

Boysnighout "Composing"

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It's all about the song in my head
The one where the audience is all dead

These days they're allowing
Visitation to aid in my rehabilitation
To make these days mean so much more to me
I beg friends and family for forgiveness
And now for the first time together we'll witness
Together we'll live this song I've been living incessantly
So come sing with me
Through these poison pills and chemicals
I know that you'll be something beautiful
And brilliant, release will be instant
I'm sorry it's the only way

It's all about the song in my head
The one where the audience is all dead

So come over to my house
Catch up over dinner
We're having strychnine and sirloin
Port wine and paint thinner
You'll convulse through the chorus
It's the song of the sinner
As I slowly clear the table
I know that this won't be the last time
It won't be the last time
We wrote this song
And the world will sing it
To me it's everything, to me it's everything, to me it's
On every corpse I see, her face, my love, my heart
I hear her laughter and she's still alive
It's like she's still alive
It's in her body I'm holding
As we make love
My heart breaks everytime I dismember the flesh
Hide the evidence and start again because

It's all about the song in my head
The one where the audience is all dead
(with your last breath - only through death, our voices
will join together)

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