

Exhale

Front Line Assembly

It feeds, and grows, inside your eyes. The air, it forces, between the deep.

Less vacation, fornication.

The noise, the noise have fear. Where, where do we go from here ? Too much sin, and tears. Drawing us to this naked paradise.

Keep pace with them will make you sin. Fragile brush, and nemo grin. Excessive surveillance, your camera's clear. Under the soil, never spoils.

So clear, so frail, just entails. Despise the moment, when you are here. (2x)

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So fight, the gun. See it. Stand back, go. The something has been gun.

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