

Professional Griefers

deadmau5

I like the sound of the broken pieces
I like the lights that assign where she sits
We've got machines but the kids got Jesus
We like to move like we both don't need this.

God can't hear you, they will fight you
watch them build a friend just like you
Morning sickness, XYZ
Teenage girls with ESP

Gimme the sound to see
another world out side that's full of
all the broken things that I made

Just gimme a life to plea
another world outside that's full of
all the awful things that I made

We like to dance but the dead go faster
Turn up the slam and the barcode blaster
We want the cash or the drugs you're after
Rise up control for the mixtape master

Self-correction, mass dissection
that's why brats are in detention
Morning sickness, XYZ
Boys with bombs in NMA

Compliancy, special castings
Photographs that I'm erasing
Phono slots with picture screens
Girls with guns on LSD

Self-infraction, mass destruction
Programmed for the final function
Lab Rat King, rescue team
Save me from the next life

Gimme the sound, to see
another world outside that's full of
all the broken things that I made

Just give me a life to plea
another world outside that's full of
all the awful things that I made

'Cause we are the last disease
another broken life that's full of
all the awful things that I made

And we got the eyes to see
another broken life that's full of
all the awful things that I made