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Alexisonfire "Accidents"

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I'm not sure what's worse The waiting or the waiting room You're next sir Becomes a cruel taunt to you

Recycled air The smell of sleep and disinfectant Your God is A two door elevator

Do they even cure you (Cut me open drug me) Or is it just to humor us before we die (Repair all my defects) If only we could heal ourselves We wouldn't need to be hooked up to these machines

Let's redefine Let's redefine Let's redefine Let's redefine Let's redefine Let's redefine What it means to heal

Do they even cure you (Cut me open drug me) Or is it just to humor us before we die (Repair all my defects) If only we could heal ourselves We wouldn't need to be hooked up to these machines

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