

Accidents

Kristin Diable

I'm not sure what's worse
The waiting or the waiting room
 You're next sir
Becomes a cruel taunt to youRecycled air
 The smell of sleep and disinfectant
 Your God is
A two door elevatorDo they even cure you
 (Cut me open drug me)
Or is it just to humor us before we die
 (Repair all my defects)
 If only we could heal ourselves
We wouldn't need to be hooked up to these machinesLet's redefine
 Let's redefine
 Let's redefine
 Let's redefine
 Let's redefine
What it means to healDo they even cure you
 (Cut me open drug me)
Or is it just to humor us before we die
 (Repair all my defects)
 If only we could heal ourselves
We wouldn't need to be hooked up to these machines

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