King Mob (Burning World Mix)

The Damage Manual

King mob in a plastic iceberg
Smoking water damaged cigarettes
Observe as he works your wasteland
Pulling punches that you never metControlled in a listless air stream
Jets are breathing in his latex eyes
True to form, he is scared to touch them
And your wasteland stays vandalizedSuccess in a cut glass wardrobe
All the clothes loose like shredded hair
Dream escapes to a closet class war
King mob in a smashed wheel chairNerve gas for the walking wounded
Suffocating in a sadists' prayer
Flaming horses on a fading landscape
Break the surface but there is no airKing mob as he vents his anger
Throws a brick through the city gates
Backfires on his wordless offspring
The population disintegratesCold stream plus a wash of carbon
Drives his mind like an engine room
Cogs turning like a flawed stage whisper
King mob sings a lifeless tuneSurface stop
Pressure drop
King mobFaded wrists and the risks worth taking
Cleans his blade with dreams he froze
Metal moments fed on foreign textures
Breaks his mind with the things he knowsKing mob at his withered console
Electric arcades run on secret oils
Flicks a switch and he's the God of anger
Pulls a handle and the wasteland spoils

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