

Manufacturing Discontent

The Dillinger Escape Plan

Discarded a broken escape
Fortunate to be in this state
Firing on a boredom innate
Chewing on a ticking grenade
Listening to the comforting shade

Instinctive
I'm supporting a string of destructive habits
And fighting more that I care to admit
Crumbling from a sudden dead weight
Here lies me
Now what's the meaning

Oh won't you tell me
Now won't you tell me the point
I was trying to find myself
I wasn't looking for you

But you gave me the point
I was trying to kill myself
What else was I gonna do
I had a pretty good time

A long goodbye
Ascension to demise
A vow to break
A lesson for the wise

I was put here to survive
Why is your burden mine

Holding space for this
There's a place we must have missed
And they're open real late
And I believe that we should go as a consolation
But directions are unknown

Tonight would be the perfect time
For us to reach the peak

It takes a lot to try to care
The truth's below the surface
Beneath the deep
When you live on the thinnest air
And even condescension comes with a fee

Slow to care

Now you tell me the point
I was trying to find myself
I wasn't looking for you

But you gave me the point
I was trying to kill myself
What else was I gonna do
I had a pretty good time