

# Fury In The Slaughterhouse, Bangkok

&quot;Gotcha!&quot;

&quot;Hey sucker let me outa here!&quot;

&quot;Hey, man!&quot;

Bangkok on a sunny day  
The rain has washed the blood away  
Thousand of veins left in the streets  
But I can't wash away the red points  
On the sheets of the hotels  
And the cheap rooms  
Of the cheap whores  
Under palm trees  
Under palm trees

My brain is running in circles now  
I gotta cure the pain somehow  
There's a coloured cloud in front of sun  
And a face is trying to cheat me  
And to take away the fun

And the killer troupes of the DEA  
Have just brought my friend away  
In the stuff that dreams are made of

In the stuff that dreams are made of  
Stuff that dreams are made of  
Hey, hey, hey!

Stuff that dreams are made of  
Stuff that dreams are made of  
Hey, hey, hey!  
Stuff  
Stuff that dreams  
Are made of...