

## The Faint

# "Huffing The Proverbial Line Off The Proverbial Dong -or- Blood & The Frog"

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You can't dig what you don't understand, boy  
Sometimes it's the only way  
Well, the misery's so fucking exciting  
Well, the fashion of it all's the fucking rage.  
These are hammers on strings making notes, babe  
With blood and the frog in my throat  
These are binders covered in bad poetry  
Now knowing what it's really all about.

Oh where, oh where, oh where...  
Did you get that stupid shit-eating grin that you wear?  
And what, or who got you through the door?  
You're a piece of meat on the killing floor.

These are closed and velvet ropes  
And a curtain-sipping cokes  
To be certain, it's so slow  
That it's hurting, don't you know?

Take your chances in the killing fields  
With all the snakes and dogs  
And dance 'til you bleed and bone touches steel  
And all your hope is gone.

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