

Exhale (Henrik Backstrom)

Front Line Assembly

It feeds, and grows, inside your eyes. The air, it forces, between the deep.

Less vacation, fornication.

The noise, the noise have fear. Where, where do we go from here? Too much sin, and tears. Drawing us to this
naked paradise.

Keep pace with them will make you sin. Fragile brush, and nemo grin. Excessive surveillance, your camera's
clear. Under the soil, never spoils.

So clear, so frail, just entails. Despise the moment, when you are here.

The noise, the noise have fear. Where, where do we go from here? Too much sin, and tears. Drawing us to this
naked paradise.

Less vacation, fornication.

So fight, the gun. See it. Stand back, go. The something has begun.

The noise, the noise have fear. Where, where do we go from here? Too much sin, and tears. Drawing us to this
naked paradise.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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