

# Voivod, Blower

Like a killer in the state  
Like a rat in a maze  
Living in a city of freak  
Lives on children in the snow  
It's too late you can't go  
Smashes on with turning teeth  
Run like blower  
Eats like a grinder  
The wheels of chains  
Roles and roles again  
It was marching like a prowler  
Sacrifice the raw flesh  
You are nice, you are cash  
Here come the flesh eater  
Chattering sound of iron  
You smell the smoke of carbone  
Tell me if it's near  
I'm in the snow  
I panic, I can't go  
I see the yellow blades of danger