

Felines

Front 242

They come to track down the sobbing
They come to sully the sorrow
To see the bloody insides
To eat their fill of despair
They come to track down the sobbing
To pulverize the most intimate pains
Let's feed the felines
Bury your head in the sand or go around in circles

Deeply caught in their conceit
They gather to check their luck
The vultures sweeping down upon the street
To eat their fill of despair

Let's feed the felines...