

We are damned, we are dead  
All God's children to be sent  
Into our perfect place, in the sun  
In the dirt.

There's a windshield in my heart  
We are bugs so smeared and scared  
Could you stop the meat from .....  
Before I swallow all of it  
Could you please

Put me in the motorcade  
Put me in the death parade  
Dress me up and take me  
Dress me up and make me your dying God

Angel's with needles poke through my eyes  
let the ugly light, world in  
We were no longer bright  
We were no longer blind

Put me in the motorcade  
Put me in the death parade  
Dress me up and take me  
Dress me up and make me your dying God

now we hold the ugly head  
The mirror you hold is at the bed  
It casts a shadow over perfect death  
In the sun in the dirt