

At The Drive-In, Emptiness Is A Mule

Once upon a crime, with the radio on I was trampled underfoot
By the prince far guard broadcasting
To your living room two miles from bandedesh
I will walk your rope without that safety net this member is dismembered
But who still remembers that we're all pretenders

Watch your step because the mule is an empty
Because the mule is free

Fifth time on the mission
Her volcano erupted so respect equal's embarrassment testosterone coward
I'm ashamed to be a pig amongst the pork
That fights the war against the wounded
And disabled the life I've encountered

Take the time dont you hold your breath
Cuz as the years pass by we turn blue
You can't be absolute within the obsolete
So don't whisper and murmur like a fool
Pick a card from the shuffling base
But all your kings and queens are gone
So how the hell do you expect to swim in all your filthy cesspool of psalms

Motel coffin deposit, down and out on 6th st. a la japan