

Surface Patterns (Mission Control Mix)

Front Line Assembly

On to
On to the mindfield
Into
Into the hole
Chemical
Chemical cauldron
Location still unknown
Out of the tunnel, into the light
World destruction, now seems right
A barren landscape of burning hell
Within our dreams
We feel the spell
Watching
Watching their minds blow
Sinking
Lower than low
Hooded mutations
Ride by nights
Scouring the earth
For impure life
They seek they search
And will destroy
Immoral acts they will employ
Constricting
Freedom of movement
Convulsing
Body in pain

Songwriters

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