

Twelve Tribes, Baboon Music

Hey kids! I don't think you're ready for this
Systematic rebirth
This is anything you want
Step right up, make your move
This is the primitive sound of the hunt
I've programmed this station to sit by and watch you bleed
Dead noise has been broadcast in our heads far too long
And it ends with the taste of your blood
It ends with the sound of your scream

I don't know the faces but I know the names
And I watch the shadows take shape
This time there is no prison to keep you alive and awake
This time there is no curtain to draw
Your dreams from physical reaction

Step right up, make your move
This is anything you want
Step right up, make your move
This is anything you want

The plug has been pulled from the wall
The battery is dead
Are you still afraid?

I don't know the faces but I know the names
And I watch the shadows take shape
This time there is no prison to keep you alive and awake
This time there is no curtain to draw
Your dreams from physical

Complications in our shadows
Lost in traveling the setting sun
Conversations behind closed doors
Caught in our heads to hear once more