

## **Pterodactyls In America "Keith"**

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(Verse 1)

Turn it off, the sound's like a gun in my mouth  
Ready to recieve, I can't even talk, I go one way

I think I'm sick, want to cut these strings from my hands  
Minds on fire, can't think straight I'm losing touch

Find solutions in a bottle, pills for the afflicted  
Sedated so they'll die defending this

(Chorus)

Mobilize the troops  
Fuel the jets and load the bombs  
Burn it down  
There's perfection in the end

(Verse 2)

Cut me off, I don't think this place is for me  
Drown it out with the sound of burning bridges

Stopped working, reward is a snake in the grass  
In a suit, in america, whoaaa

Society's a war against ourselves  
The only weapons we have are what it provides

(Chorus)

Mobilize the troops  
Fuel the jets and load the bombs  
Burn it down  
There's perfection in the end.

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