

Front Line Assembly, The Blade

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"I don't think that..."  
"Any means necessary for survival"  
"Stick 'em up motherfucker..."  
"I don't think that..."  
"I don't think that the real violence has even started yet"  
"Bwahahahahah"  
"Stick 'em up motherfucker, this is a hold-up""  
Deep inside the angle hurts  
Rotation moves  
The amber burns  
Silently your hands are tied  
Persuasion slowly slips inside  
Stretching skin it has a burn  
Sooner or later you will learn  
Perversion  
Inhibitions from within  
The only thing we really want  
Is sin / skin  
Are you ready to believe  
Are you ready to conceive  
Are you ready to come  
Are you ready to be one  
Are you ready to come  
Are you ready to be one  
The leather cracks  
You feel the heat  
A hardening pulse  
Is oh so sweet  
The blindfold slips down  
To your mouth  
You taste the flesh  
It makes no sound  
The blade it skins  
On your chest  
Perverse illusion  
Never rests  
Within  
"Any means necessary for survival"  
Are you ready to believe  
Are you ready to conceive  
Are you ready to come  
Are you ready to be one  
This sado game  
Is now for real  
You suffocate  
With fear of pain  
The blood starts running  
From your vein  
The straps are tightened  
For pleased pain  
"Bwahahaha"