

Fear Factory, Repeatace

This is a world of s***
Nothing can be so perfect
Writhing in oceans of waste
I died just for the taste
One more thing before you leave this
On your knees and beg forgiveness
A new threshold of pain
And we rise from the flames
Swarm through your head like flies
Insects of your demise
One more thing before you leave this
On your knees and beg forgiveness
Look at me you pray
Like a ghost you fade away