

Transmit Disrupt

Hell Is For Heroes

Surrounded by a faceless crowd
An operational decline, system closure
Abandoned aerals all around
Scrambling pictures crackling sounds, failing senses
Communication cutting out
The airwaves must be breaking down, intercepted, call disrupted
First step through the door and I've been here
once before
Back then in control held tight in my hands
And I threw it all away to glimpse the other side
Dissection starts with just a cut
Another specimen prepared for incision
The surgeon brandished the knife
He whispers, "This won't hurt a bit, maybe a little", it's just procedure
First step through the door and I've been
here once before
Back then in control held tight in my hands
And I threw it all away to glimpse the other side
Eyes sunk in my head, hesitation will be death, push back, kick it out

Songwriters

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