

## **Damage Manual, The "King Mob"**

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King mob in a plastic iceberg  
Smoking water damaged cigarettes  
Observe as he works your wasteland  
Pulling punches that you never met  
Controlled in a listless air stream  
Jets are breathing in his latex eyes  
True to form, he is scared to touch them  
And your wasteland stays vandalized  
Success in a cut glass wardrobe  
All the clothes loose like shredded hair  
Dream escapes to a closet class war  
King mob in a smashed wheel chair  
Nerve gas for the walking wounded  
Suffocating in a sadists' prayer  
Flaming horses on a fading landscape  
Break the surface but there is no air  
King mob as he vents his anger  
Throws a brick through the city gates  
Backfires on his wordless offspring  
The population disintegrates  
Cold stream plus a wash of carbon

Drives his mind like an engine room  
Cogs turning like a flawed stage whisper  
King mob sings a lifeless tune  
Surface stop  
Pressure drop  
King mob  
Faded wrists and the risks worth taking  
Cleans his blade with dreams he froze  
Metal moments fed on foreign textures  
Breaks his mind with the things he knows  
King mob at his withered console  
Electric arcades run on secret oils  
Flicks a switch and he's the God of anger  
Pulls a handle and the wasteland spoils

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