

## 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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