

# Dagger's Edge

Everything Everything

You'll never be a famous dude  
I hate to break it to you, but it's true  
Vainglorious  
Your tower reeks of concrete, like a forcemeat  
Battered zoo

Beep? Beep? I don't wanna beep  
I ate that bullet like it was a vitamin  
Three sheets to the wind  
Don't give your enemies anything  
Gone, gone, Littlefoot is gone  
Those dino children making you hysterical  
We know what you are

Ah, you are running on the dagger's edge  
Ah, you are running on the dagger's edge

I'm making so much money  
I could kill you just to bill you for my time  
I turn my body inside out when I think  
So I don't think anything

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Your life is not the one you ordered  
The customer is always right  
The chanting of the rancid Hellkite hoot is  
Filling up your toad-crossed mind

The need to reconnect with nature  
A ground-up horse and turkey lie  
The growling of your stomach's eldritch heart is  
Spilling into waking life

We've all become tomorrow's bacon  
It's spilling into waking life

We've all become tomorrow's bacon  
The customer is always right  
We've all become tomorrow's bacon  
It's filling up your toad-crossed mind  
We've all become tomorrow's bacon  
It's a ground-up horse and turkey lie