

# So Many Dynamos, It's Gonna Rain

Stalagmites, stalactites.  
Your incisors are so bright.  
Quiet days, epileptic nights sleeping in the strobe light.  
Wine stains on your favorite rug.  
There's a hole where the living room was.  
There's no reason, it's just because.  
Now's the time to destruct.

Are you coming with me?  
Are you coming with?

Broken bottles on the kitchen floor.  
The shards of glass make an obstacle course.  
We're treating habits like they're open sores  
Scratching at the back door.

Are you coming with me?  
Are you coming with?

I don't want to make amends.  
I just want to make a mess.

All I see now are tectonic plates colliding.  
(I don't want to make amends, I want to make a mess.)  
I'm not leaving 'til we dismantle the boxspring.  
(I don't want to make amends, I want to make a mess.)  
All I see now are tectonic plates colliding.  
(I don't want to make amends, I want to make a mess.)  
I'm not leaving 'til we pave over the ashing.  
(I don't want to make amends.)

I don't want to make amends!  
I just want to make a mess!