

## **Dillinger Escape Plan "Panasonic Youth"**

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We wrote these plans, took the order, the architecture  
And followed them to the end until the gears ground  
cold  
And relentless, there was no remorse, we had none  
We kept on with no trace of a regret  
I never saw any blood, no soul for the body

Watch them turn her scab covered skin into stone like a  
coal  
In the sky searching for the dawn for the last time  
Bloated with white eyes wide, we've come to an  
understanding  
You lose I profit high noon

And there ain't no secrets, no more excuses  
Now our number's up, let them lead us by the throat  
Now just smile while the rope pulls tighter  
Guilty is an understatement, the hourglass is never  
right

Side up and all the time we try to tear the script up  
forgetting all the sour  
For the sweet the paragraph has never been so empty  
The mother dies with infant in arms, the lifeless test  
tube  
Look what she's done, evolution gave us a clock that's  
always winding down

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