

La Sera

"Thrust!"

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[Yeah...] Thrust in deep there are no limitations!
Wing shaped constellations everywhere now!
Creep, babe, creep your life's a suicide and I said "I'm
gonna ride
it"
She don't care now
Yeah! Maybe - the night ride gonna bleed
Yeah! Maybe - this is what ch'all need!
Sink'n deep into your destination gid the demolition
everywhere now!
Creep, babe, creep into your ring 'o' fire!
Burned out on the wire!
She don't care now
Yeah! Maybe - the night ride gonna bleed
Yeah! Maybe - this is what ch'all need!
(It has been established that persons who have recently
died have
been returning to life and commiting acts of murder.
Wide spread
investigation of reports from funeral homes, morgues,
and hospitals
has concluded that the unburied dead are coming back
to life and
seeking human victims. It's hard for us here to believe
what we're
reporting to you, but it does seem to be a factor.)

Move under the guilty she went deep into the corner.
Snap dog city hypnotize and break the mercury!
Rig test. Oil inject - freak hallucination
Shot through the backdoor buzz a whirling locomotion
West straight to another
Through the sea of...love.
[Yeah...] Life on the line. Still in time. You will find "She
has
gone away."
Don't ask why - supersky - live or die "She has gone
away."
Figure this - no more, sis - Spanish kiss. "She has gone
away."
Thrust into a diamond generation.

Dexceleration everywhere!
Up from hell a missile to the moon and zero to the 3
and 4 and 5 and
Yeah! Maybe - the night ride gonna bleed
Yeah! Maybe - this is what y'all need!
How fast can you really move me [yeah...]
Come on, come on, come on, come on, yeah!
A ritual electro-nation - [sh]YOW!!

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