

Bled, The

"You Know Who'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 fucking tragedy
in epic proportions

Lets set our hearts at self-destruct.
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.
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.
There's a flood in the infirmary

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