

# Jawbreaker

## "Eye-5"

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In unbearable traffic.  
Radio and it's deafening static.  
I got my dick in my hand.  
Super sanitary garbage man.  
Bearing down the interstate.  
Feeling hate for hate's sake.  
The gun felt good in my hand.  
Like an angel in the devil's land.  
Though it may sound strange, angels call my name.  
While it seems insane, I hold them to blame.  
Hood ornament in my trusty sight.  
The time has come to put things right.  
I am here to make things clean.  
Man, oh man, what a violent scene.  
Target! Target! Woman! Whore!  
This is it.  
The holy war.  
Steady now.  
Draw back the hammer.  
Blinding flash.

Nothing's the matter.  
Though it might sound strange, angels call my name.  
While it seems insane, I hold them to blame.  
I should be king.  
Angels do the strangest things.  
Got a good feeling.  
'Bout time I beat my wings.  
Her foot turns to lead on the pedal.  
Multiple collision, the flesh it settles.  
Glass, gas, a punctured lung.  
An angel's work is never done.  
Across town, another job in need of doing.  
My arm's all fucked, in need of some gluing.  
Crank up the box, dig the noise between stations.  
Pin in my arm, for concentration.

This is an angel.  
Please respond.

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