

## **Every Time I Die "Roman Holiday"**

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We cut our teeth in the bedroom.  
We slit our wrists in our costumes.  
All of them, witches.  
Witches, withes, witches.  
We are the death of the party.  
We are the life of the funereal.  
All of us, ragmen.  
Ragmen, ragmen, ragmen.  
I want the ripest fruits.  
I want the fresh meat.  
I want the first born.  
I want the down beat.  
We traded vows on the front line.  
They ushered us through the stop sign.  
All of them, witches.  
Witches, witches, witches.  
We found our way in the black out  
We are the ghosts in the lighthouse.  
All of us, ragmen.  
Ragmen, ragmen, ragmen.  
I want the open wound.  
I want the dark street.  
I want the virgin blood.  
I want the wet heat.

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