

## No Son of Mine

## Every Time I Die

We've drained full confession booths  
Polluted drinking wells with our repentances  
And then stood grinning with our arm  
Around our shoulders of a rotting child

Hold that pose, provisional arrogant little pigs  
Who devour their siblings

Shoot that dog if we can't afford to feed  
Shoot that dog if we can't afford to feed  
Famine fathered a moth  
Famine fathered a moth that begot our fathers

Keep your voices down, I'm sneaking out  
Hey, what's the big idea?  
Keep your fucking hands off the insight

That rat has got it's mother's eyes  
That rat has got it's mother's eyes  
Breeding and nausea  
They are pouring themselves into the sea

Stop thief, stop thief, stop thief, stop thief  
Stop thief, stop thief, stop thief, stop thief

Leave your drunken accident at the prom  
It'll grow to mend your broken heart

Don't sign the dotted line  
Every house is a little bit of Hollywood  
Don't sign the dotted line  
Every house is a little bit of Hollywood

The world is too incredible  
To bring such ugliness into it

The artist is sneaking down the hall  
To impregnate the last of its kin  
Indiscernible mute in a swarm of derivatives

I deny any part, I deny any part

Deadbeat, godfather  
Deadbeat, godfather  
Deadbeat, godfather  
Deadbeat, godfather

Bite your tongue, who taught you those words?  
Blaspheme, when you are under my roof  
Don't ever say rock and roll  
Don't ever say rock and roll