

In Record Shape

Idiot Pilot

Call it what you will
If pressed and pressed again
Then something surely spills
Who cleans and who forgets?

It's hard to tell if I am well
These spinning lights are disco hell

It's not an axe you have to lift
It's not a load that you can split
It's not an axe you have to lift to lift to lift
It's not an axe you have to lift
It's not a load that you can split
It's not an axe you have to lift to lift to lift

Pressure combusting
Aligned in redded growth
We'll choke, we'll choke

My teeth are nothing
More than shreds of bone
One __ will drain the blood
From you eyes

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Keep myself in record shape