

The End "Dangerous"

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Warning the following sounds are more than just
hazardous
So line up and become the next of the willing victims

Don't you think of turning away from me

As the rhythm pounds deeper and deeper it's filling
you in
I feel resistance, but no friction
And now that violence has become your aural fixation
Obsess over the loss of all your innocence

Don't you think of turning away from me
Your flesh looks so ripe for the picking

I'm Dangerous
There is no point in pulling punches
I'm Dangerous
And now it's time to face the music

Let's go
Deep down to that private place
Where you felt safe
I'm breaking the skin
Beneath your surface

You were so pure
You've let this sound surround you
And now it sits inside
You've let this sound surround you
And now I lay bedside
I'm under your skin without incision or syringe
And I can still see the sparkle in your eye
Even from the inside

There are sounds that can shut down your senses
And render you helpless
Are you really listening?
They erode the awareness of your surroundings
And distort your ordinary vision
Is it getting any clearer?
And where was the caution printed ribbon?

And how could you have let this happen?
This cannot be stopped!
And if it's only a song then why are you so far gone?

I'm Dangerous
There is no point in pulling punches
I'm Dangerous
And now it's time to face the music
I'm Dangerous
I'm

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