

Bled, The

"Daylight Bombings"

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the air raids at night. are keeping things serene.
the president's men are closing in on me.
and the crosshair grin you hold me in
still does not propose an argument convincing me to
shed the devil's clothes.

electrodes to spine. tonguing my wounds clean.
that's when the nightmare stops.
oh yeah, i had a dream, i had a dream.
it went - shackled to the lover of another in a chapel so
pristine.
baptized at athiests. i never felt to clean.
the more i hear doves cry the less i want to fly.
the more i hear them crying out...

...when does the seizure end? when does the cyanide
kick in?
i'd like to hike you up over the waste of love and back
again.
oh my mistress, whoa, sweet distress.
your dress is bringing it all back to me.
and we are closer than whores caught up in a
roundabout in hell.

twilight isn't in the dark on this one.
you can play me out on the hotel floor.
twilight isn't in the dark on this one.
you can play me out.
the more i hear doves cry, the less i want to fly.
the more i hear those doves crying.

this is where the plot thickens.
not behind the ribs but below the truth.
you can use your sleuth.
'cause i'm begging for proof.

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not behind the ribs but below the truth.
you can use your sleuth.
'cause i'm begging for proof.
begging for proof.

when does the seizure end? when does the cyanide
kick in?
i'd like to hike you up over the waste of love and back
again.
oh my mistress, whoa sweet distress.
your dress is bringing it all back to me.
and we are closer than whores caught up in a
roundabout.
no need to run away. the pig was snuffed and laid.
we saw this happening all on the front page.
this is the last time we bet on landmines.

we've got a lot riding on this one.
so save your bullets for the call back.
we've got a lot riding on this one.
don't turn your back till you see the blood flow back.

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