

KMFDM, Gasoline

Eye to eye
Face to face
Soul to soul
Blow by blow

Piece by piece
You get the picture
Beat by beat
Starting to make sense
Step by step
You're getting closer
Inch by inch
Slowly sinking in

And you ache
And you bleed
Can't talk you can't sleep
Know who you are
Don't conform anymore

Burn the brige
Stall the machine
Cut those ties
Come kiss the guillotine
Blow your mind
Break the routine
Leave everything behind
Come taste the gasoliune

Row by row
Side by side
Round by round
A field of killing
Six feet down
Without hands