

Every Time I Die "Guitared And Feathered"

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This is a cause for celebration here in the belly of the swarm

The situation demands that we raise our glasses in honor of the spokesman we've fixated to the floor
Give us your headlines, hymns, and your saddest verse. You're not partnered with the half hearted anymore

Our legs are spread wide open

Our weary heads are splitting at the seams and we all know your proficient in the idioms of grief

We are capable of the kind of love about which only the petrified can speak

Concede him the microphone let him sing the triumphs of the frauds to all his loyal sycofanatics

We all cater to the fire once the walls come rushing down for shame

I can say it better than you felt it

And I can be it bigger than you needed it

I haven't spent a day of my life apart from the one everyone's read about

I'll spark de-evolution

I was specially bred for the cover page of your magazines

I've been fattened up for the guillotines

Sweet talker, you're goddamn right I'm a blessed lamb

I can show you how to have a good time

I know why you came here, but neither of us will get what you want out of me

This room has one too many laureates so I'm keeping my peace

Every candidate ends his life with a cliché, and the paths of glory lead to nowhere but the grave

I've been spoiled rotten

Every thought I've authored has curdled

Not everything is poetry but I can't convince you of that

I've been drawn and quartered

I've been twice picked over

And it's sickening what you've come here today to celebrate

Fuck yea we're gonna party tonight

I am capable of the kind of love about which only the intoxicated and the California bound can weep

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