Chemical Ability

Direct Hit!

You're alone in a blacked-out room, bound feet pressed to the floor
On your own, been attacked, but soon long teeth, less lack of gore
Drug of choice taken minutes before hooded men walked through your door
Quiet voice, clicking latch, that score's settled quick but you need more
You're alone in a white-lit hall, bloodied hands clutch torn-up meat
Monotone humming, bright, spit pooled round stance cut, short of sleep
Stagger up to the brushed steel door, tear the whole thing off the wall
Dagger fangs, at a hush, still bored, bared soul: "I'll kill you all"
Now the fast's in the past, and at last you can eat your fill at will
Singing on and on and on and on
This song's the one you'll never write down
And you won't remember it when you wake up on a concrete floor among the dismembered
Not right or natural
A factual reality, a chemical ability to killYou're alone in a blacked out room keeping dark thoughts from your brain
Ringing phone, gin and crack festooned on the floor to keep you sane
You await for the mutation to approach and end your life
All of this just a ruse built up, just a joke to end sore spite
Now the fast's in the past and at last gotta eat your fill at will
Hands, feet, heart, meat, repeat, no feat, keep up on kills
Hot breath on your neck, cold sweats gonna end your sorry life
Singing on and on and on and on
This song's the one you'll never write down
And you won't remember it when you wake up on a concrete floor among the dismembered
Not right or natural
A factual reality, a chemical ability to kill
It's not natural, no
The actual ability to kill

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