

Brain Attack

Tracedawn

On the dunes of bad taste
I surf beneath the burning moon
The heat peels off my skin
but I won't hide like the other fools

Beyond hypnosis
Beyond the norm
Beyond the hypocrites
Melt the cerebrae

I'm a man of low morals, and everything
I touch ends up crushed into dust

On the shores of brain attack
I bathe above the lava core
The fumes keep away the ordinary
With a smile I plunge and dive

I'm a man of low morals, and everything
I touch ends up crushed into dust
Satisfaction, downfall
My teeth kissed concrete once again
Flesh dripping grin