

## Manic Hispanic "Accidents Are On Purpose"

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*[Originally by Alexisonfire]*

I'm not sure what's worse  
The waiting or the waiting room  
and "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?  
If only we could heal ourselves (Whoa whoa whoa...)  
We wouldn't need to be hooked up to these machines  
(Whoa whoa whoa...)

Whoa whoa whoa.....

Do they even cure you?  
Or is it just to humor us before we die?

Whoa whoa whoa.....

Let's redefine  
Whoa whoa whoa..... *[repeated]*

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