

## **At The Drive In "Invalid Litter Department"**

Visit "[Invalid Litter Department](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Intravenously polite it was the walkie-talkies  
That had knocked the pins down  
As her shoes gripped the dirt floor  
In the silhouette of dying

Dancing on corpses ashes

Yeah, they had plans for him  
They has spun the last of the pimps  
Corduroy, satin nailed jewelry lips  
While the guillotine just laughed again

Dancing on the corpses ashes

And paramedics fell into the wound  
Like a rehired scab at a barehanded plant  
An anesthetic penance beneath  
The hail of contraband

Dancing on the corpses ashes

On my way nails broke and fell  
Into the wishing well, wishing well  
Wishing well, wishing well

On my way nails broke and fell  
Into the wishing well, wishing well  
Wishing well, wishing well

They had been defected and excommunicated  
And all the pulses were subverted  
And they made sure the obituaries  
Showed pictures of smoke stacks

Dancing on the corpses ashes

A vivid dissection that mocked  
The strut of vivisection  
Semi-automatic colonies  
And a silencing that still walks the streets

Dancing on the corpses ashes

In the company of wolves  
Was a stretcher made of  
Cobblestone curfews  
The federals performed  
Their custodial customs quite well

Dancing on the corpses ashes

On my way nails broke and fell  
Into the wishing well, wishing well  
Wishing well, wishing well

On my way nails broke and fell  
Into the wishing well, wishing well  
Wishing well, wishing well

On my way nails broke and fell  
Into the wishing well, wishing well  
Wishing well, wishing well

On my way nails broke and fell  
Into the wishing well, wishing well  
Wishing well, wishing well

Intravenously polite it was the walkie-talkies  
That had knocked the pins down  
As her shoes lay dangling on the dirt floor  
In the silhouette of dying

Dancing on corpses ashes

Well, yeah, they had plans for him  
They had spun the last of the pimps  
Corduroy, satin nailed jewelry lips  
While the guillotine just laughed again

Dancing on the corpses ashes

And paramedics had fallen into the wound  
Like a rehired scab at a barehanded plant  
An anesthetic penance beneath  
The hail of contraband

Dancing on the corpses ashes

On my way nails broke and fell  
Into the wishing well, wishing well  
Wishing well, wishing well

On my way nails broke and fell

Into the wishing well, wishing well  
Wishing well, wishing well

On my way nails broke and fell  
Into the wishing well, wishing well  
Wishing well, wishing well

On my way, yeah

Dancing on the corpses ashes  
Dancing on the corpses ashes

Callous heels numbed in travel  
Endless maps made by their  
Scalpels, scalpels

Callous heels numbed in travel  
Endless maps made by their  
Scalpels, scalpels

Visit [At The Drive In](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.