

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

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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
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
Fatted 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.
The sound of cracking bones shall
Be the music that plays us out.

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