

The Bled

"Dale Earnhardt's Seatbelt"

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The signal flares will light the way to the scene of the
accident,
where we'll dance like a pile of teeth in a broken mouth.
Such a sick celebration.
Everyone loves a tragedy in epic proportions.
Lets set our hearts at self-destruct.
Like scarlet drips on a white tile floor.
A cardiac metronome.
We'll scrape the guardrail from our teeth and start
again.
There's a flood in the infirmary where we'll swim
through broken glass.
Our prosthetic limbs will keep us afloat.
Lets set our hearts at self-destruct.

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