

At The Drive In "Rolodex Propoganda"

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pinch history
feel the pinch blistering
pinch me in my dreams
'cause i'm still not listening
X marks the spot
on your calendar days
a beard half eaten
smiled
crawling with legs
temper tempered temperature

manuscript replica

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

jigsaw pattern
dominoes left a trail
the whites of their eyes
polaroids of the tale
for our amusement
we bring stares to the defendants
mechanical panaceas
absolved by history
phonetic paralysis
inflicted through morality
the seed that it nurtured
was a wilted bouquet
temper tempered temperature

squirming through cuts in a throat
cut it...cut it...

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