

At The Drive In "Rolodex Propaganda"

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Pinch history
Feel the pinch blistering
Pinch me in dreams
'Cause I'm still not listening

X marks the spot
On your calendar days
A bread half-eaten
Spoiled, crawling with legs

Temper, tempered, temperature
Temper, tempered, temperature

Manuscript replica
(Cut it, yes, I say, cut it, cut it)
Manuscript replica
(Yeah, what say? Cut it)
Manuscript replica
(Yeah, cut it, you got it, yeah)
Manuscript replica
(Yeah, you got, you got it, yeah)

In infrared is how we saw
The night that lit up scarecrow plots
The nerve that pinches, crippled, hobbled
Frolicked flat on its own face

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The night that lit up scarecrow plots
The nerve that pinches, crippled, hobbled
Frolicked flat on its own face

Jigsaw pattern, dominoes left a trail
The whites of their eyes, Polaroids of the tale
For our amusement we bring stare to defendants
Mechanical panaceas, absolved by history
Phonetic paralysis inflicted through morality
The seed that it nurtured was a wilted bouquet

Temper, tempered, temperature
Temper, tempered, temperature

Manuscript replica
(Cut it, yes, yes cut it, cut it)
Manuscript replica
(Yes, you cut it, cut it)
Manuscript replica
(Oh yeah, you cut it)
Manuscript replica
(Cut it)

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In infrared is how we saw
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Squirming through cuts in a throat, cut it, cut it
Squirming through cuts in a throat, cut it, cut it
Squirming through cuts in a throat, yeah, cut it, yeah,
cut it
Squirming through cuts in a throat

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