

# 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 deceiverAlarm to all the foul aberrations  
Who feed off the disgust of the massesAll 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 soBehold, 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 horrorSuch 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 completionOf 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 believersSlouched 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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