

Broadcasting from Beyond the Grave: Death Inc.

Motionless in White

Good evening
You're listening to Broadcasting from Beyond the Grave
Tonight's chilling episode: Death Inc.

Ow!

Can you hear the bell toll, little scarecrow?
Radio-you're burnin' like a star in a black hole
Did you get the memo? Pretty typo Romeo
Cutting you up like a Van Gogh

You're not fucking with us
We're not fucking with you
So you can fuck yourself
And your puppet suit
You're the wizard of flaws
We've got nothing to lose
So you can fuck yourself
And your little dog too

Yeah you can fuck yourself
We've got nothing to prove

We are the weirdos
In your stereo
Disco freak show
Death Incorporated
We are the weirdos
In the microphone
Supernatural
Death Incorporated

From beyond, yeah
Don't belong, yeah
Turn it on, yeah
Death Incorporated
From beyond, yeah
Don't belong, yeah
Turn it on, yeah
Death Incorporated

Do you feel like a psycho? Dirty needle rodeo
Painting your disease like a digital Picasso
Feelin' so bad that nobody's gonna need you
Spinnin' in your grave but nobody's gonna hear you

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Hush little baby, go for a ride
We'll take a little trip to the afterlife

Hush little baby, bump in the night
Demon in the daylight
Shadow in the limelight

From beyond, yeah
Don't belong, yeah
Turn it on, yeah
Drop the bomb

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From beyond, yeah
Don't belong, yeah
Turn it on, yeah
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From beyond, yeah
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Let's go!
Until next time
For more haunting tales of terror and mystery
This is Broadcasting from Beyond the Grave

Who's the boss now?
Who-