

I live in a town with a hundred lights around,
my head is like a radio set,
I'm waiting to hear what program comes next.

Frequent Mutilation transmits over the air,
serving for the purpose
of those who want you to fear.

They say is all right, but suspicion creeps in
my nightmares don't project my dreams
I can't but wonder what's feeding my screen.

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of those who want you to fear.

Thousand nights of confusion wedge in my mind
breaking down another illusion,
today's transmission will give me the solution.

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serving for the purpose
of those who want you to fear.