

Rolodex Propaganda

At the Drive-In

Pinch history feel the pinch blistering
Pinch me in my dreams cause i'm still not listening
X marks the spot on your calendar days
A beard half eaten smiled crawling with legs

Temper temper temperature

Manuscript replica
(Cu-cu-cu-cu-cut it)

In infrared is how we saw the night that lit up scarecrow plots
The nerve that pinches crippled hobbled frolicked flat on its own face

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Jigsaw pattern dominoes left a trail
The whites of their eyes polaroids of the tale
For our amusement we bring stares to the defendants
Mechanical panaceas absolved by history
Phonetic paralysis inflicted through morality
The seed that it nurtured was a wilted bouquet

Temper temper temperature

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(cu-cu-cu-cu-cut it)

Squirming through cuts in a throat cut it... cut it...