

Floating  
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I always cared for those who kill  
Now throw another life into this fire.  
The wondrous smell, the sensual touch  
You lick your fingers and enjoy the sight.

To me all your sacred lies... seem right.  
If ever questions would arise  
You through this eye, you'll look into their eyes

It's not sure if it's a fight, it's right.

The voices from the other side  
Gotta hope they can absorb their chronic

Don't let the kids disturb their minds  
Killer us, they're safely out off sight.

It's not sure if it's a fight, it's right.

Uh uh uh