

Polkadot Cadaver "Purgatory Dance Party"

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The strobe lights your eyes
As the DJ is hung up and crucified
And there you are in all your innocence
With your back against the wall
Breaking hearts like commandments

I don't mind waiting for you
There's blood on the dancefloor
Oh, now what are you gonna do?
I don't mind lying for you
About the bodies in the backyard

Four-three-two-one

Satan, go put on your blue dress, honey,
And lets do the tango!
Jesus, go put on some Elvis, baby,
And lets do the cha-cha!
Satan, let's toast to the Armageddon
You know that is all you!
Gandhi, go pour us a couple of whiskeys
You know you, my nigga!

I think I've seen you on TV
Where you're selling the end of the world?
You seem harmless enough to me
As my eyes glaze over into medicated sleep

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Oh, now what are you gonna do?
I don't mind lying for you
About the bodies in the backyard

Four-three-two-one

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And lets do the tango
Jesus, go put on some Elvis, baby,
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Satan, let's toast to the Armageddon
You know that is all you

Gandhi, go pour us a couple of whiskeys
You know you, my nigga!

Thank you doctor for these wonderful pills
I'm feeling so much different now
All suicidal thoughts are gone
And my new middle name is now 'Optimistic'

Just as the night fades into day
Mourning becomes you
As your worst nightmares come true
What will you do now that no one wants you
And your wildest dreams are all dying on your
birthday?
I want a front row seat to your Technicolor funeral,
I can not stop smiling
As they're lowering
Your body into the ground

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