

The Blade (Pro-Gress Mix)

Front Line Assembly

Deep inside the angle hurts
Rotation moves the amber burns
Silently your hands are tied
Persuasion slowly slips inside
Stretching skin it has a burn
Sooner or later you will learn Perversion
Inhibitions from within
The only thing we really want is sin/skin Are you ready to believe
Are you ready to conceive
Are you ready to come
Are you ready to be one
Are you ready to come
Are you ready to be one The leather cracks
You feel the heat
A hardening pulse Is oh so sweet
The blindfold slips down
To your mouth
You taste the flesh it makes no sound
The blade it skins on your chest
Perverse illusion never rests within Are you ready to believe
Are you ready to conceive
Are you ready to come
Are you ready to be one This sado game is now for real
You suffocate with fear of pain
The blood starts running from your vein
The straps are tightened
For pleased pain

Songwriters

FULBER, NOWELL RHYS / LEEB, WILHELM ANTON Published by

Lyrics © Universal Music Publishing Group

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