

Dillinger Escape Plan, The "Three For Flinching"

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you laugh you laugh
stop laughing
i lack in eslf-esteem
too little too late
no one will find us here
pointed fingers at painted faces
don't think twice
just point and shriek
i bleed under makeup
wjile entertaining the fool
you laugh
stop laughing
i sleep in you
come out to play
we'll kiss the floor
so soft to the touch
it makes you
now death hunts
i'm the monster in your closet
when there is no front door
oh how that sounds so sweet
the bat to dumb cranium
angry shadows caress the world
frantic
come out to play
stop laughing
stop laughing
stop laughing
stop laughing
stop laughing
stop laughing

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