

Killing Time

"Used To It"

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Forced to leave this shelter for an anxious sky
As I decide to orchestrate this suicide
All on my lone-some may doubt my sincerity
I'm swept with unmotion
Take me back to the factory

Cuz I've come a long way to hear,
You don't belong here either.
A bad machine doesn't play well with others
Runs with it's scissors
A bad machine is a little dissi-distant
And apparently, talks when it should listen.

I've demanded letters of retraction
For false accounts of my reactions
I'm not as paranoid or crazy
As the ones who try to play me.

Spend it if you got it brother, you need more.
Keep production humming. keep the money coming.
Spend it if you got it sister, you need more.
Procreate, consume.

Forced to leave this shelter for an anxious sky
On the outside where their orchestrating suicides.
All on my lone-some may lack my sincerity
I'm swept with unmotion
And they've closed down the factory.

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