

Cutting Face

Pigface

An open mind imagination knows no bounds
Think it out in cheap and twisted times
Double trouble, you're raisin the flag again
Careful give that cry
What matters now, is not who'll take the blame
Station to directionless is full of the game
Rrright now, oh where do we begin, when all roads lead to sin?
There's a neck wrenchin' like a space
At the cutting face
When you crawl so low that you can't get back
You take a gamble, you figure every angle
You've gotta top tip bop- you find yourself a tight fit
There's a neck wrenchin' like a space
At the cutting face
When you crawl so low that you've gotta get back
It's more techno splatter wake a few fools
I'll go out tonight and maybe break a few rules
There's a neck wrenchin' like a space
Mayhem ninjas, guns and gore
I'll go out tonight and maybe score a bit more
A crabby Tuesday, I call it every blues
Techno splatter wake a few foolss

Can't get next to you
I just wanna hold you
Havin-it-havin-it, I'm not having it
No way
None of it
Not at all
There's a neck wrenchin' like a space
At the cutting face
When the light at the end of the tunnel is an oncoming train