



Everything Goes With Black LP Lyrics

Miss American Vampire 1970

Is this real or fiction?
It's almost hard to gauge.
Passersby speak softly,
as she floats down the stage.

Shouldn't she be burning
under skies so blue?
It's a contest you can really
sink your teeth deep into.

There she is,
a dark discovery.
There she is,
isn't she lovely?

Miss American Vampire.
We all watch breathlessly.
Miss American Vampire.
Nineteen-Seveny.

The black of her eyes.
The white of her skin.
A waistline so thin.
Lips mortal sin.

Miss American Vampire.

Is this real or fiction?
It's almost hard to gauge.
Passersby speak softly,
she stands alone on stage.

The crowd waits patiently,
she finds her mind elsewhere.
Her only sign of life now,
is a deathly white stare.

There she is,
a dark discovery.
There she is,
isn't she lovely?

Miss American Vampire.
We all watch breathlessly.
Miss American Vampire.
Nineteen-Seventy.

The black of her eyes.
The white of her skin.
A waistline so thin.
Lips mortal sin.

Miss American Vampire.

Miss American Vampire.
We all watch breathlessly.
Miss American Vampire.
Nineteen-Seventy.

Miss American Vampire.
We all watch helplessly.
Miss American Vampire.
Nineteen-Seventy.

Everything Goes With Black

Black leather, black lace,
black makeup on your face.
Black rose, black death,
black stains on your dress.

Black needle, black soot,
black heels underfoot.
Black sun, black queen,
black sheep on the scene.

Everything Goes With...
Everything Goes With...

Everything Goes With...
Everything Goes With...

Black.
Black.
Black.
Black.

Black widow, black dye,
black boots on your thighs.
Black velvet, black fang,
black pin-up girl bangs.

Black piano, black keys,
black bats if you please.
Black ink, black page,
black birds in their cage.

Everything Goes With...
Everything Goes With...
Everything Goes With...
Everything Goes With...

Black.

Undo The Damage

For plans best laid,
and the choices made,
well it goes without saying,
we've got to undo the damage.

Surface is scratched...
Negative feedback.
Can we still turn back?
No matter how much
we're famished?

Undo undo,
Undo the damage.
Undo undo,
Undo the damage.
Undo undo,
Undo the damage
and find a way
to break on through.

Undo undo,
Undo the damage.
Undo undo,
Undo the damage.
Undo undo,
Undo the damage,
the damage
that's become
a part of you.

Temptation burns.
When will we learn?
Diminished returns,
with each and every
passing day.

Give up the ghost.
First and foremost,
one last white rose,
before we start to
fade away.

Undo undo,
Undo the damage.
Undo undo,
Undo the damage.
Undo undo,
Undo the damage
and find a way
to break on through.

Undo undo,
Undo the damage.
Undo undo,
Undo the damage.
Undo undo,
Undo the damage,
the damage
that's become
a part of you.

Undo the damage, undo the
damage to break on through.
Undo the damage that has
become a part of you.

Brief Lives

The sound of her voice,
black wings and white noise.
Helps me to get back home.
Tells me that I'm not alone.

She said...

There's one truth,
and you can't shake it.
Most of life
is how you take it.

The rules never bend.
Our time always ends.
Brief lives to get through.
This gives it value.

Yeah.

There's one truth,
and you can't shake it.
Most of life
is how you take it.

Yeah. Yeah.

Brief lives.
Brief lives.
Brief lives.
Brief lives.
Brief lives.
Brief lives.

Killing Time

Emerging from the box,
a haunted crimson cape,
opens up so wide,
to reveal our fate.

Will you risk your hand,
or will you risk your neck?
You won't risk it all,
is what I suspect.

But if the count
happens to wake,
there's never been
higher stakes.
The clock it strikes
its deadly chime
Now it's killing time.

But if the count
happens to wake,
there's never been
higher stakes.
The clock it strikes
its deadly chime
Now it's killing time.

It seems for a while,
that some of you are spared,
but now it comes your time,
to be the one who's scared.

Will you feel the clamp,
and will you feel the sting.
You will be the one,
to bleed on your ring.

But if the count
happens to wake,
there's never been
higher stakes.
The clock it strikes
its deadly chime
Now it's killing time.

But if the count
happens to wake,
there's never been
higher stakes.
The clock it strikes
its deadly chime
Now it's killing time.

Killing time.

I Call It Witchcraft

Faded memories,

of something that I missed.
Well it's the flipside,
of aesthetic bliss.

Step into the light,
the next guest is you.
When the devil wants your body
what's a girl to do?
It's not Blood & Black Lace,
but is this to your taste?

Descend deeper,
into their trap.
Filmed on location.
An imperfect craft.

Forget the advocate,
what we need is a priest.
I'm pretty sure that these ladies
may not be from the East.
Legend of the blues?
Well I hope you're amused.

Now what do you call that?
I call it witchcraft.

Judgement hour,
onto the eighth.
I went into this,
in pretty good faith.

Beyond good and evil
they will take control.
Their inferno of desire
wants more than your soul.
That's one giant stack,
of time I'm not getting back.

Thirteen chapters.
About twelve too many.
I've got a virgin heart,
but I've seen plenty.

My vision gets blurry,
can't tell them apart.
The box says evil strikes
in the beat of a heart.
It's a skin deep dive,

in my tape drive.

Now what do you call that?
I call it witchcraft.

I call it witchcraft.

Tactical Empathy

Tactical empathy.
Practical pleasantries.
For a while we can just pretend.
An answer better than yes.
A plastic smile that you defend.
It might work that way I guess.

What do I mean
you'll never know.
Who's underneath
I'll never show.
Is this something
I should believe in?
Doing the wrong thing
for all the right reasons.

To improve quality,
just remove honesty.
Walk a mile, try to play nice.
It's for their benefit.
A worthwhile sacrifice,
if that's how you measure it.

What do I mean
you'll never know.
Who's underneath
I'll never show.
Is this something
I should believe in?
Doing the wrong thing
for all the right reasons.

She's Weaponized

Well you realize,
that you're compromised.
It intensifies.

It's not a disguise.

Well she is weaponized.
She's got that look in her eyes.
A facade she will see through...
Leave you hanging then she'll
forget you.

She's weaponized.
She's weaponized.

And what's implied,
I would advise,
that you revise,
your next reply.

Well she is weaponized.
She's got that look in her eyes.
A facade she will see through...
Leave you hanging then she'll
forget you.

She's weaponized.
She's weaponized.