

# Is It Progression If a Cannibal Uses a Fork?

## Chiodos

Listen up sweetie.  
We all know that you're a beautiful girl in this horrible world.  
In this suggestion of horror.  
The portraits on the walls...  
Look at their eyes, they always seem to follow. Look at their eyes, they always seem to follow  
me! Out of tune this tale of terror.  
The solemn tolling of the funeral bells.  
I want to know what's going on in that pretty little head of yours  
where everyday's a Bone Palace Ballet. Biting the flesh from your finger.  
You know, I just can't help myself.  
I wish to believe, but belief is a graveyard.  
May this light never see morning, as finally one will not.  
Maybe you're the one that's overrated.  
Shriek and scream much too horrified to speak.  
Out of tune this tale of terror.  
The solemn tolling of the funeral bells.  
I want to know what's going on in that pretty little head of yours  
where everyday's a Bone Palace Ballet. (Flowers of red, begin to bloom on the white sheets in  
her room.  
Our lifeless bodies lying there rotting. For all of time, and eternity) This morning I woke up, I  
rubbed my eyes,  
and I took a quick glance around the room,  
and saw what happened here last night.  
There was blood on the walls,  
and the sheets smelled like sweat and sex.  
We have narrowed it down to a butcher knife,  
and the mockingbird with the blood.  
Out of tune this tale of terror.  
The solemn tolling of the funeral bells.  
I want to know what's going on in that pretty little head of yours  
where everyday's a Bone Palace Ballet.

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