

At The Drive-In, Invalid Litter Department

Intravenously polite it was the walkie-talkies
That had knocked the pins down
As her shoes gripped the dirt floor
In the silhouette of dying
Dancing on corpses ashes
Yeah, they had plans for him
They has spun the last of the pimps
Corduroy, satin nailed jewelry lips
While the guillotine just laughed again
Dancing on the corpses ashes
And paramedics fell into the wound
Like a rehired scab at a barehanded plant
An anesthetic penance beneath
The hail of contraband
Dancing on the corpses ashes
On my way nails broke and fell
Into the wishing well, wishing well
Wishing well, wishing well
On my way nails broke and fell
Into the wishing well, wishing well
Wishing well, wishing well
They had been defected and excommunicated
And all the pulses were subverted
And they made sure the obituaries
Showed pictures of smoke stacks
Dancing on the corpses ashes
A vivid dissection that mocked
The strut of vivisection
Semi-automatic colonies
And a silencing that still walks the streets
Dancing on the corpses ashes
In the company of wolves
Was a stretcher made of
Cobblestone curfews
The federals performed
Their custodial customs quite well
Dancing on the corpses ashes
On my way nails broke and fell
Into the wishing well, wishing well
Wishing well, wishing well
On my way nails broke and fell
Into the wishing well, wishing well
Wishing well, wishing well
On my way nails broke and fell
Into the wishing well, wishing well
Wishing well, wishing well
On my way nails broke and fell
Into the wishing well, wishing well
Wishing well, wishing well
Intravenously polite it was the walkie-talkies
That had knocked the pins down
As her shoes lay dangling on the dirt floor
In the silhouette of dying
Dancing on corpses ashes
Well, yeah, they had plans for him
They had spun the last of the pimps
Corduroy, satin nailed jewelry lips
While the guillotine just laughed again
Dancing on the corpses ashes
And paramedics had fallen into the wound
Like a rehired scab at a barehanded plant
An anesthetic penance beneath
The hail of contraband
Dancing on the corpses ashes

On my way nails broke and fell
Into the wishing well, wishing well
Wishing well, wishing well
On my way nails broke and fell
Into the wishing well, wishing well
Wishing well, wishing well
On my way nails broke and fell
Into the wishing well, wishing well
Wishing well, wishing well
On my way, yeah
Dancing on the corpses ashes
Dancing on the corpses ashes
Callous heels numbed in travel
Endless maps made by their
Scalpels, scalpels
Callous heels numbed in travel
Endless maps made by their
Scalpels, scalpels