

## **Bless The Fall**

### **"Serial Thriller"**

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I'd rip the wings off Cupid's back to better his aim  
Then maybe he'll shoot straight to my chest  
And not below the belt  
How can I trust him with these arrows when I know he'll  
miss again  
But I can't live with constant accidents  
So I'll arm myself to rid this world of "Love"  
And on this Red Day the icon of love is bloodied up  
And I found horns beneath his halo  
I would stab him a thousand times again  
To hear the scream of so many sleepless nights  
Then maybe he'll shoot straight to my chest and not  
below the belt  
My mother told me anything too sweet will surely break  
your teeth  
Sweetheart you'll offer me again your chocolate  
covered razor blades  
But I'll sweep you off your feet  
So just bite this rose and let's tango  
Let's dance 'till our legs fall off (Let's dance 'till our  
legs finally fall)  
What a fool I was to trust in man made love  
I'll never trust that lie again!

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