

# Psychodelic Nightmare

## Dead Moon

Oh, it ain't safe, you better watch out  
They're coming to get you - sickle and shroud  
They'll turn you to stone and burn out your sky  
They've got your number - television eyes

The cinches, the doctors, the streaks, and the radio lights You think you can fight, hold on to your ground

The fingers of doom - time's counting down  
You think you can run from the mushroom cloud  
Rain turns to cinder when the hammer comes down  
The cinches, the doctors, the streaks, and the radio lights  
You the cinches, the doctors, the streaks, and the radio lights

You're living on the edge of a psycholdelic nightmare I covered my face, I closed my door

The skyline was falling like the armies before  
In the dust and the heat, the sound of change  
Hell bent for leather, nothing remained  
The cinches, the doctors, the streaks, and the radio lights

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