

# 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  
Compliancy, 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.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>