

Toxic

Front Line Assembly

"Where am I? Am I dreaming or is this death? I'm dead, I think."

A grey, toxic rain
Starts to appear
No real life
Just human wasteland
All around...

Vapours of nerve gas
Fill the air
No natural light
No law
Or religion...

Mutants
Roam the earth
Covered by ruins
The stars are gone
Time is up...

This is another world
This is another world

There is no room
For existence
Nuclear warfare
The answer
To all our questions...

Prisoners
In their own lifeform
Support systems
Rave failed
Human disease

"Where are we? We're in my brain."
"You could call it the kinder, gentler lobotomy."

Nervous convulsion
Create grinding faces
Eyes are burning
Polluted noise
Splits ear drums...

"Just another dream. Oh, thank God."