

# AFI, The Killing Lights

Oh  
Five A.M. on the bathroom floor  
from the night before,  
do you find me dreadful?  
What a shame such a sad disgrace.  
Such a pretty face  
but she's not regretful.

Am I beautiful?  
Am I usable?

It's killing time again (killing time again).  
Put on your face and let's pretend,  
these killing lights won't kill us all again.

Three A.M. on the city street,  
when the air is sweet,  
I've had my mouth full  
but it seems that outside the screen  
such a pretty face  
often will look dreadful, oh.

Am I beautiful?  
Am I usable?

It's killing time again (killing time again).  
Put on your face and let's pretend,  
these killing lights won't kill us all again.

It's killing time again (killing time again).  
Cover your face and we'll pretend,  
these killing lights can't kill us all again.

You see they always remember.  
They never forget a face  
when they cut cut cut cut cut cut cut you up,  
cut cut cut cut. They remember.  
Cut cut cut cut cut cut cut you up,  
cut you up.

It's killing time again (killing time again).  
Put on your face and let's pretend,  
these killing lights won't kill us all again.

It's killing time again (killing time again).  
Cover your face and we'll pretend,  
these killing lights can't kill us all again.

All again.  
All again.  
It's time again.  
It's killing time.