

Bridges Out

"Good Luck With Your Machine"

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It's quite impressive. Nothing gets past you does it. I know we're not quite up to standard.

We're making words. We hammer out details. We let ourselves inhale. And every single line is blood we turn to wine and yet we still want more.

We're waiting for that trickle of red. So much anticipation, we want the killing blow now. This shrapnel's headed straight for your heart. No need to sugar coat it, we just missed the mark. We're waiting for something worth fighting for. Would it kill you to say good luck with your machine. We're waiting for that trickle of red. So we will leave it up to you.

I think I see light from everything that you touch with your midas grasp. Our faults just don't stand a chance against your crystal eye. Criti-size me up. Criti-size me up.

These lacerations are for my own good. These lacerations.

We're waiting for that trickle of red. So much anticipation, we want the killing blow now. This shrapnel's headed straight for your heart. No need to sugar coat it, we just missed the mark. We're waiting for something worth fighting for. Would it kill you to say good luck with your machine. We're waiting for that trickle of red. So we will leave it up to you. Is that all you have to say? Now ask me if I care.

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