

# Accidents

## Memorecks

I'm not sure what's worse  
The waiting or the waiting room  
    You're next sir  
Becomes a cruel taunt to youRecycled air  
    The smell of sleep and disinfectant  
        Your God is  
A two door elevatorDo they even cure you  
    (Cut me open drug me)  
Or is it just to humor us before we die  
    (Repair all my defects)  
    If only we could heal ourselves  
We wouldn't need to be hooked up to these machinesLet's redefine  
    Let's redefine  
    Let's redefine  
    Let's redefine  
    Let's redefine  
What it means to healDo they even cure you  
    (Cut me open drug me)  
Or is it just to humor us before we die  
    (Repair all my defects)  
    If only we could heal ourselves  
We wouldn't need to be hooked up to these machines

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