

Front 242 "Crushed"

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Turning me
My conscience is calling me
It wants to shake the beast
The snake is twisting,
My thoughts into needling extremities

Reaction breaks me into fractions
Taking all my energies
Seizing my extremities
So much that I cannot feel now

This heavy heart
Heart that I carry
Still holds the weight of you
And when I fall
As I always do
I'm crushed by the absence of you
Perfection is there
And the expression a stare
A face that leaves no trace of wear and tear
True beauty is cold

Love and hate and human sexual nature
This power is sustained by endless violence and pain
A cycle I can't understand

I'm tired of emotions
They bare me with distortions
They cut me
Screaming "Fuck me"
Wipe them all away now
Let them see through eyes made of stone

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