

## **Bled, The**

### **"Dale Earnhardt's Seatbelt"**

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The signal flares will light the way to the scene of the  
accident,  
where we'll dance like a pile of teeth in a broken mouth.  
Such a sick celebration.  
Everyone loves a tragedy in epic proportions.  
Lets set our hearts at self-destruct.  
Like scarlet drips on a white tile floor.  
A cardiac metronome.  
We'll scrape the guardrail from our teeth and start  
again.  
There's a flood in the infirmary where we'll swim  
through broken glass.  
Our prosthetic limbs will keep us afloat.  
Lets set our hearts at self-destruct.

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