

Typical Miracle

Every Time I Die

I need a new rock bottom. I've got to find a beloved
back alley.
I'm bored as hell in Sodom and Eden is just another dry
county.
The local haunts have been blessed, all their spirits
dispossessed.
Even our bed is the second best and the end isn't near
it is now.

These drugs won't even bring me down.
I wanna dance but I don't hear a sound.
You can't fuck when your friends are around but my slow
death drew a crowd.

Can't take two sins off of one ox.
Pile them on because she won't spare the rod.
You don't drown faster the deeper you sink
so you best make peace and take in the sea.

Nurse that stray black dog. Stay low, keep digging.
Divine light continued to shine for so long that the
battery died
and no spark could be seen in my eyes so it waved death
down.

The rapture came and it went while my faith was
treading cement.
I'm hell bound but I'm heaven sent
so I'm lifted back into the ground.
I've ascended back into the ground.

There was whiskey in the devils blood
and there was blood in my cup
so I will make me a better grave.
I will find my own way.