

## Grand Mox Turkin

### At the Drive-In

Today the horde machine went rollin'  
In sequence grasp, prepared to falter  
We were born to self destruct on birth row

An hour glass is punctured yearning  
This malevolent structured duplicates  
But we all love to disobey on birth row

And the question remains,  
Everything is spit and shined  
Everything is wiped out twice to make sure  
Nothing's on our mind

I was the fuse but your truth will always trust  
But your truth will always trust

But the question still remains  
We're nothing but a bunch of mistakes  
What a sorry excuse for a human being