

Every Time I Die "Ebolarama"

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Boys: Shoot to thrill from the hip.
It's time we put the "act" in action.
We've tricked the pigs into thinking that this auction is
a pageant.
In no time there will be makeup on our new set of
cutlery.
The livestock is star struck.
They're all salivating like ravenous cartoons.
Goddamn animal.
You'd better watch where you spit.
Squeal like soft music.
If it helps, we'll dim the lights on the floor.
Neon bulbs are the cosmetics of swine.
Everybody looks quite dazzling, trussed up in there
formal attire.
You'd make a great secret if i could keep you, but we
all spill our guts. We're locked and loaded.
Drip fed and bloated.
Our trigger fingers snagged in the mouse trap of the
moment.
Turn the lights off on us, like a moth left in the cold.
In the dark, begging for more.
When the urgency strikes, you'd better not lose your
nerve.
It's the rush that the cockroaches get at the end of the
world.
It's alright.
There's a pail by the bed if you need it (but you're
doing just fine).
When in Rome we shall do a the Romans, when in Hell
we do shots at the bar. Last call, kill it.
We don't think in terms of mornings afters.
And we don't utter a single word of the night before.
In the meantime we're just thoughtless incessant
buzzing aparatus. Disillusioned and lonelier than the
last man standing.
It doesn't get any better than this so run like hell.
This is a rock and roll takeover.
Living each day one night at a time.
There were mercy fucks, there was blood.
You should have been there by my side.
This is passion, this is red handed denial.

I have no lover and she hasn't the prettiest eyes. Last
call, kill it.

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