

## Downfall

### Front Line Assembly

Fuel is running, fuel is coming,  
fuel is running down my face.  
The line, the line,  
the line is drawn.  
It won't be long,  
we have to be strong  
before they drop  
the final bomb.

Human target identified,  
neurotic psychotic,  
mutated spies.  
We've got to make a stand,  
we've got to kill the man.  
Tonight is when we go,  
tonight is when things  
BLOW!

Full throttle ahead,  
I think we're already dead,  
the night is here,  
I feel clear,  
I don't feel my head.