

## Every Time I Die

### "Underwater Bimbos From Outer Space"

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I want to be dead with my friends,  
I want to be dead with my friends.  
Wide-eyed, brilliant, tie them in rags.  
I want to be dead with my friends.  
I want to be dead with my friends.  
When the iron sharpens the iron.  
When the iron sharpens the iron.  
When the iron sharpens the iron, sharpens the iron.  
I want to be dead with my friends  
I want to be dead with my friends  
Throw the load, unforgettable end  
I want to be dead with my friends.

Let boredom cease the beating of our purple hearts,  
Against this, even gods fight violently in vain,  
What chance could we have stood?  
We're the last of the lost,  
But now we are the first of the fashionably late.

Loved ones decompose,  
You'll dance around their bones  
Most of us are holy ghosts  
All of us are holy ghosts  
[x2]

We made the scene when we made a scene  
And though it was brief, it meant everything.  
Oh what a pity, now they're bound to make us saints.  
Oh what a pity, now they're bound to make us saints.  
Against this, even boys fight violently in vain,  
What chance could we have stood?  
We're the last of the lost,  
But now we are the first of the fashionably late.

I refuse to be the only man put to rest in a mass grave.  
I refuse to be the only man put to rest in a mass grave.  
I refuse to be the only man put to rest in a mass grave.  
You were all there with me.  
You were all there with me.  
You were all there with me.

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