## **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.