

## Chiodos

# "Is It Progression If A Cannibal Uses A Fork?"

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Listen up sweetie  
We all know that you're a beautiful girl  
In this horrible world  
And this suggestion of horror  
The portraits on the walls

Look at their eyes  
They always seem to follow

Look at their eyes  
They always seem to follow me

Out of tune this tale of terror  
The solemn tolling of the funeral bells  
I want to know what's going on in that  
Pretty little head of yours  
Where everyday's a bone palace ballet

Biting the flesh from your finger  
You know I just just can't help myself  
I wish to believe  
But belief is a graveyard  
May this light never see morning  
As finally one will not

Maybe you're the one that's overrated.  
Shriek and scream much too horrified  
To speak

Out of tune this tale of terror  
The solemn tolling of the funeral bells  
I want to know what's going on in that  
Pretty little head of yours  
Where everyday's a bone palace ballet

Flowers of red begin to bloom on the  
White sheets in her room  
Our lifeless bodies  
Lying there rotting for all of time

(sang at the same time)

This morning I woke up  
I rubbed my eyes and I  
Took a quick glance around the room  
And saw what happened here last night  
There was blood on the walls  
And the sheets smelled like sweat and sex  
We have narrowed it down to the butcher knife  
And the mockingbird with the blood.

Out of tune this tale of terror  
The solemn tolling of the funeral bells  
I want to know what's going on in that  
Pretty little head of yours  
Where everyday's a bone palace ballet

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