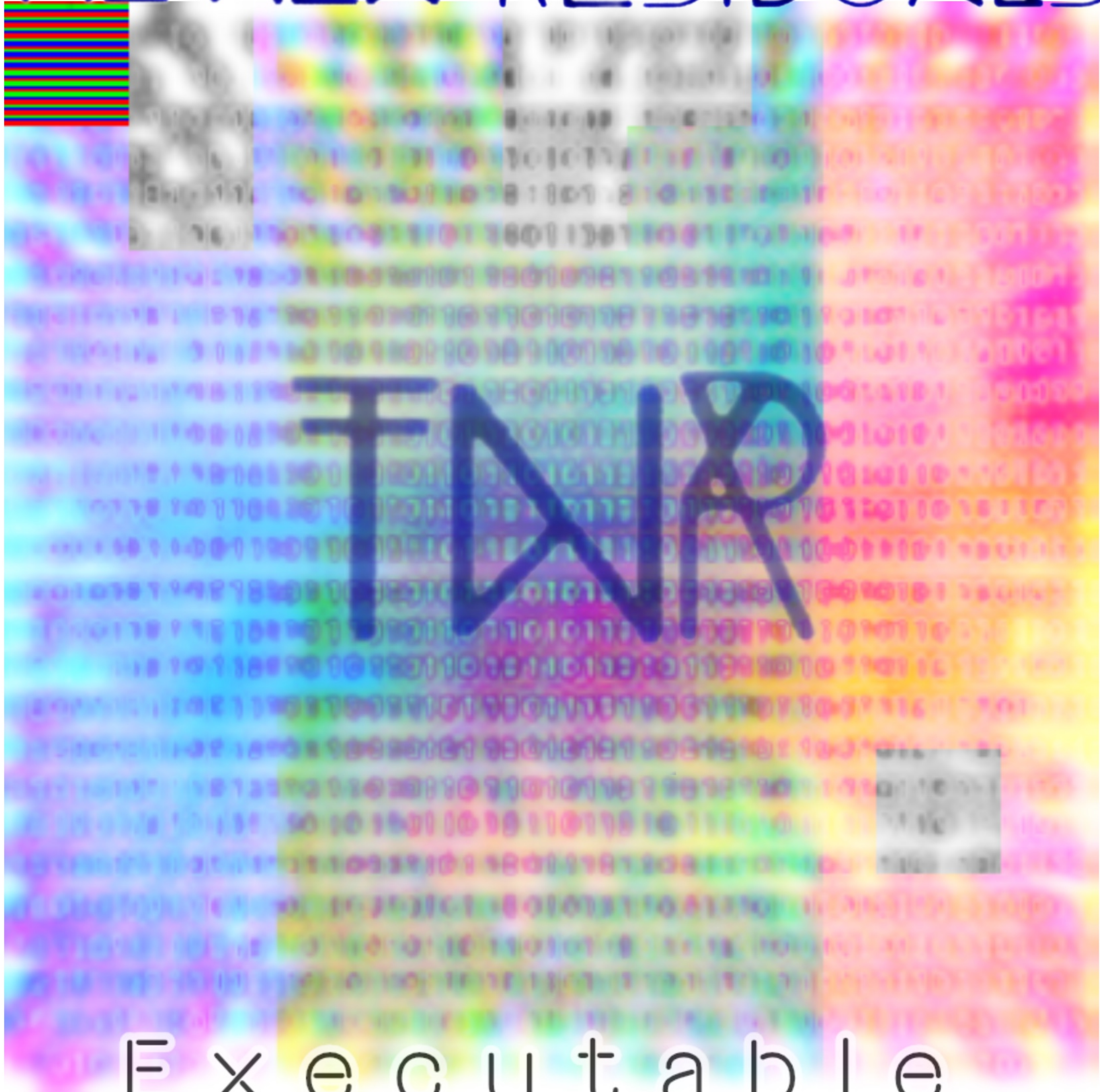


THE NEW RESIDUALS



Executable



THE NEW RESIDUALS

A hand with a tattoo on the forearm reaches out from the left side of the frame. On the right, a glowing, translucent digital profile of a person's head is visible, appearing to be composed of light or energy. The background is a dark blue field filled with a dense, scrolling pattern of green binary code (0s and 1s).

1. Debbie Dig It Digital

2. Debbie Died For Digital

3. Dimebag Debbie

4. The Best We Can Do

TNR : @XP

Debbie Dig It Digital

Debbie done with dreaming
At the point of freezing
Listen to her breathing
Lonesome is a lesion

Debbie rockin' steady
Discotheque already
Debbie rockin' steady
Things are getting heavy

Debbie seeking pleasure
Never found the treasure
Ringing up the total
Nothing anecdotal

Debbie rockin' steady
Discotheque already
Debbie rockin' steady
Things are getting heavy

Digital beseeched her
Built for every feature
Such an earthy creature
A silicon Demeter



Debbie rockin' steady
Discotheque already
Debbie rockin' steady
Things are getting heavy

Debbie gets the feeling
Light shines like a prism
Like apple-picking season
Like we all been agreeing

Debbie rockin' steady
Discotheque already
Debbie rockin' steady
Get on with it already

Debbie Died for Digital

Debbie died for digital
So you might be saved
Hashtag unrecoverable
The sacrifice she made

Holy Roman digital
Visions, laws and lots
Abel smote by ransomware
David slays the bot

Oh Debbie
Debbie Debbie
Oh Debbie
Things are getting heavy

Incels study digital
They're praying every night
A sacramental app install
Feel the keyboard light

Ancient Ruthie digital
The classroom every day
Signs and wonders 101
since Windows 98

Oh Debbie
Debbie Debbie
Oh Debbie
Things are getting heavy

Hark the herald digital
It's heaven in the cloud
Incense smoke and silicon
Never mute the sound

Armies march for digital
Goggles Google Glass
Enlistment it's been ticking up
The Sodom server crashed

Oh Debbie
Debbie Debbie
Oh Debbie
She was born ready



Dimebag Debbie

Dimebag Debbie was a man from the mill
Lost his member in a Coupe de Ville
Driving down the road with his fly undone
Abscised roadside radio on

Debbie quit her job and moved to New York
Hooked on meatball bedside pork
Living on the street off dub house slag
Backlot seagull bloody rag

Debbie lost an eye on vice grip crank
Scooped out raw in St. Mark's tank
Bought a pink patch from a pawnshop store
Wick-dip cool whip ice cream whore

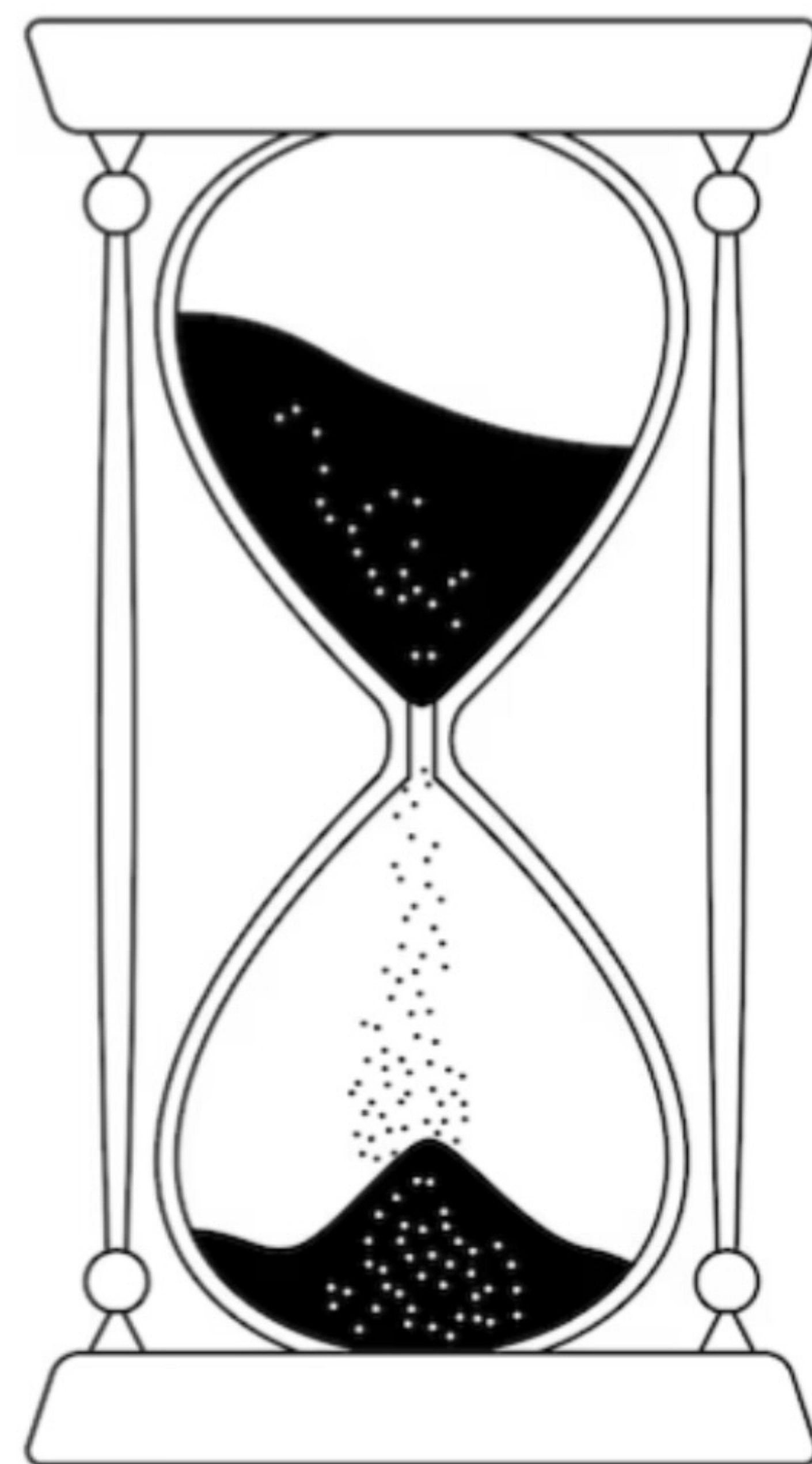
Debbie shackled up with a chessboard queen
Dandy shot-up downtown scene
Beantown flyboys graveyard snacks
Lost her life on p-dope smack



The Best We Can Do

Well, justice was invented
With a poly carbon core
Fairness in all fairness
Did not sweep ashore
We believe in charity
Politely open doors
I'm catty and despicable
Who expected more
Cause this is the best we can do
We all hear it ain't, but it's true
You dreamed up solar panels
And weaponized the flu
I don't tax the poor
unless it's cigarettes and booze
We're all for better wages
'til we're paying more for food
And that's the fucking truth
Cause this is the best we can do
We all hear it ain't, but it's true
We pledge our allegiance
To your confident display
It's old survival tech
That fueled us all this way
Take the higher ground
Unless a missile's on its way

Rhetoric my dear
you're such an easy lay
Cause this is the best we can do
We all hear it ain't, but it's true
And this is the best we can do
We all hear it ain't, show me proof



The New Residuals are:

Todd Glider - Bass, Vocals

Justin Tyner - Drums, Vocals

Matt Conner - Guitar

Dave Bloovman - Keyboards

Words by Todd Glider

Music by The New Residuals

Art by Justin Tyner

Engineered & Produced by Matt Conner

Recorded in Philadelphia, PA

[TheNewResiduals.bandcamp.com](https://thenewresiduals.bandcamp.com)

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