

# 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 kill  
You're alone in a blacked out room keeping dark thoughts from your  
brain

Ringin' 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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