

Flesh Is the Fever

The Horrorist

Let me take you into the future!
Deep into a different time.
Let me grip onto your face...
and bring you to this new place. Super-social amphetamine.
The queer tune of control.
The panic disorder gripping...
the entire race has a whole. Flesh is the fever of force...
and its the sound without remorse.
Rampant is the army of disease...
that brings you to your knees! You cant believe everything you hear.
You cant believe everything you see.
The conspiracys ever growing...
and all you can believe in is me!
These are the things, the things to come.
These are the things, the things to come.

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