

Target

Front Line Assembly

I will be ready Some violent day Nowhere to run Nowhere to hide
Skys turn red Starts turning red Starts turning red Seeking, s
eeking shelter From the enemy A hostile war (made these)? extre
me conditions It's not really where I want to be No, no protect
ion From, from the air Lungs collapse Your oxygen low Filled wi
th hell Genetics never tired Will grip you Lungs? Pushed to the
edge You're all looking You`re mine now fool?? You (are the)?
first Nowhere to run Nowhere to hide Nowhere to run