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
Herman Ruby; Dave DreyerPublished by
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