

# Broadcasting from Beyond the Grave: Death Inc.

Motionless in White

Good evening  
You're listening to Broadcasting from Beyond the Grave  
Tonight's chilling episode: Death Inc.

Ow!

Can you hear the bell toll, little scarecrow?  
Radio-you're burnin' like a star in a black hole  
Did you get the memo? Pretty typo Romeo  
Cutting you up like a Van Gogh

You're not fucking with us  
We're not fucking with you  
So you can fuck yourself  
And your puppet suit  
You're the wizard of flaws  
We've got nothing to lose  
So you can fuck yourself  
And your little dog too

Yeah you can fuck yourself  
We've got nothing to prove

We are the weirdos  
In your stereo  
Disco freak show  
Death Incorporated  
We are the weirdos  
In the microphone  
Supernatural  
Death Incorporated

From beyond, yeah  
Don't belong, yeah  
Turn it on, yeah  
Death Incorporated  
From beyond, yeah  
Don't belong, yeah  
Turn it on, yeah  
Death Incorporated

Do you feel like a psycho? Dirty needle rodeo  
Painting your disease like a digital Picasso  
Feelin' so bad that nobody's gonna need you  
Spinnin' in your grave but nobody's gonna hear you

We are the weirdos  
In your stereo  
Disco freak show  
Death Incorporated  
We are the weirdos  
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Hush little baby, go for a ride  
We'll take a little trip to the afterlife

Hush little baby, bump in the night  
Demon in the daylight  
Shadow in the limelight

From beyond, yeah  
Don't belong, yeah  
Turn it on, yeah  
Drop the bomb

We are the weirdos  
In your stereo  
Disco freak show  
Death Incorporated  
We are the weirdos  
In the microphone  
Supernatural  
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From beyond, yeah  
Don't belong, yeah  
Turn it on, yeah  
Death Incorporated  
From beyond, yeah  
Don't belong, yeah  
Turn it on, yeah  
Death Incorporated

Let's go!  
Until next time  
For more haunting tales of terror and mystery  
This is Broadcasting from Beyond the Grave

Who's the boss now?  
Who-