

## Trophy Scars

# "The Hair-Trigger Flamenco"

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Lost; I thought you were lost? I keep on hiding from this  
Winter is moving east towards New Jersey will  
encompass A harbored glacier ice storm Now no one  
knows the difference I'm not an empiricist But your  
answers are forgiven I'm just not living like this Your  
endeavors Are dancing on top of the world You said  
you said These pills are shining like pearls Put the  
telephone on hold 'cause I need to recount all my  
words There's a shard of dyslexia caught in my eye I'm  
taking that girl to the bank I'm dancing all night These  
knives by the way you abuse them Are glowing like ice  
I'm back and I love everyone I color between all the  
lines My stomach is red rosy cinnamon And baked into  
pies Badadadabadadadabada My death bed Is  
shaking and trembling in fear And the priest, and the  
priest Is weeping and drinking his beer I know words  
alright It's all about what you don't hear I hear words  
alright alright I'm taking that girl to the bank I'm  
dancing all night These knives by the way you abuse  
them Are glowing like ice I'm back and I love everyone I  
color between all the lines My stomach is red rosy  
cinnamon And baked into pies  
Badadadabadadadabada Violet Bruises These drinks  
Will out way them Out way them oh La dada la dada I  
know the Spanish flamenco The dance that we break  
and turn into limbo The reflection is simple So  
everyone knows in the end My friend My heart is a  
headache It's held in a neck brace It's beaming with  
bad taste And lost in ghost chase So everyone knows in  
the end I'm losing, My friend So pour another Glass of  
this whiskey It's making me dizzy I like being dizzy I like  
being sleepy Oh I like feeling sleepy So come on, let's  
dance baby! This river's a fountain A corpse in the  
canyon A drink in the mountains We breathe all around  
them To turn it in To ice Ice, ice Lose your control To  
find out you know No one has died It was just the snow  
oh It was just the snow oh So pour another Glass of this  
whiskey And dance let's dance Dance dance dance  
Dance dance Dance like your dead And those words  
words Words in your head They stopped stopped  
Stopped making sense And (ohh) slaughter you

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