

# Hey Kid. I'm A Computer. Stop All The Downloading

## Fear Before The March Of Flames

On the count of three everybody over dose  
They're coming with forks and knives to eat us alive  
Victims in this cannibalistic human race or proprietors in this  
dog eat dog colonization?  
We sluts have fattened and ripened in these la castles  
We rust in the milk we've been fed. With moments left  
If we stick ourselves with syringes and scrape our lungs with d  
ollar bills  
We can forge a roof that will hold us in and keep them out  
Inevitable that the same person that fatted us calves  
would now feed on the soft parts of our lower backs  
Rather than humble and take to our knees to the homely we procl  
aim  
You cannot buy love you cannot sell feelings  
Have at me with your most primitive touch  
Secretaries now make great lovers  
As do those we had never considered. To a burning empire  
We were meant to eat eachother.  
The sound of cracking bones shall be the music that plays us ou  
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