

Desperate Pleasures

Every Time I Die

Wheel out your god, these are desperate times
Talk to your mother, these are desperate times
Dance with your lover, these are desperate times
Surrender yourself, these are desperate times

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Fight for their lives, fight for their lives
The hopeless are useless in desperate times
You got it bad? Try having passion
Try still believing that some good will happen

Though nothing ever has
And nothing ever will
'Cause nothing ever can
It's almost unbearable
Honestly? Terrible

We're in the golden age of bastards
We're living in the golden age of bastards, bastards
Despairing is painless and peace is a lie
You should try loving man while fucking hating mankind
It rips you apart

You got an atheist praying for judgement day
Enough to make an atheist pray for judgement day

The great American sob story
A sad S.O.B story
A holy man who kills what cannot be saved

At war with a villain, you can't call a truce
You put down your weapon but now he's got two
A liar's a liar, take him at his word
Forever rebelling against the absurd

The world made us sick
How can it heal us?
The world made us sick
How can it heal us?
The world made us sick
How can it heal us?
The world made us sick
How can it heal us?

We can not be saved
By the men digging graves
We can not be saved
By the men digging graves

In desperate times, desperate times

Hey, look on the bright side

There's nowhere but up from a canyon in hell

Look on the bright side

There's nowhere but up from a canyon in hell