

Ten Seconds In Los Angeles

Fear Before The March Of Flames

How he knows every wretch's death
None of them are crystal believers
They all shiver under fate's icy breath

But turn their face to the seeming deceiver
Alarm to all the foul aberrations
Who feed off the disgust of the masses
All joined together to make a scrap of a living

The eye sees all, the eye says so

Off the foul gasping breath of those who are paying
He says all and he says so
Behold, their defective bodies in wonder
The creeps and whores, the wicker and deformed
Amazement paints the faces in the rickety bleachers

They scream for more of the modern horror
Such much as still the eyes of the happy

And burn us all away in the light life

Only the one knows the awful end

A justified torturous completion
Of all their wrong doings and black sins

Forcasted in crystal visions

Slouched over the clear seeing eye

He marks down each death and he quivers

How he knows every wretch's death

And none of them are crystal believers
Slouched over the clear seeing eye

He marks down each death and he quivers

How he knows every wretch's death

And none of them are crystal believers

Songwriters

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