Les Savy Fav
"Hold On To Your Genre"

Hold on to your genre,
Your genre's got a hold on you.
Hold on to your hair-do,
It's the only thing to hold onto.
Hold on to your genre,
Your genre's got a hold on you.
Get up on the vapor,
'Cause the solid's tough to hold on to.

There's a promise in the back room.
See it written in the bathroom.
You tell a little lie and then you
Try to get us in your bedroom.
You see our little lives and then you
Try to drag you to your death tomb.
I've been checking the seams of your
Red velvet blazer.
Now I'm haunted by dreams of the
Things I've found hid there:
All the rabbits you've vanished,
All the cards that you've killed,
All the dawns that you've banished
With too many pills.

Together
Forever,
The pity,
The pleasure,
The privilege,
The pressure,
The arteries
We sever.
The stillness,
It chills us,
But it's chills that we crave.
The stillness will fill us when we fill in our graves.

I never wanted something
Like nothing half this much.
I'd gladly trade my state
For nullity and such.
For once to stop this buzzing

And the lights inside my head.
Can I please have truly nothing
Once before I'm dead?

I've been checking the seams of your
Red velvet blazer.
And I'm seeing the lines of your
Will and your wish list:
And you wish you were nothing,
And you wish you were cold,
And you wish days meant something
So you'd stop getting old.

Back in the day you loved the night,
And you would feast with great delight.
A walnut coffin lined in silk,
And daughter's blood was mother's milk.
But now with fangs rust red as dusk,
A wet mouth in a dried up husk,
You try to make me one of "us."

Are you sick of being pretty?
Are you sick of being cool?
Are you alive beneath your makeup?
Or just an un-dead ghoul?