

# Your Retro Career Melted

## The Faint

Recovering slowly, a torso fell  
From a beat up truck by a rural motel  
The manager seen how the truck bed bounced  
While dust flew up with a rolling sound  
Voices appear from the staff outside  
In bulbous text, in a western style  
His mannequin neck spun to turn his face  
The bars spills drunks out frame by frame  
Girls pushed girls side to side  
To hear a suction sound as limbs realign  
The crowd just seemed to multiply  
They hear his plastic jaw as the news drops hard  
Your retro career melted  
Your retro career melted  
Your retro career melted  
They couldn't have agreed with the mannequin less  
They didn't understand what the mannequin meant  
The sound of a barrelled gun held to the back  
Some plastic clicks as the shell parts pass  
Fleshtone shards fly by wild  
They fill a plastic bag with the parts inside  
The bag got dumped, a town nearby  
They reassembled fast as his voice dropped hard  
Your retro career m-m-melted  
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Multiply, multiply, multiply, multiply  
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