

# Wasting Matches

## New Mexican Disaster Squad

Rat trap, now I know this place is a  
Death trap, I'm itchy and I'm shaking  
You'd better take a look inside  
Tight ship, not only a shadow of a  
Dream lost, ambitious boss  
The chemicals leave little to hide So sweep the floors and lock the doors  
Here less ain't more  
Are you reinforced? Breathing, living, damaging  
Nervous system managing  
Breathing, living, damaging  
The parts that make us feel  
As if we're real My hands don't feel a fucking thing anymore  
My back, it burns like all the thousands before  
I think I'm gonna need a break  
The clock, it mocks me  
I'll destroy this pile and if that's a problem  
I'll say it to their fucking face So sweep the floors and lock the doors  
Here less ain't more  
Are you reinforced? Breathing, living, damaging  
Nervous system managing  
Breathing, living, damaging  
Breathing, living, I sing We're all wasting matches  
We're all dropping ashes  
On the ground, now we're out

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