

# Champing At The Bit

## Every Time I Die

We drew a crowd  
The crowd drew blood  
Fawning swindlers  
There's a shark in the stream where the newborns are baptized  
There's a shark in the stream where the newborns are baptized Who let the flatterer into the gallery on our sweet  
sixteen?  
Take him away, get him against the wall for the witness  
This is doom in a borrowed suit  
It's a pick up line at a funeral  
Cannibals along side the catwalk But it's okay, we've got old blood  
And our veins are rooted to the hornets nest again New love is tasteless  
We're wearing down  
We're wearing down  
This is the year of the party crashers What is charm?  
Where are the heroics?  
What is harm to the perfumed wrists of the stoics? Designer imposters find us twitching in the claws of the snake  
A fin is circling around the floor  
It appears we've lost our way  
Now the tide is swelling and we've fallen asleep on the shore Get inside  
Get inside Someone's yelling fire  
Someone yelling fire  
Someone yelling fire in the theater  
Oh, dear God, everybody stay calm Tell your husband that his scream invited it in  
The horsemen are crashing through the gates  
Crashing through the gates We had better learn to play dead  
Our hands are reeking of rapture  
It's dripping from our chin, the tragedy of infant hearts But it's okay  
We've got old blood  
And our hair is woven to the same hotel again New love is tasteless  
We're wearing down  
We're wearing down  
This is the year of the party crashers It's you and me  
For the first time in history, we're history  
'Cause it's you and me  
For the first time in history, we're history  
'Cause it's you and me  
For the first time in history, we're history

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