Composing

Boys Night Out

It's all about the song in my head
The one where the audience is all deadThese days they're allowing
Visitation to aid in my rehabilitation
To make these days mean so much more to me
I beg friends and family for forgiveness
And now for the first time together well witness
Together well live this song Ive been living incessantly
So come sing with me
Through these poison pills and chemicals
I know that you'll be something beautiful
And brilliant, release will be instant
I'm sorry its the only wayIt's all about the song in my head
The one where the audience is all deadSo come over to my house
Catch up over dinner
We're having strychnine and sirloin
Port wine and paint thinner
You'll convulse through the chorus
It's the song of the sinner
As I slowly clear the table
I know that this wont be the last time
It won't be the last time
We wrote this song
And the world will sing it
To me it's everything, to me it's everything, to me it's
On every corpse I see, her face, my love, my heart
I hear her laughter and shes still alive
It's like shes still alive
It's in her body Im holding
As we make love
My heart breaks everytime I dismember the flesh
Hide the evidence and start again becauseIt's all about the song in my head
The one where the audience is all dead
(with your last breath - only through death, our voices will join together)

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