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 baptizedWho 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 catwalkBut it's okay, we've got old blood
And our veins are rooted to the hornets nest againNew love is tasteless
We're wearing down
We're wearing down
This is the year of the party crashersWhat 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 shoreGet inside
Get insideSomeone's yelling fire
Someone yelling fire
Someone yelling fire in the theater
Oh, dear God, everybody stay calmTell your husband that his scream invited it in
The horsemen are crashing through the gates
Crashing through the gatesWe had better learn to play dead
Our hands are reeking of rapture
It's dripping from our chin, the tragedy of infant heartsBut it's okay
We've got old blood
And our hair is woven to the same hotel againNew love is tasteless
We're wearing down
We're wearing down
This is the year of the party crashersIt'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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