

# The Faint, Your Retro Career Melted

Recovering slowly, a torso fell  
From a beat up truck by a rural motel  
The manager seen how the truck bed bounced  
While dust flew up with a rolling sound  
Voices appear from the staff outside  
In bulbous text in a western style  
His mannequin neck spun to turn his face  
The bars spills drunks out frame by frame  
Girls pushed girls side to side  
To hear a suction sound as limbs realign  
The crowd just seemed to multiply  
They hear his plastic jaw as the news drops hard:

&quot;Your retro career melted&quot;

They couldn't have agreed with the mannequin less  
They didn't understand what the mannequin meant  
The sound of a barreled gun held to the back  
Some plastic clicks as the shell parts pass  
Flesh tone shards fly by wild  
They fill a plastic bag with the parts inside  
The bag got dumped, a town nearby  
They reassembled fast as his voice dropped hard:

&quot;Your retro career melted&quot;