

New Mexican Disaster Squad, Wasting Matches

Rat trap, now I know this place is a
Death trap, I'm itchy and I'm shaking
You'd better take a look inside
Tight ship, not only a shadow of a
Dream lost, ambitious boss
The chemicals leave little to hide

So sweep the floors and lock the doors
Here less ain't more
Are you reinforced?

Breathing, living, damaging
Nervous system managing
Breathing, living, damaging
The parts that make us feel
As if we're real

My hands don't feel a f**king thing anymore
My back, it burns like all the thousands before
I think I'm gonna need a break
The clock, it mocks me
I'll destroy this pile and if that's a problem
I'll say it to their f**king face

So sweep the floors and lock the doors
Here less ain't more
Are you reinforced?

Breathing, living, damaging
Nervous system managing
Breathing, living, damaging
Breathing, living, I sing

We're all wasting matches
We're all dropping ashes
On the ground, now we're out