

Fear Before The March Of Flames "Hey Kid. I'm A Computer. Stop All The Downloading"

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On the count of three everybody over dose
They're coming with forks and knives to eat us alive
Victims in this cannibalistic human race or proprietors
in this dog eat dog colonization?
We sluts have fattened and ripened in these la castles
We rust in the milk we've been fed. With moments left
If we stick ourselves with syringes and scrape our
lungs with dollar bills
We can forge a roof that will hold us in and keep them
out
Inevitable that the same person that fattened us calves
would now feed on the soft parts of our lower backs
Rather than humble and take to our knees to the
homely we proclaim
You cannot buy love you cannot sell feelings

Have at me with your most primitive touch
Secretaries now make great lovers
As do those we had never considered. To a burning
empire
We were meant to eat eachother.
The sound of cracking bones shall be the music that
plays us out

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