

# The Blade (Technohead)

## Front Line Assembly

Deep inside the angle hurts  
Rotation moves the amber burns  
Silently your hands are tied  
Persuasion slowly slips inside  
Stretching skin it has a burn  
Sooner or later you will learn Perversion  
Inhibitions from within  
The only thing we really want is sin/skin Are you ready to believe  
Are you ready to conceive  
Are you ready to come  
Are you ready to be one  
Are you ready to come  
Are you ready to be one The leather cracks  
You feel the heat  
A hardening pulse Is oh so sweet  
The blindfold slips down  
To your mouth  
You taste the flesh it makes no sound  
The blade it skins on your chest  
Perverse illusion never rests within Are you ready to believe  
Are you ready to conceive  
Are you ready to come  
Are you ready to be one This sado game is now for real  
You suffocate with fear of pain  
The blood starts running from your vein  
The straps are tightened  
For pleased pain

Songwriters

FULBER, NOWELL RHYS / LEEB, WILHELM ANTON Published by

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