside  
It feels like suicide  
My favorite corpse I like to hide

When I let this corpse out  
He will bite your soul  
It will make you bleed  
When I let this corpse go  
Will you do the same,

will you let him go?

Let go

Pull out the speakers now  
What comes out I will allow  
I didn't come here to die  
Dare to see what's inside  
It feels like suicide  
My favorite corpse I like to hide  
When I let this corpse out  
He will bite your soul  
It will make you bleed  
When I let this corpse go  
Look me in the eye and let me  
know I'm not dead

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