

Fade to Black

Flotsam and Jetsam

The night will fall, the axe will drop,
The key will turn, the door will lock,
The needle will push, the pain will stop,
The scene is set, prepare for shock.

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Your mind is full of evil thoughts,
Your senses dulled as your body rots,
You will go down on my command,
Your will is gone, fall by my hand.

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The key will turn, the door will lock,
The needle will push, the pain will stop,
The scene is set, prepare for shock.

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