

## Iq "Through My Fingers"

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When the feeling takes me over, what else can I do but  
run?

Through the corridors I follow, I shoot into oblivion;  
If you close your eyes and listen, you can hear the  
children play,

I love it when their eyes are watching, I'll have it when  
they disobey.

It's a different kind of loving, such a dirty rigmarole,  
But just in case there's no tomorrow, I'll dring fire from  
their souls;

If you close your eyes and listen, you can hear the  
children shout,

I hate it but I win't be happy till I've turned them inside  
out.

All day long, here I go!

All day long, all day!

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