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
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

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/