

Front Line Assembly, Threshold

~~~~~

"Where am I? Am I dreaming or is this death? I'm dead, I think."

A grey, toxic rain

Starts to appear

No real life

Just human wasteland

All around...

Vapours of nerve gas

Fill the air

No natural light

No law

Or religion...

Mutants

Roam the earth

Covered by ruins

The stars are gone

Time is up...

Chorus:

This is another world

This is another world

There is no room

For existence

Nuclear warfare

The answer

To all our questions...

Prisoners

In their own lifeform

Support systems

Rave failed

Human disease

(Chorus)

"Where are we? We're in my brain."

"You could call it the kinder, gentler lobotomy."

Nervous convulsion

Create grinding faces

Eyes are burning

Polluted noise

Splits ear drums...

(Chorus)

"Just another dream. Oh, thank God."