

# Wrinkled Fred, Blast

Blast, blast, blast  
Your head explode

Grin on your face and twisted mind  
Sweat on your hands, excited like a child  
Another plan seems to work out  
The show will start, it&#039;s a question of time

Run, run, run, you&#039;re like a bomb  
Hide, hide, it&#039;s gonna blow

Bursting bombs, you smile like a child  
Grin on your face when people die

You choose a place which has to burst  
It&#039;s a great fun when you watch us guess  
And then you bet on the number of deaths  
The clock is ticking waiting for blast