

Professional Griefers

The Hit List

I like the sound of the broken pieces
I like the lights and the siren she says
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 won't fight you
Watch them build a friend just like you

Morning sickness

XYZ

Teenage girls with ESP
Give me the sound - to see
Another world outside
That's full of all the broken things
That I made

Just give me a life - to bleed
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/hound/bar/code/blast/her
We want the cash or the junk you're after
Rez-up control for the mixtape master

Self-correction

Mass-dissection

Death-squad brats are in detention

Morning sickness

XYZ

Boys with bombs in NMA

Carbon-lacing
Spent shell-casings
Photographs that I'm erasing
Bonus lives with pixel-screams
Girls with guns on LSD
Cell infection
Mass destruction
Program for the final function
Lab-rat king
Rescue team
Save me from the next life

Give me the sound - to see
Another world outside
That's full of all the broken things-
That I made
Just give me a life - to bleed
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 are made

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