

# Professional Griefers

[deadmau5](#)

I like the sound of the broken pieces  
I like the lights that assign where she sits  
We got machines but the kids got Jesus  
We like to move like we both don't need this God can't hear you, they will fight you  
Watch them build a friend just like you  
Morning Sickness, XYZ  
Teenage Girls with ESP Gimme the sound to see  
Another world outside that's full of  
All the broken things that I made Just give me a life to plea  
Another world outside that's full of  
All the awful things that I made We like to dance but the dead go faster  
Turn up the slam and a bar code blaster  
We want the cash or the drugs you're after  
Rise up control for the mixtape master Self-correction, mass dissection  
Death squad brats are in detention  
Morning sickness, XYZ  
Boys with bombs in NMA Compliancy, special castings  
Photographs that I'm erasing  
Phono slots with picture screens  
Girls with guns on LSD Self-infraction, mass destruction  
Programmed for the final function  
Lab Rat King, rescue team  
Save me from the next life Gimme the sound, to see  
Another world outside that's full of  
All the broken things that I made Just give me a life to plea  
Another world outside that's full of  
All the awful things that I made 'Cause we are the last disease  
Another broken life that's full of  
All the awful things that I made And we got the eyes to see  
Another broken life that's full of  
All the awful things that I made.

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