

**American Sinner**  
**José Arcadio is Dead Lyrics**

**Temptation (S. Sinner)**

I seen your pumpkin smile  
Soon the top will fall in from the heat  
And the blood will run down through<sup>1</sup> those razor sharp trick or treats

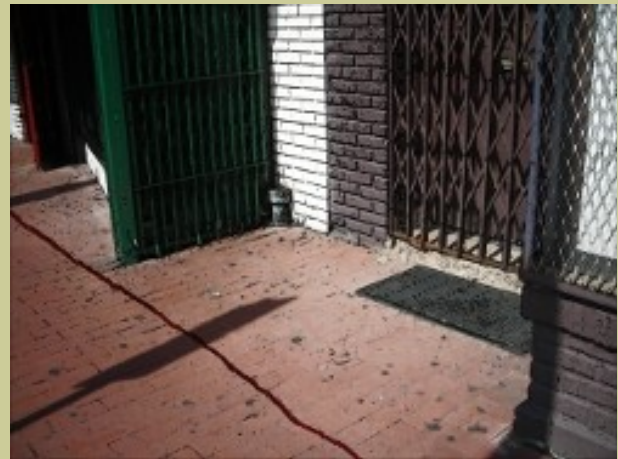
You see the clouds in our eyes think we're dazed  
Well its more like a calm yeah, a prophecy of storm  
And when the blood runs down you will have been forewarned

I see your slow starvation ways  
My temptation to turn you inside out  
Expose your Lincoln log jam bones as the blood runs down

I seen your shape shifting ways  
You go on and anoint yourself now  
The devil in the lamb's clothes as the blood runs down

With the lead in our veins  
Colosseum shadows on the schools in decay  
And as the blood runs down  
Those (g)Nats<sup>2</sup> buzz away.

You say let eat cake  
My temptation to toss you in bound  
I say let them eat pork as the blood runs down



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<sup>1</sup>This song references a scene in 100 Years of Solitude where José Arcadio kills himself, the blood runs from his head, across town, to his mother's feet.

<sup>2</sup>Short for the Washington Nationals. A sports team. The song is in part about eminent domain actions in the early 2000s in Washington, D.C.

**Bones** (S. Sinner)

Momma tried now beside my coma bed she looms  
With her chapter colon verses she fills up the room  
Such a crooked sad path that I now embrace the truth  
As I try to beep the heart machine Morris<sup>3</sup> [sic] out the truth.

That there's a closet full of bones  
And a bag of clothes in the shed  
I'd confess the lives I stole  
But for I'm no living dead

My last pick was poor had no idea she could fight  
In accord of plan so far from sound and sight  
With my favorite ball-peen she got me in the head  
10 to 1 ain't bad but I never woke again



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<sup>3</sup>Samuel *Morse* developed the original form of texting. The narrator here hasn't read his Bible or much else.

**Center of the World** (S. Sinner)

I haven't slept in days and my stomach feels like a shrunken head controlling me  
I can barely see, these cloud veiled stars only left to light my way  
And when I wake I'll have even less idea just where I am  
But that's the plan. Not going anywhere at all  
The only place I'm going is away

Creeping<sup>4</sup> away from the center of the world  
Cause I can't stay and watch it all implode  
You can say what you want about the fight or flight  
I tried but my blood has boiled close to boiling dry

As for that Jesus, he will forgive you I'm sure cause that is his way  
And I will someday, when these clouds of steam have washed out my eyes  
But its not wise, not right now for me to stay  
So I'll fade away, I'll slip away. Its the only way I'm sure we'll be safe



**1964<sup>5</sup>** (N. Lavalier)

True sounds of terror, torture, torment, rape  
And Christmas carols crackling from the tape  
His hair's all straw and wires his eyes are dead grey

O silent night played on the radio  
She sang along circa 1964  
One mug shot turns to black an age as white as ghosts

They took the babies screaming, left their bodies by the road  
Just give us one last scream then no more

Pallbearers took away the president  
The murders started by the next day's end  
Oh poor innocents stalked by Jim Idiot

Chain-smoking they're off in a Tudor Ford  
With treasured photos from the last world war  
Stopped lay-by down by Saddleworth



They took the babies screaming, left their bodies by the road  
Just give us one last scream then no more

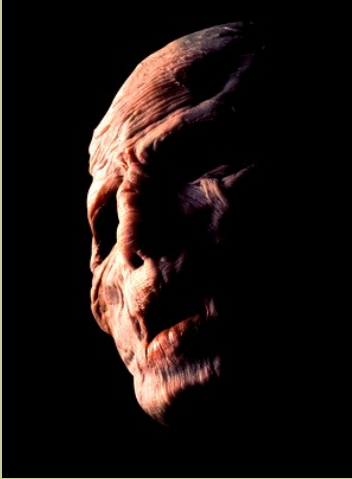
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<sup>4</sup>Original lyric was 'Slipping away' I messed that up when recording it. -Scott  
<sup>5</sup>See generally, the 'Moors' murders.

### **Mask of the Red Death<sup>6</sup>** (S. Sinner)

The light lurid through the stained glass  
Shines on each of 7 chambers  
We waltz like puppets to the fiddle  
And pause a moment when the great clock chimes

Some wine will drown a froggy throat  
Inside safe we think behind these gates  
Too much like a coffin for my tastes  
Oh well...pour me some wine



Then one mask, you could almost feel its gaze  
Uncouth even by the standards of the day  
Like dried skin pulled over a skull  
And it would not heed the commands of our master  
And so he gave chase with a drawn knife in hand  
To the red western room he followed the unknown man  
Just a scream as he turned around  
And our master lay broken red-faced on the ground

They tore off his red mask they tore off his clothes  
And we stood there aghast at the nothing exposed  
And we fell one by one with the clock's second hand  
It only stopped with the last standing man

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<sup>6</sup>Based on an Edgar Allan Poe story.

**Ring the alarms** (N. Lavalier)

Fire claiming all in sight<sup>7</sup>

The strong the weak the crippled and the insane

The wise men and the fools

Ring the alarms. The devil gets the best tunes.

What is left here to defend

Fury's being fed again but on what

Reduces to cinders

Ring the death bell. The devil gets the best tunes.

451 degrees. It won't stop til it sees the death of me

Get everyone, get everyone.

Sort the simple from the hard

Playing on the devil's cards you can't win

But thank you for playing

Now step to the bow. The devil gets the best tunes.

Chicago London and NY

Never burned so intense or so long

Everyone, get everyone.

What's the point in running from

Your bones will get picked over into dust,

Ashes and embers

Ring the alarms. The devil gets the best tunes.



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<sup>7</sup>See generally, burning of the Contee mansion at the Oaklands. Laurel, Maryland.

**Like a Clock** (S. Sinner)

Head trip, road trip out of season  
Fear on rolling into town  
Lines on the highway pull me onward  
These lines of thinking draw me down

Another hung over Sunday  
Slopped on top of those before  
Silence contemplates your meaning while  
The answers sprout up questions more and more

Your heart beats like a clock  
In time with me awake and turning  
My eyes fixed on a spot  
To keep me from these dreams recurring

And all these thoughts I cannot escape  
Sharpen up to run me through  
All your glances still haunt me now  
I come to think you always knew...

So I built up sorrow-proof fences<sup>8</sup>  
Sound proof for all but when I shout  
Ensnared innocent animals  
Before you let me out...(You never really let me out)

My eyes searching all directions  
Try to hold on to this room  
Try to hold on to your image  
As tight as I was glued to you



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<sup>8</sup>See, Australian movie about forced aboriginal adoption 'Rabbit Proof Fence'

**Peter P. Pumpkineater**<sup>9</sup> (S. Sinner)

Lord this is Peter  
I know its been a while  
But I fear something horrid  
Has been done to my wife

Sure I suspected something  
When them boys laughed at the saloon,  
When I said I got to go now  
My wife will be missing me soon

But never did I think  
There was any real danger in sight,  
If I had I'd stayed at home more  
Making sure she was alright.

But I haven't seen her in days  
I think that she went away  
But I'm afraid she's been stolen away,  
Lord please let me know that she's safe

I had this terrible dream, it all went red before black  
And the garden i once loved is rotting in the sun,  
And only you know why, I can't go near that pumpkin patch.

I know I must sound unhinged  
but I had that feeling again  
I feel like the garden its grown eyes  
Like them roots and vines are alive

As if i were to get too close  
they'd reach and grab hold of me  
Pull me down to their world  
With their sharpened fingernail thorns



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<sup>9</sup>“Peter, Peter pumpkin eater, Had a wife but couldn't keep her; He put her in a pumpkin shell, And there he kept her very well.”  
Take care what you teach your kids. Aside from a contortionist, most women I've dated would not fit in a pumpkin.  
Inappropriate kids' rhyme.

**I Just Burned the Lord's House Down** (N. Lavalier)

Bystanders sweep ash from their bloodshot eyes  
While they're out gawking at a fire  
I won't waste my time  
Leading a monkish life  
I just burnt the Lord's house down

Black kids<sup>10</sup> try to bum my cigarettes  
Can't they see that I'm a man of God  
I think of those saints  
Their heads skewered on a stake  
And I just burnt the Lord's house down<sup>11</sup>

It's all in the Bible, the Good News, the Bad  
I just burnt the Lord's house down

Well my confessional it hints of gin  
But that's not much to confess  
I'll drink myself stupid  
And find pleasure where I can  
And I just burnt the Lord's house down

Old habits die hard when they reach their ends  
I'll never kneel and pray again  
Beyond good and evil  
Beyond all earthly laws  
I just burned the Lord's house down

It's all in the Bible, the Good News, the Bad  
It's all in the arms or the hips of a girl  
It's better to marry than it is to burn  
I just burnt the Lord's house down



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<sup>10</sup>Character in the story has some racist tendencies. American Sinner does not endorse any racist views.

<sup>11</sup>We also don't endorse burning churches down.



**Flowers** (S. Sinner)

All the Flowers have died and I keep your rings in a box to hide away  
Like the goodbyes & all the other details slip every day

Still nothing set in stone, half of us alone, the other feel that way  
Receipts saved or burned, we can not return our yesterdays

All the nights that I tried to reconstruct what wrongs led me astray  
The devilish little thoughts that upon me now are so easy to file away

Still nothing set in stone, half of us alone, the other feel that way  
Receipts saved or burned, we can not return our yesterdays

The history of me thru my backward looking view appears to me  
As a parable of you as the photographs they too keep burning me

The word that seems so cold you know you shouldn't hold them by the tail that way  
They can reach around and bite, and when it comes to light best have your box tops saved

