

Brush the Dust Away

In Flames

In the most desolate corner
Bad case of the urban blues
Another brick in the living shadow
All inhale the downward spiral

Hey, get in line for tragic
Let us dance to the pistol magic
Just aim and end another
But think as I rape your mother

Another player joins the table
Who I can or cannot trust
When do we get assigned?
Pure and precious with bad intentions

Hey, come and join the show
All the cameras are ready to go
Just aim and end another
But think as I rape your mother

A single step, a garbled life
Where's the profit?
And your rage the pain
Will it all be worth it?

Genetic, it seems to be
Abandon, the mass ideal
Let's reunite and brush the dust away

We think we're in control
Then we become the things we hate
Let's reunite and brush the dust away

Obtain a prosperous future
And the admiration of all
Act in the ...
... downward spiral

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