

## Street Spirit (Fade Out)

The Darkness

Rows of houses  
All bearing down on me  
I can feel their  
Blue hands touching me

All these things into position  
All these things will one day take control

Fade out again,  
fade out again

Cracked eggs, dead birds  
Scream as they fight for life  
I can feel death  
Can see its beady eyes

All these things into fruition  
All these things we'll one day swallow whole

Fade out again,  
fade out again

Fade out again,  
fade out again