

# Mutilate

## Front Line Assembly

"Sometimes we have thoughts that are so frightening  
we can't even admit to ourselves that we have them."

"Did I torment you, did I perhaps even kill your loved ones? Yes you did."

Control of power  
Strangles the mind  
Collapse of the system  
Destruction begins  
From within

Mutilated by sound  
Signalling all the senses  
Out of mind  
Out of soul  
The trauma begins

A story never told  
From the past  
A show remains  
Conspiracy aided  
Toxic shock

They all lie in a trance  
Those idealistic fools  
Bent on crutches  
All of them bleed  
In their tracks  
They never look back

Christ, Christ, Christ  
What have they done to me?  
Christ, Christ, Christ  
What have they done to me?

"Wait for me you maniac, I don't know what's going on"

Buried machines  
Connecting the unseen  
Information warfare  
Aggression and betrayal  
Radiation codes  
Psycho-nerve warfare