

## Bottle City

### Arsonists Get All The Girls

Standing or sitting I don't know which way is up or down  
Looking at melted flesh, try not to expose yourself  
I'm nothing but another mindless drone  
All the same; intoxicated  
We have become everything that we hated  
And if you've been handed a second chance  
To drift away from yourself, don't take it  
And if you can't afford to drink yourself to sleep at night  
You might want to try to find another way to ease your mind; It  
will take over  
Wires crossed as well as fingers  
Stale works with hunger lingering  
Programs with code mouth with crystal conduct  
The mechanic's blow my fuses  
Shut down, shut down, emergency escape  
Fly down with a fall  
I'm drifting away; I'm closer to crashing through the gates  
Programed to take the to tumble  
And fix problems as if I know, as if I knew as I will do  
I can't stay to watch this happen  
Piercing the face of the worms  
Disturbing the dirt holding them in  
Use the best bait to catch the oldest fish  
That's how I see it  
This is the way I was programmed to be  
This is the way I was programmed to be  
Solitude soaked yet ready to clean the ground  
To destroy the maker that made me.