

So Many Dynamos "It's Gonna Rain"

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Stalagmites, stalactites
Your incisors are so bright
Quiet days, epileptic nights
Sleeping in the strobe light
Wine stains on your favorite rug
There's a hole where the living room was
There's no reason, it's just because
Now's the time to destruct

Are you coming with me?
Are you coming with?
Are you coming with me?
Are you coming with?
Are you coming with me?
Are you coming with?
Are you coming with me?
Are you coming with?

Broken bottles on the kitchen floor
The shards of glass make an obstacle course
We're treating habits like they're open sores
Scratching at the back door

Are you coming with me?
Are you coming with?
Are you coming with me?
Are you coming with?

I don't want to make amends.
I just want to make a mess.

All I see now are tectonic plates colliding.
(I don't want to make amends, I want to make a mess.)
I'm not leaving 'til we dismantle the boxspring.
(I don't want to make amends, I want to make a mess.)
All I see now are tectonic plates colliding.
(I don't want to make amends, I want to make a mess.)
I'm not leaving 'til we pave over the ashing.
(I don't want to make amends.)

I don't want to make amends!
I just want to make a mess!

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