

A.D.D. (Attention Deficit Destroyer)

Municipal Waste

Around and round it goes
My head spins again
Attentions difficult
I'm out of my seat and then I'm climbing around the room
All thoughts invested in causing people doom
These are my symptoms...

Hyperactive
So distracted
It's hard to focus my attention
My medication gives bad reactions
Off in my very own dimension
If I forget another thing you said
Your ass will soon be calling up a coroner
You'll become the first dead
From the Attention Deficit Destroyer!

What's that pill bottle that's in your hand?
Have you been holding out or is it lethal?
That illness I just can't understand
But what it wants from me is pure evil

I stare off into another realm
Daydreaming of things I want to kill

What's that pill bottle that's in your hand?
Have you been holding out or is it lethal?
That illness I just can't understand
How far is it getting?
My thoughts keep shifting
It pushes me towards the edge
Then I'm off the ledge
Mentally or off a building
Theirs nowhere for me to land
I can't understand

I lost my train of thought
It's something I just can't avoid
And all I think about
Are things that I want to destroy
I want to rip shit up
I think it's time to misbehave

And then I'll take it out
On whatever is standing in my way

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