

Pretty Picture

The Used

Death is...I'll tell you, I don't care how many screams you can hear, I don't care how many cry. Death is a million times accessible and more dangerous as life. If you knew what was ahead of you, if you knew what was ahead of you, you'd be more glad and accepting over it

My back to the wolf
With the plans that I made for the song
Can you hear me sing?
Can you hear my serenade

Never mind the irony
My face to the cloud
Let the bones pick loud
Bitter melic never fail me now

Better sung from the pedestal
Sermons of better worlds

My back to the wolf
Fill the vats
Make a line from the back
Keep the iddy biddies calm
As we all prepare for the masquerade
For the razor blade

Must have lost my way
But I sure do clean up good

Pretty picture
Do you like me?
Will you follow me?
No more talk, no words

Join the revolution
Pretty picture
Do you like me?
Would you die for me?

My voice to the tape

Let the ceremony set light to the page
Better burned in the memory
They will remember me

My back to the gun
And the cups to the brim
And the drips to the last
To be sealed forever in the past

Take a picture of me
Take a picture of me

Must have lost my way
But I sure do clean up good

Pretty picture
Do you like me?

Will you follow me?
No more talk, no words

Join the revolution
Pretty picture
Do you like me?
Would you die for me?

Commit an act of revolutionary suicide protesting the conditions of an inhuman world

Must have lost my way
But I sure do clean up good

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Join the revolution
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Do you like me?
Would you die for me?

We've set an example for others, we've set one thousand people who said 'we don't like the way the world is