

Fucking's Greatest Hits

The Blood Brothers

Ring out the gong again!
Carve out this hymn in skin!
When the party blacks out again
You're still eating headlines out of the newspaper bin
Slap the gong again!
Carve out this hymn in skin!

Happy birthday gelatins smearing bruises on your chin
There's cake but no mouth, conch but no sound
Glossy skeletons boyfriends but no friends
And that birthday greeting on your face
Reads one more year of smiles faked. [x3]

Ring out the gong again!
Carve out this hymn in skin!
When they've pissed between every sheet of your father's bed
Those tears have barcodes waiting to be scanned/scammed
And when they've hurled every gutted couch cushion
From the living room into your fathers swimming pool
You're bobbing chlorine apples in the broth bucket of envy's gruel

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There's cake but no mouth, conch but no sound
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And that birthday greeting on you face
Reads one more year of smiles faked. [x3]

Ring! Ring! Ring out the gong!
So now you've made it to the top of their list
Congratulations you're fucking's greatest hit!

Behind husks of leather, photo albums shield their laughter
You thought they'd make you breakfast the morning after?
Your fantasy season gangrened off the calendar