

Front Line Assembly, Surface Patterns

"I don't think that..."
"Any means necessary for survival"
"Stick 'em up motherfucker..."
"I don't think that..."
"I don't think that the real violence has even started yet"
"Bwahahahahah"
"Stick 'em up motherfucker, this is a hold-up""
Deep inside the angle hurts
Rotation moves
The amber burns
Silently your hands are tied
Persuasion slowly slips inside
Stretching skin it has a burn
Sooner or later you will learn
Perversion
Inhibitions from within
The only thing we really want
Is sin / skin
Are you ready to believe
Are you ready to conceive
Are you ready to come
Are you ready to be one
Are you ready to come
Are you ready to be one
The leather cracks
You feel the heat
A hardening pulse
Is oh so sweet
The blindfold slips down
To your mouth
You taste the flesh
It makes no sound
The blade it skins
On your chest
Perverse illusion
Never rests
Within
"Any means necessary for survival"
Are you ready to believe
Are you ready to conceive
Are you ready to come
Are you ready to be one
This sado game
Is now for real
You suffocate
With fear of pain
The blood starts running
From your vein
The straps are tightened
For pleased pain