

## **Matches, The "Audio Blood"**

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Every Friday at three  
shadows escape from the factory.  
If you can go to the show,  
hurry up and get back to me.  
Tonight we meet underground  
where the air is thick like mud,  
and the bands make noise  
that we call audio blood.  
Every weekend we're ignighting  
like chemical fires.  
Youth centers fill with teens.  
They fill with vampires.

Sweating in the dark we're freed  
as the weight of the week  
falls away with a thud.  
Sweating in the dark we feed  
on the forms in the light;  
on the floor we're the flood.  
We bleed, we bleed, we bleed  
audio blood.

And through the week,  
whispers follow the shadows down the halls.  
Our handstamps fade,  
and I cringe at the stupid names we're called.  
Every weekend we are massing,  
seeking sonic escape.  
The shadows flood the floor  
and start to take shape.

This is how we bleed in audio...  
let down your skin,  
let the wind blow through your veins.

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