

New Bomb Turks

"Wasting Matches"

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Rat trap, now I know this place is a
Death trap, I'm itchy and I'm shaking
You'd better take a look inside
Tight ship, not only a shadow of a
Dream lost, ambitious boss
The chemicals leave little to hide
So sweep the floors and lock the doors
Here less ain't more
Are you reinforced?
Breathing, living, damaging
Nervous system managing
Breathing, living, damaging
The parts that make us feel
As if we're real
My hands don't feel a fucking thing anymore
My back, it burns like all the thousands before
I think I'm gonna need a break
The clock, it mocks me
I'll destroy this pile and if that's a problem
I'll say it to their fucking face
So sweep the floors and lock the doors

Here less ain't more

Are you reinforced?

Breathing, living, damaging

Nervous system managing

Breathing, living, damaging

Breathing, living, I sing

We're all wasting matches

We're all dropping ashes

On the ground, now we're out

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