

## Every Time I Die

### "Revival Mode"

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Thanks lord, but I don't need any more poor advice,  
poor advice.

Caught in the canon with a one way ticket.  
Four riders in a town with one horse.  
I've wagered a sure thing,  
Against what was behind the first door.  
Stack the chips, ready to ride.  
Out of sight, out of mind.  
It's fool-proof and it won't do,  
To make safe bets while I'm towing the line.

Thanks lord, but I don't need any more poor advice,  
poor advice.

I had a lock on a dirty little secret,  
A raging bull who was fixed to fall down.  
I've been waiting at ringside my whole life,  
But he's still swinging on.

I've got debts piling high.  
I've got addictions and ex wives.  
But I've stayed true, so I thank you,  
For bearing witness while I waste my fucking life.

I'm Ready to pay the judge, to pay the judge, to pay the  
judge.  
Now I need to tip the scale, some sort of bribery, I'm  
not waiting this  
Out.  
I need to pay the judge, to pay the judge, to pay the  
judge.  
I need to grease a palm, some sort of certainty, I'm  
sick of waiting this  
Out.

I should have learned a more noble craft,  
Out of the library, into the lab.  
"And will the machine gunners please step forth?"  
"Will the sheet cutters please step forth?"  
There's only room on this rescue boat,

For butchers and bakers and men with hope.  
And will machine gunners please step forth?  
Will machine gunners please step forth?

Thanks lord, but I don't need any more poor advice,  
poor advice.  
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poor advice.

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