

Flames In "Brush The Dust Away"

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In the most desolate corner

A bad case of the urban blues

Another brick in the living shadow

All inhale the downward spiral

Hey, get in line for tragic

Let us dance to the pistol magic

Just aim and end another

But think, as I rape your mother

Another player joins the table

Who I can or cannot trust

When do we get assigned?

Pure and precious with bad intensions

Hey, come and join the show

All the cameras are ready to go

Just aim and end another

But think, as I rape your mother

A single step - a garbled life

Where's the profit?

Your rage - the pain

Will it all be worth it?

Genetic, it seems to be....

Abandon, the mass ideal

We think we're in control then we become the things we
hate

Lets re-unite and brush the dust away

Obtain a prosperous future

and the admiration of all

Act in "the sensations" media hour

All inhale the downward spiral

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