

Every Time I Die "Champing the Bit"

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We drew a crowd.
The crowd drew the blood.
Fawning swindlers.
There's a shark in the stream where the newborns are
baptized.
Who let the flatterer into the gallery on our sweet
sixteen?
Take him away.
Get him against the wall for the witnesses.
This is doom in a borrowed suit.
It's a pickup line at a funeral.
Cannibals along side the catwalk.
But it's ok we're got old blood and our veins are rooted
to the hornets nest again.
New love is tasteless.
We're wearing down.
This is the year of the party crasher.
What is charm?
Where are the heroics?
What is harm to the perfumed wrists of the stoics?
Designer imposters find us twitching in the claws of the
snake.
A fin is circling around the floor.
It appears we've lost our way.
The tide is swelling and we've fallen asleep on the
shore.
Get inside.
Someone's yelling fire in the theater.
Oh dear god.
Everybody stay calm.
Tell your husband that his screaming just invited it in.
The horsemen are crashing through the gates.
We had better learn to play dead.
Our hands are reeking of rapture.
It's dripping from our chin.
The tragedy of infant hearts.
But it's ok we've got old blood and our hair is woven to
the same hotel again.
We're wearing down.
This is the year of the party crasher.
It's you and me for the first time in history.
We're history.

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