

# Every Time I Die, Punch-Drunk Punk Rock Roma

pressed the seven sequenced silver panic buttons,  
the distress calls that fall on a distracted short-wave signal.  
a metronome timed to my panic stricken breathing  
and a pulse conducted by our dying lines.  
you said my heart sounded like a payphone in the rain.  
distorted, distant, scrambled and desperate.  
baby, i swear to god tonight i am sober.  
it's the reception between us that's failing.  
everything's coming out all frenzied and confused.  
she's got what it takes to make collapsing a habit  
and a dance out of a tantrum fit (it's tragic but i am sobering up).  
pick up the phone.  
tonight i feel like the hero of a rusting war.  
my touch has the timing and precision of a car wreck.  
no use translating the trembles.  
they're symptoms of repetitive testing for fluctuation.  
if i come back home, i am bringing back the bends.  
so give me a kiss. let me taste the reptilian appeal.  
say it again baby. does it turn you on? does it get you hot?  
i get a little hysterical sometimes.  
the panic you shouldn't have been so sentimental.  
all that kicking and screaming.  
everything i touch starts peeling.  
we malfunction like machines.  
get up off the floor and answer the phone.  
i want to be a big star.  
didn't want to touch so hard.  
open the door.  
i am your deviant satellite, an orbit defected by the ballast of words.  
you're the reason for collisions.  
i am face down like a sailor washed up under your window.  
tonight is a shipwreck.  
navigating through disorder.  
now every electric star hums like a telecaster.  
how punk rock is that?  
you're so oblivious.  
baby, you're my oblivion.