

No Trigger "Neon National Park"

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There's a television on in the basement where the
beasts are chained to the wall.
Theres a fistfight in the hall where the beasts all dance
to
songs made from listing. There's a backbone in a
proportion,
the majority lack one, but its not about backbones
this time around. Maybe one chance, I don't know.
I keep on counting down, I keep on getting to zero.
Dragging ourselves over the canyon.
Blank stares three thousand miles wide.
One by one we gently fall upon,
the jagged edge of history. We're on the edge of
history.
One, two, three, R.A.B.I.D. beastly invertebrates we be.
This is a problem, you know you know the same.
It took a while to connect. Swallowed, transformed, and
caged.
Showcased like celebrities, or suburban families.
We have no means to save ourselves today.
Maybe one chance. I don't know.
I keep on counting down, I keep on getting to zero.
Dragging ourselves over the canyon.
Blank stares three thousand miles wide.
One by one we gently fall upon, the jagged edge of
history.
We're on the edge of history.
We're on the edge of...

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