

My Life With The Thrill Kill Kult, Do You Fear (For

Who killed Cock Robin
Who killed Cock Robin
I said the sparrow
With my bow and arrow
It was I only
It was I
Who caught his blood
Who caught his blood
Do you fear for your child
It was straight out of hell
Do you fear for your child
It was straight out of hell
Do you fear for your child
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Do you fear for your child
Do you fear for your child
The crazy's demanding to shut out the daylight
Soldiers are dancing on rotting empires
TV disease is making us tired
Death struts the streets
It's high on the bile
Do you fear for your child
Do you fear for your child
Do you fear for your child
You look up to God
You find Venus di Milo
You lose your soul
And you lose your style
You talk to the world
When it lies in a pile
You talk to the dogs
To the trees you exile
Do you fear for your child
Do you fear for your child
Do you fear for your child
It was straight out of hell
Do you fear for your child
It was straight out of hell
Do you fear for your child
You are not God
You are not God
You are not God
Do you fear for your child
Do you fear for your child
Exploited on a thin line
You amble through space
Golden for the depths
The depths of despair
Standing on a threshold
A threshold of thought
It struggles to escape
To burden my brain
Do you fear
Do you fear
Do you fear for your child
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