

Operator Please "Terminal Disease"

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In the black of the night
There's somethin' waiting there to ba-ba-ba-bite
There's somethin' waiting in the shadows
And their looks for you to follow
The mystery creates a fog
Not even movement's separated
My pivotal knowledge is outdated
I wear my brain dead on my feet

Built tough! Road-tested, professional terminal disease
Built tough! Road-tested, professional terminal disease

I'll pull the trigger on four
It's not that hard to see you're dangerous
If I had hours I would fill no threat
I'd pick the locks on five
Out in a hidden space on fire
It's really hard to see the look that shines
The thoughts you thought oh baby forget them
Coz drinks and salads never mix

Tonight your skin is kinda white
You know you'll never ever cure it
So bite down your bottom lip
So bite down your bottom lip
And when you're feeling kinda queasy
And your eyes begin to shut down
The moon is shining it on your path
I wear my brain dead on my sleeve

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