

Terminal State

Front 242

What about the figures?
What about the facts?
What about the outbreaks?
What about ourselves?What about the figures?
They don't stop climbing
What about the outbreak?
It keeps on spreadingSee it gaining ground
Digging in the wound
See it gaining ground
Digging in the woundWe're in the doldrums
We're in the doldrumsQuantizing is frightening
The facts are blinding
Time is dragging
The facts are blindingWe're a party in a suit
Now the worm is in the fruitSee it gaining ground
Digging in the wound
See it gaining ground
Digging in the woundWe're in the doldrums
We're in the doldrumsYou could make it just around the block
You could make it just around the block
It's able to sneak in any lock
It's able to sneak in any lockOn your shoulder there is it a pock?
Will the scales ever fall from your eyes?
On your shoulder there is it a pock?
Will the scales ever fall from your eyes?We're in the doldrums
We're in the doldrumsWhat about the figures?
They don't stop climbing
What about the outbreak?
It keeps on spreadingNow the lines are converging
To the point of no return
See it gaining ground
Amplifying the woundA disaster
(You name it)
A disaster occurs
Under your very eyesSee it gaining ground
Digging in the wound
See it gaining ground
Digging in theWe're in the doldrums
We're in the doldrumsWe're in the doldrums

We're in the doldrums We're in the doldrums The doldrums, the doldrums
The outbreak, disaster
The facts, the lines, the facts

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