

Death, Dancing

Say Anything

This is the sound of my room without you
I'm in my room
This is the sound of my room without you
This is the sound of my room without you

I'm not writing an anthem for you
Holocaust all I'm known to do
With zen that my mommy forbid me to feel; fuck your feelings
Just want me, mi amour
We'll be conqueror whores
Arboreal snakes
In our kind
Sixty-nine
Kneel behind
Your behind
Any goddamn time

If you say, say
But I don't wanna feel it
I'm dead inside

I can run automatically
On adequate therapy
Was I touched?
I can't remember a thing, just her brother commanding my actions
Wow
As I grinded, his eyes
Were as dead as mine
Look in this eternal night

For the first time in my life, I'm free
Disregard the explosion

When I love you, I feel death dancing
I clap my hands and ball my fists up
Hope the kids don't die like this

When I love you, it's like Death is dancing
I clap my hands and ball my fists up
Hope the kids don't die like this

They won't
I will not say it
No, they won't
They won't die like this

Someone, tell me where the light goes
A machete to The 12 is the right pose
I'm talking about the murder of actual police officers
Fuck you
I took your queen. We speak in dreams, glittering
Get it, girl
1. Triplets in bed
2. Triplets in bed
3. Counting all these triplets in my bed

You still run

And everything you do is alright with me

Someone, tell me where the light goes
I have a crush on XXXXXXXX where the light goes
Someone, tell me where the light goes
Can I put it six-feet deep in my asshole?
Damn. Goddamn. Goddamn, baby
Me, me, me, me, me

They're sitting in the next room. I want to make it clear
One is ten and one is eight. They're my light and my moonshine
I hope they're not worried. Lord knows I was
When my mother held me to my side
To protect me from the demon in her bed

But I'm OK

I hope when they hear me singing right now
They know they're going to make some fucked-up shit when they get older
But I will be there
I swear on Christ, that fucking cunt
We are not like this. I'll be beaming and beating off to this

When I loved you, I saw Death dancing, girl
Clap your hands and ball your fists up
I hope to God that you don't die

I love you, and it is like Death, dancing
Clap your hands. Now, ball your fists up, girl
Your fists will never see his

Now, I'm going to suck on your bones
You're not the first one, either; Not the last one, too

You have got to leave him in the dirt
Go tell his mama
You tell Mama to go fuck herself