

At The Drive In "Invalid Litter Dept."

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Intravenously polite, it was the walkie-talkies
That had knocked the pins down
As their shoes gripped the dirt floor
In the silhouette of dying.
(Dancing on the corpse's ashes...)

Yeah, they had plans for him
But they had spun the last of the pimps
Polyester, satin nailed, jewelery lips
While the guillotine just laughed again.
(Dancing on the corpse's ashes...)

And the paramedics fell into the wound
Like a rehired scab at a barehanded plant,
An anaesthetic penance beneath
The hail of contraband.
(Dancing on the corpse's ashes.)

On my way,
Nails broke and fell
Into the
Wishing well.
Wishing well.
Wishing well.

On my way,
Nails broke and fell
Into the
Wishing well.
Wishing well.
Wishing well.

They had defected and been excommunicated
And all the pulses were subverted,
And they made sure the obituaries
Showed pictures of smoke stacks.
(Dancing on the corpse's ashes...)

A vivid dissection that mocked
The strut of vivisection
A semi-automatic colony
And a silencing that still walks the streets.

(Dancing on the corpse's ashes...)

In the company of wolves
Was a stretcher made of
Cobblestone curfews.
And the federales performed
Their custodial customs quite well.
(Dancing on the corpse's ashes.)

On my way,
Nails broke and fell
Into the
Wishing well.
Wishing well.
Wishing well.

On my way,
Nails broke and fell
Into the
Wishing well.
Wishing well.
Wishing well.

On my way,
Nails broke and fell
Into the
Wishing well.
Wishing well.
Wishing well.

On my way,
Nails broke and fell
Into the
Wishing well.
Wishing well.
Wishing well.

Intravenously polite, it was the walkie-talkies
That had knocked the pins down
As their shoes lay dangling on the dirt floor
In the silhouette of dying.
(Dancing on the corpse's ashes...)

Well, yeah, they had plans for him
But they had spun the last of the pimps
Polyester, satin nailed, jewelery lips
While the guillotine just laughed again.
(Dancing on the corpse's ashes...)

And the paramedics had fallen into the wound
Like a rehired scab at a barehanded plant,

An anaesthetic penance beneath
The hail of contraband.
(Dancing on the corpse's ashes.)

On my way,
Nails broke and fell
Into the
Wishing well.
Wishing well.
Wishing well.

On my way,
Nails broke and fell
Into the
Wishing well.
Wishing well.
Wishing well.

On my way,
Nails broke and fell
Into the
Wishing well.
Wishing well.
Wishing well.

On my way...
Dancin' on the corpse's ashes...
Dancin' on the corpse's 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...

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