

Underwater Bimbos From Outer Space

Every Time I Die

I want to be dead with my friends,
I want to be dead with my friends.
Wide-eyed, brilliant, tie them in rags.
I want to be dead with my friends.
I want to be dead with my friends.

When the iron sharpens the iron.
When the iron sharpens the iron.
When the iron sharpens the iron.
sharpens the iron.

I want to be dead with my friends
I want to be dead with my friends
Mother load, unforgettable end [?]
I want to be dead with my friends

Let boredom cease the beating of our purple hearts,
Against this, even gods fight violently in vain,
What chance could we have stood?
We're the last of the lost,
but now we're the first of the fashionably late.

Loved ones decompose,
You'll dance around their bones
Most of us are holy ghosts
All of us are holy ghosts
(2x)

We made the scene when we made a scene
And though it was brief, it meant everything.
Oh what a pity, now they're bound to make us saints.
Oh what a pity, now they're bound to make us saints.

Against this, even boys fight violently in vain,
What chance could we have stood?
We're the last of the lost,
but now we're the first of the fashionably late.

I refuse to be the only man
Put to rest in a mass grave
I refuse to be the only man
Put to rest in a mass grave
I refuse to be the only man
Put to rest in a mass grave

You were all there with me
You were all there with me
You were all there with me