

## **The Riot Before "Plastic Chests For Plastic Hearts"**

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The television shows the perfect people  
Happy with their money  
And if you get thinner, less wrinkled  
You won't feel so empty

So get a plastic chest to house your plastic heart  
The poison you put in your brow kills who you are  
It's all a show  
Doctor, make my skin perfect  
Don't want to ever see below  
So insecure and so alone

The news is shocking and so awful  
Romanticize a war campaign  
Bloody pictures from a bloody battle  
Only serve to entertain

So cast your vote cover your eyes  
We're number one!  
God blessed America with pride  
He gave you the money to buy that giant SUV  
The one you drive with empty seats  
Does it make you feel complete?

A spreading disease  
A distracted nation  
Consumed with what they see and what they drink  
celebrities  
The doctor will fix it for me  
The pain only lasts a few weeks  
The scars won't even be seen  
But I'll be seen: complete, envied

The body dies  
But the soul's so hard to treat  
So grab your knife  
And cut me perfectly

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