

Street Spirit (Fade Out)

The Darkness

Rows of houses
All bearing down on me
I can feel their
Blue hands touching me

All these things into position
All these things will one day take control

Fade out again,
fade out again

Cracked eggs, dead birds
Scream as they fight for life
I can feel death
Can see its beady eyes

All these things into fruition
All these things we'll one day swallow whole

Fade out again,
fade out again

Fade out again,
fade out again