

Professional Griefers

[deadmau5](#)

I like the sound of the broken pieces
I like the lights that assign where she sits
We got machines but the kids got Jesus
Ought to move like we're off the name list
God can't hear you, they will fight you
Watch them build a friend just like you
Morning Sickness, XYZ
Teenage Girls with ESP
Gimme the sound, to see
Another world outside that's full of
All the broken things that I made
Just give me a life, to bleed
Another world outside that's full of
All the awful things that I made
We like to dance but the dead go faster
Turn up the slam and a barcode blaster
We want the cash or the junk you're after
Rise up control for the mixtape master
Self-correction, Mass dissection
That's why brats on in detention
Morning sickness, XYZ
Boys with bombs in NMA
Compliance, Special Castings
Photographs that I'm erasing
Phono slots with picture screens
Girls with guns on LSD
Self-infraction, mass destruction
Programmed for the final function
Lab Rat King, Rescue team
Save me from the anarchy
Gimme the sound, to see
Another world outside that's full of
All the broken things that I made
Just give me a life, to bleed
Another world outside that's full of
All the awful things that I made
'Cause we are the last disease
Another broken life that's full of
All the awful things that I made
And we got the eyes to see
Another broken life that's full of
All the awful things that are made

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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