

Dead Moon, Psychodelic Nightmare

Oh, it ain't safe, you better watch out
They're coming to get you - sickle and shroud
They'll turn you to stone and burn out your sky
They've got your number - television eyes
The cinches, the doctors, the streaks, and the radio lights

You think you can fight, hold on to your ground
The fingers of doom - time's counting down
You think you can run from the mushroom cloud
Rain turns to cinder when the hammer comes down
The cinches, the doctors, the streaks, and the radio lights
You The cinches, the doctors, the streaks, and the radio lights
You're living on the edge of a psychodelic nightmare

I covered my face, I closed my door
The skyline was falling like the armies before
In the dust and the heat, the sound of change
Hell bent for leather, nothing remained
The cinches, the doctors, the streaks, and the radio lights