

My Murder, My Love

The Coup

Well, i've spoke the name of the lord in vain In gunpowder and flame
And I've vomited slang in porcelain And then claimed it w
as champagne And I can rhyme silk with cigarettes I can rhyme J
ack Daniels with triumph But no sentence I could spit could've
shifted events In the back of that plymouth reliant And philoso
phy Is calculated to be worth its weight in air But the way you
told me to fuck myself Well, the words had a certain flair I h
ope he fits the tux I am just a man in flux Let me clarify thin
g with the way I strut So I can shout with my mouth shut
The machinery of lamps in the sky tonight Unfurl above electric
lies of light C'mon grip me tight against the wall Where the c
usswords, piss, and masterpiece fight I'm alive (through the po
wer of explosion: Colt 45 and a busted trojan) Motion is eviden
ce of belief Especially with the world's most beautiful slogan
Applause from the mannequins should be ignored Look for the har
mony of pen and sword Statues of our heroes turn to dust We sin
g To snort the dust up off the floor I hope he fits the tux Eve
n mountains are in flux Let us clarify things with the way we s
trut So we can shout with our mouths shut

My murder, my love What were the cookies made of? My murder, my
sweet What kind of pills did we eat?