

Accuser

"Blasting In Progress"

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Friends hurt friends, what can you say
Who's to blame when friends lie dead
Blasting in progress, scares you to death
The mouse that roars won't save the world
Wise blood in a time-lock, raising a riot
Small heroic son with the pulse of a gun
I don't believe in angels, they keep falling first
I believe in nightmares, I've seen them in your eyes

You suck the blood
From TV-screens
You lick the pain
From magazines

Space is narrow, you're so far out
A world left to bleed as your time runs out
Caged birds don't sing, don't laugh, don't cry
Turn yourself and crawl inside
Now the day has come you wished you'd never see
Walk through a cage as the earth stands still

You suck the blood
From TV-screens
You lick the pain
From magazines

And when you lie right in my face
You think that we will rearrange
And when you burn our neighborhood
You'll feel the strength through brotherhood
There's no warning and no reasons
Where's your future, where does time go?

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Who's to blame when friends lie dead
Caged birds don't sing, don't laugh, don't cry
Turn yourself and crawl inside
Wise blood raising a riot
I don't believe in angels, they keep falling first
I believe in nightmares, I've seen them in your eyes

You suck the blood

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