

Blower

Deceased

Like a killer in the state
Like a rat in a maze
Living in a city of freak
Lives on children in the snow
It's too late you can't go
Smashes on with turning teeth
Run like blower
Eats like a grinder
The wheels of chains
Roles and roles again
It was marching like a prowler
Sacrifice the raw flesh
You are nice, you are cash
Here come the flesh eater
Chattering sound of iron
You smell the smoke of carbone
Tell me if it's near
I'm in the snow
I panic, I can't go
I see the yellow blades of danger

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