

Every Time I Die

"Starve An Artist, Cover Your Trash"

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Still balancing the bar, stiff-necked.
Withstanding change like a tragic play or holy war
between the sects.
The carnival stands but the cities will tend to move.
Like planets around a star, or water circling the drain?

Avant guardian angels on the wrong page of the map.
Avant guardian angel I am heartache, let me pass.
Still holding up the wall, still life.
A landmark placed for the photo op.
He's got no teeth, he doesn't bite
An empire falls but the cockroaches stay to breed.
Is it superior genes, or won't death collect such awful
things?

Yes it's garbage, but does that mean that it's art?
Gourmet carnage, a pulse without a heart.
Yes it's garbage, but does that mean that it's art?
Gourmet carnage, a pulse without a heart.

If you leave it hanging long enough, someone will be
amazed
And just because it's personal doesn't mean it's not
clickbait.
If it doesn't look like something now, steal it before it
does.
If it doesn't look like something now, steal it before it
does.

Avant guardian angel on the wrong page of the map.
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I will be there to help
Straighten out the frame that so proudly displays my
own death certificate.

