

Ten Seconds In Los Angeles

Fear Before The March Of Flames

How he knows every wretch's death
and none of them are crystal believers.
They all shiver under fate's icy breath,
but turn their face to the seeming deceicer.

Alarm!!

to all the foul aberrations
who feed off the disgust of the masses,
all joined together
to make a scrap of a living.

The eye sees all. The eye says so.

Behold!!

Their defective bodies in wonder,
the creeps and whores, the wicked and deformed.
Amazement paints the faces in the rickety bleachers,
they scream for more of the modern horror:

(only one creature knows their awful end)

A justified torturous completion
of all their wrong doings and black sins
forcasted in crystal visions,
slouched over the clear Seeing Eye.

He marks down each death and he quivers...

How he knows every wretch's death
and none of them crystal believers.