

Roman Holiday

Every Time I Die

We cut our teeth in the bedroom.
We slit our wrists in our costumes.
All of them, witches, witches, witches, witches!

We are the death of the party.
We are the life of the funeral.
All of us, ragmen, ragmen, ragmen, ragmen!

I want the ripened fruit.
I want the fresh meat.
I want the first born.
I want the down beat.

We traded vows on the front line.
They ushered us through the stop sign.
All of them witches, witches, witches, witches!

We found our way in the blackout.
We are the ghosts in the lighthouse.
All of us, ragmen, ragmen, ragmen, ragmen!

I want the open wound.
I want the dark street.
I want the virgin blood.
I want that wet heat.