

## Walkabouts

### "Acetylene"

Visit "[Acetylene](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Rules of the game  
Have gone and changed  
Snapped!  
Somethin' snapped!  
Dog kings  
Flesh dreams  
Death's tune  
High noon  
Wild talk, wild talk  
The flame I breathe  
Flame I breathe  
Acetylene!

Ventriloquist  
Earned your cut  
With your mouth shut  
Can't take  
More of this  
Dictator face  
On a postage stamp  
Car bomb  
Expressway ramp  
The road is torched  
Already torched  
Let it all crash  
Just where it will  
Then we'll see  
That nothin's here  
But what happens then?  
What happens then?  
Recipes  
For disaster  
Written on your cocktail napkin  
Bless the beasts!  
And the blowtorch

Visit [Walkabouts](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.