## These Arms Are Snakes "Darlings Of New Midnight"

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At our parties, there's two guys for every girl At our parties, there's two bodies for every cannibal At our parties, there's two cooks for every entree

Whatever you want, you got, you got

Just don't ask me to wait around 'cause I will And nobody ever makes up their mind And it's that which makes me wonder what crazy really is

'Cause everyone seems to be just a little bit

Some more than others And at our parties, we use sign language Sign language, sign language God, come on

We all stop for pedestrians
But as I stand here
Feeling all the braille of your back
I realize I may never have to see again

Because you can lead me anywhere Anywhere you want As long as I don't get hit by a car

This is a, a celebration of our lethargy Carnival clowns with six packs of wet eyes They can smell, they can smell our mischief in the air In the air, in the air, in the air, in the air

I'm not trying to collect fingers here I'm trying to ask you to sever your own We've been starving at hands for awhile Still yet to hit our own

When I speak to you, it's so fluent When I speak to you, it's so fluent No eyes closed Sisters of new midnight Come on drop your plans If the devil is your diamond Then we'll gladly take your hand

Darlings of the past tense Catch up if you can If this living is your idol Then we're glad you understand

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