

Purgatory Dance Party

Polkadot Cadaver

The strobe lights your eyes
As the DJ is hung up and crucified
And there you are in all your innocence
With your back against the wall
Breaking hearts like commandments

I don't mind waiting for you
There's blood on the dance floor
Aww now what are you gonna do?
I don't mind lying for you
About the bodies in the backyard

Satan,
Go put on your blue dress, honey, and let's do the
tango
Jesus,
Go put on some Elvis, baby, and let's do the cha cha
Satan,
Let's toast to the Armageddon, you know that it's all
you
Ghandi,
Go pour us a couple whiskeys, you know you my nigga

I think I've seen you on TV
Where you're selling the end of the world
You seem harmless enough to me
As my eyes glaze over into medicated sleep

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About the bodies in the backyard

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tango
Jesus,
Go put on some Elvis, baby, and let's do the cha cha
Satan,
Let's toast to the Armageddon, you know that it's all
you
Ghandi,
Go pour us a couple whiskeys, you know you my nigga!

Thank you doctor for these wonderful pills,
I'm feeling so much different now
All suicidal thoughts are gone
And my new middle name is now 'Optimistic'

Just as the night fades into day mourning becomes you
As your worst nightmares come true
What will you do now that no one wants you
And your wildest dreams are all dying on your birthday?
I want a front row seat to your technicolor funeral
I can't stop smiling as they're lowering your body into
the ground

(I don't mind waiting for you, there's blood on the
dance floor
Aww now what are you gonna do?
I don't mind lying for you about the bodies in the
backyard
Aww now what are you gonna do?)

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