

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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