

# Alexisonfire, Accidents

I'm not sure what's worse  
The waiting or the waiting room  
&quot;You're next sir&quot; becomes a cruel taunt to you  
Recycled air, the smell of sleep and disinfectant  
Your god is a two door elevator

Do 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

Let's redefine  
Let's redefine  
Let's redefine  
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Let's redefine  
Let's redefine  
What it means to heal

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