

## Front 242 "Terminal State"

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What about the figures?  
What about the facts?  
What about the outbreaks?  
What about ourselves?

What about the figures?  
They don't stop climbing  
What about the outbreak?  
It keeps on spreading

See it gaining ground  
Digging in the wound  
See it gaining ground  
Digging in the wound

We're in the doldrums  
We're in the doldrums

Quantizing is frightening  
The facts are blinding  
Time is dragging  
The facts are blinding

We're a party in a suit  
Now the worm is in the fruit

See it gaining ground  
Digging in the wound  
See it gaining ground  
Digging in the wound

We're in the doldrums  
We're in the doldrums

You could make it just around the block  
You could make it just around the block  
It's able to sneak in any lock  
It's able to sneak in any lock

On your shoulder there is it a pock?  
Will the scales ever fall from your eyes?  
On your shoulder there is it a pock?

Will the scales ever fall from your eyes?

We're in the doldrums  
We're in the doldrums

What about the figures?  
They don't stop climbing  
What about the outbreak?  
It keeps on spreading

Now the lines are converging  
To the point of no return  
See it gaining ground  
Amplifying the wound

A disaster  
(You name it)  
A disaster occurs  
Under your very eyes

See it gaining ground  
Digging in the wound  
See it gaining ground  
Digging in the

We're in the doldrums  
We're in the doldrums

We're in the doldrums  
We're in the doldrums

We're in the doldrums

The doldrums, the doldrums  
The outbreak, disaster  
The facts, the lines, the facts

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