

Mourning Maxwell

"The Routine"

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Disemboweled open me up replace the master file//
So the seconds wait just liek you wanted//
It's all consistent with documents and profits//
Now I'm ready to go wake me when the day fades//
Was this supposed to be some kind of remedy//
I kill the message you kill the thirst and we'll take bets
on which will brake first//
The odds are in.

Roll the music and cue the scene here comes the shot//
If that was the treatment this is my routine//
There's nothing worse than chasing a dream you've
never hadd//
With open eyes you'd be amazed at what you'd see.

Reach inside script the vocal chords until you're
satisfied//
This must be how it feels to be a stowaway//
Breathing shallow if not at all suppress the sounds and
words you wish that you could say//
When the trough is nearly empty we'll raise the cost of
living//
And slash the price of life down to the bone//
It's so close I can almost taste it.

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