

Crushed

Front 242

Turning meMy conscience is calling meIt wants to shake the beastThe snake is twisting,My thoughts into
needling extremitiesReaction breaks me into fractionsTaking all my energiesSeizing my extremitiesSo much
that I cannot feel nowThis heavy heartHeart that I carryStill holds the weight of youAnd when I fallAs I always
doI'm crushed by the absence of youPerfection is thereIn the expressionless stareA face that leaves no trace of
wear and tearTrue beauty is coldLove and hate and human sexual natureThis power is sustained by endless
violence and painA cycle I can't understandI'm tired of emotionsThey bare me with distortionsThey cut
meScreaming "Fuck me"Wipe them all away nowLet them see through eyes made of stone

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