

M**"I The Throw Away"**

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Made a man out of me
A killing machine
Your baby's going to die ma
Your baby's coming home
You know they put a man on the moon
Simply to prove that we all need a place to go
Where we're not know
Where we're not

And a lesser degree
I can recall breathing easy
But the deficit rolls
Built up I suppose
Picking up the pieces
Of another fucked up reason
For selling of some freedom
That was never free
Well, never absolutely
Never absolutely

Made a mess out of me
A killing machine
Sometimes when I need them
If I look hard enough to see them
I can find my feet
As I push against gravity
In and out of having them been
Led by defeat
So one more time's all I need

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