

Every Time I Die "Broadway"

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This isn't at all unpleasant. I'm enchanted by the lavish
ballet, and I'll
whistle the tune all the way to the gallows that I heard
at the cabaret. At
the sheriff's signal, the orchestra moves the floor.
Don't it make you feel
wonderful? Body twisting strictly ballroom. Criminally
elegant, ideal
postured Viennese waltzer. I'm dressed to kill. I'm
weightless and well
rehearsed. In my godless opera my character is
canonized. Uphold me. This
is a musical and nothing goes wrong. Can't keep the
classics out of the head
of the masochists. Strike up the band. It's 245 beats for
a measure or 5
beats per 6 steps on alternating feet. The show must
go on. Never mind the
teeth and fingernails, the show must go on. I don't feel
at all like I

thought I would, but I could probably go on like this
forever. Tonight, we
dance, for tomorrow they release the dogs. 1,2,3. Keep
it up. 1,2,3. Savor
it. (Where is my head? Where is my heart?) Everything
vanishes.

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