

# At The Drive-In, Mannequin Republic

They'd call it a wasteland  
auslander plates  
you know its armor was human  
drove stakes into the main camps  
eyesockets sank into  
the back of its head again  
this frequency was jet lagged  
yes the wrinkles mate  
with the owner's manual  
with the owner's manual

Frequent flyers in denial  
and all the while  
emergency is evident  
revenants were the statues  
radar learning of huddled masses

CHORUS:  
sutured all the patients  
of this nursing home  
omitted from the pages  
of this burial ground (x2)

labor concentrated  
in this sheepless chapel(x2)

they call it a wasteland  
they call it a wasteland, baby  
they call it a wasteland  
they call it a wasteland, baby  
they call it a, they call it a, they call it a, they call it a

CHORUS (x2)