Hey Kid. I'm A Computer. Stop All The Downloading

Fear Before The March Of Flames

On the count of three everybody over dose
They're coming with forks and knives to eat us alive
Victims in this cannibalistic human race or proprietors in this dog eat dog colonization?
We sluts have fattened and ripened in these la castles
We rust in the milk we've been fed. With moments left
If we stick ourselves with syringes and scrape our lungs with dollar bills
We can forge a roof that will hold us in and keep them out
Inevitable that the same person that fatted us calves
would now feed on the soft parts of our lower backs
Rather than humble and take to our knees to the homely we proclaim
You cannot buy love you cannot sell feelings
Have at me with your most primitive touch
Secretaries now make great lovers
As do those we had never considered. To a burning empire
We were meant to eat eachother.
The sound of cracking bones shall be the music that plays us out

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