

## At The Drive In "300 Mhz"

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In the unlikely event,  
That sarcasm is an unfitting dress.

Amnesia proletariat.  
Amnesia proletariat.

Coughing up the coffins,  
Cotton candy coated teeth.

The reflection of your enamel,  
Made no reflection in our mirror.

Malfunction.  
Malfunction.

These pockets were clinching,  
All filled with fists.

These decibels were rotted,  
In the canals of my teeth.

Amnesia proletariat.  
Amnesia proletariat.

Sharpened on the fucking hides of men,  
In the full of this moon we will make amends.

Malfunction.  
Malfunction.  
Malfunction.  
Malfunction.

Whispered in the ear,  
300 megahertz.  
Megahertz.

[Backwards Singing]  
(Your enamel,  
Made no reflection in our mirror.  
Coughing up the coffins,  
Cotton candy coated teeth.  
Amnesia proletariat.

In the unlikely event,  
That sarcasm is an unfitting dress.  
Amnesia proletariat.  
Amnesia proletariat.  
Amnesia.  
Coughing up the coffins,  
Cotton candy coated teeth.  
These pockets were clinching,  
All filled with teeth.  
Sharpened on the fucking hides of men.)

Whispered in the ear, (Malfunction)  
300 megahertz. (This is malfunction.)  
Megahertz. (Malfunction, malfunction.)

Whispered in the ear, (Malfunction)  
300 megahertz. (This is malfunction.)  
Megahertz. (Malfunction, malfunction.)

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