

What makes you gold-flecked?
You talk backwards like i do
Hold still
Your cold voodoo just smacked her upside the head

Blood squeezed through your veins
You wear memories as false pain
Who better than you to bless her
Baptize the dead?

All's fair in new orleans
So spend the night whispering
Can't stand the heat?
Get out of here

Warm blooded
Cold hearted
You can't finish what you started

Clear sailing
Murky water
You're still the smoothest talker
All twisted up
Ham-fisted
You don't want the devil's daughter
Wasted
Inebriated
You don't want her
But you brought her here

All's fair in new orleans
So spend the night whimpering
Can't stand the heat?
Get out of here

One step backward
You lost your way
Your haunted virtue
You threw it away