

Will the hard or soft target be the one that they take
When the rites are going down?
Will this terrible silence be broken with agitated
Calls to hunt you down?

When the stage is set, the line is drawn
The curtains up, the lights are on
And you're on your own

When the fever's set, the crowd is hot,
The gloves are off, the knives are out
And you're on your own

Where the song has gone to grain
Here the faceless conjugate and breed