

Brush the Dust Away

In Flames

In the most desolate corner
A bad case of the urban blues
Another brick in the living shadow
All inhale the downward spiralHey, get in line for tragic
Let us dance to the pistol magic
Just aim and end another
But think, as I rape your motherAnother player joins the table
Who I can or cannot trust
When do we get assigned?
Pure and precious with bad intentionsHey, come and join the show
All the cameras are ready to go
Just aim and end another
But think, as I rape your motherA single step - a garbled life
Where's the profit?
Your rage - the pain
Will it all be worth it?Genetic, it seems to be....
Abandon, the mass ideal
We think we're in control then we become the things we hate
Lets re-unite and brush the dust awayObtain a prosperous future
And the admiration of all
Act in "the sensations" media hour
All inhale the downward spiral

Songwriters

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