

Three for Flinching (Revenge of the Porno Clowns)

The Dillinger Escape Plan

You laugh,
Stop laughing
I lack in self-esteem
Too little, too late
No one will find us here
Pointed fingers at painted faces
Don't think twice,
Just point and shriek
I bleed under makeup
While entertaining the fool
You laugh,
Stop laughing - you stop, stop laughing,
I sleep in you - now death hunts,
I'm the monster in your closet,
When there is no front door
Oh, how that sounds so sweet;
The bat to dumb cranium
Angry shadows caress corners
Come out to play - we'll kiss the floor
So soft to the touch, it makes the world frantic,
Come out to play - stop laughing,
Stop laughing, stop laughing, stop laughing...