

Front Line Assembly "The Blade"

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"I don't think that..."

"Any means necessary for survival"

"Stick 'em up motherfucker..."

"I don't think that..."

"I don't think that the real violence has even started
yet"

"Bwahahahahah"

"Stick 'em up motherfucker, this is a hold-up"

Deep inside the angle hurts

Rotation moves

The amber burns

Silently your hands are tied

Persuasion slowly slips inside

Stretching skin it has a burn

Sooner or later you will learn

Perversion

Inhibitions from within

The only thing we really want

Is sin / skin

Are you ready to believe

Are you ready to conceive

Are you ready to come

Are you ready to be one

Are you ready to come

Are you ready to be one

The leather cracks

You feel the heat

A hardening pulse

Is oh so sweet

The blindfold slips down

To your mouth

You taste the flesh

It makes no sound

The blade it skins
On your chest
Perverse illusion
Never rests
Within

"Any means necessary for survival"

Are you ready to believe
Are you ready to conceive
Are you ready to come
Are you ready to be one

This sado game
Is now for real
You suffocate
With fear of pain

The blood starts running
From your vein
The straps are tightened
For pleased pain

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