

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