

Dillinger Escape Plan, The "Panasonic Youth"

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We wrote these plans
took the order the architecture
and followed them to the end
until the gears ground cold
and relentless
there was no remorse
we had none
we kept on with no trace of a regret
I never saw any blood
no soul for the body
watch them turn her scab
covered skin into stone
like a coal in the sky
searching for the dawn
for the last time
bloated with white eyes wide
we've come to an understanding
you lose I profit high noon
and there ain't no secrets
no more excuses
now our number's up
let them lead us by the throat now
just smile while the rope pulls tighter
guilty is an understatement
the hourglass is never right side up
and all the time we try to tear the script up
forgetting all the sour for the sweet
the paragraph has never been so empty
the mother dies with infant in arms
the lifeless test tube, look what she's done
evolution gave us a clock
that's always winding down

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