

Vital Signs

Metome

Motherfuckers
Peace
Shut the fuck up
And I don't know their looking dead tonight (x3)
Ain't looking like they got the strength to fight Switch up your pulse patterns
What's the RPM of your breath
Kickstart your heart with a punch
Beating your chest
Squeezing your head till I pop vessels in your eye sockets
We talk your ears off till your blood pressure sky rockets
If ? check for lumps in your throat
Before you burn a bridge jump in a moat
Depending on whether you float or sink
Know how to swim or can't
You know what to think before you provoke some shit
Between concentration camp counselors
Giving first aid training
Mouth to mouth recessitate
Lady faint
When I see her face fading
I make her suck wind
Bring her vibrant colors back
See if she has any contacts
And find out where her mothers at
Said she had my number
But nothing other than that
When she said my number's up I laughed
The EMS came running back
Doing suicides the relay race of time
And space between me and destiny
But I leave no trace to find
She leaves nowhere to hide
I leave no hide to wear
Skin myself feed my bones
Dress up in some tribal gear
Mummified every time I lived in the now
If you don't want to die
Then come alive and don't give your number out
Count down till the end of my show

Shout loud if you ain't ready to go
The out crowd might never know
Why I'm trying to find vital signs And I don't know their looking dead tonight (x3)
Ain't looking like they got the strength to fight
Through the rest of the night Their looking dead tonight (x3)
Ain't looking like they got the strength to fight

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