

Scanner, Grapes Of Fear

In the last days of the second world war
When human debris covered half of the blue ball it was difficult
To keep the military alternative weapon
From the public and hide away the shame from the father's eyes
They always knew that things would turn negatively
And precautions were secretly taken by the ministry

Seven mighty juggernauts
Out of control loss of reason
Manipulated DNA
Who's guilty of decay
Time runs out to wipe the dirt
Look for a primer to blur
Fourteen eyes behind armored glass
Staring full of hate, look at the grapes of fear

No one here goes anywhere
Never reveal it, better conceal it
Take the files and make trash
A situation of despair
Somebody has got to calm the crowds
They conceive it, the press can feel it
They won't feel what's happening to them
Nation's faithful servants come undone mellow grapes of fear

The staff is quiet, the poison's out
The sky is lit up by the flames of those
Who died in nowhere's distant space
Another menace lies ahead
Rumble! Open the door!
Screaming! I've seen it!
Staring eyes search the blackened sky
Faces pale and white
They don't know one victim has survived
Fate longs for revenge, oh earth beware
Don't pick the grapes of fear