

The Dead 60s

"Cassandra Syndrome"

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We are rusting at our hinges, we are coughing up
asbestos.
We are loveless, careless automated animals.
Fundamentally lonesome, and socially inept.
Come on, come on, come on, come on. We are as good
as it gets.
Always in the wrong place at the wrong time,
Drained of our vital fluids and feeling fine.
Oh, the machines we are.
Oh, the machines we are.
Don't it seem so strange what we're willing to exchange
just for the world's attention?
It's a failing world we've devised (we keep
broadcasting our shame)
When we want our failures televised (cause it keeps the
world entertained)
The anxiety in another's eyes (keeps us feeling alive)
It gets us off, it gets us off.
Glory be to vanity cause god's too busy staring in the
mirror.
Glory be to vanity cause god's too busy staring in the
mirror.
We can only settle our synthetic hearts by the sound of
recoil.
We determine our caliber based on how much and who
we despoil.
What are we, but hornets to the swarm,
When only the body of a stranger keeps us warm.
It's a failing world we've devised (we keep
broadcasting our shame)
When we want our failures televised (cause it keeps the
world entertained)
The anxiety in another's eyes (keeps us feeling alive)
It gets us off, gets us off.

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