

Hey Kid I'm a Computer, Stop All the Downloading

Fear Before the March of Flames

Count of three
Everybody over dose
They're coming with
forks and knives to eat us alive,
forks and knives. Victims in
Cannibalistic
Human race
Proprietors
Dog eat dog
Colonization, dog eat dog. We sluts, we have, fattened and ripened in these
LA castles. We rust in the milk that we've been fed
(Stick ourselves with syringes and
Scrape our lungs with dollar bills)
We sluts, we have, fattened and ripened in these
LA castles. We rust in the milk that we've been fed
Nothing (this thing) anything (keep it on)
That fatted us calves would now feed on.
Nothing (this thing) anything (keep it on)
That fatted us calves would now feed on.
The soft parts of our lower backs.
That fatted us calves would now feed on.
The soft parts of our lower backs.
That fatted us calves would now feed on.
That fatted us calves would now feed on. You can't buy love. You can't sell feelings.
You can't buy love. You can't sell feelings.
We were meant to eat each other.
We were meant to eat each other.
You can't buy love. You can't sell feelings.
You can't buy love. You can't sell feelings.
We were meant to eat each other.
We were meant.
Have at me, have at me, have at me with your most primitive touch.
You can't buy love. You can't sell feelings.
You can't buy love. You can't sell feelings.
We were meant to each other.
You can't buy love. You can't sell feelings.
Have at me, have at me, have at me with your most primitive touch.
Secretaries now make great lovers.
As do those, as do those, as do those we had never considered.
The sound of cracking bones shall be the music that plays us out.

The sound of cracking bones shall be the music that plays us out. Stick ourselves with syringes
And scrape our lungs with dollar bills.
Forge a roof that will hold us in and keep them out. We sluts, we have fattened and ripened in
these
LA castles. We rust in the milk that we've been fed.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>