

Wrinkled Fred, Blast

Blast, blast, blast
Your head explode

Grin on your face and twisted mind
Sweat on your hands, excited like a child
Another plan seems to work out
The show will start, it's a question of time

Run, run, run, you're like a bomb
Hide, hide, it's gonna blow

Bursting bombs, you smile like a child
Grin on your face when people die

You choose a place which has to burst
It's a great fun when you watch us guess
And then you bet on the number of deaths
The clock is ticking waiting for blast