

Gripped By Fear

Front 242

Recession repression regression
Shifts of scenery
And warning tremors of landslides

The sun comes down
The mountains move aside
Your kingdom slips out of your hands

Your tyranny
I was part of
Is now cracking
On every side
And your own life
Is in danger
Your empire
Is on fire

The staggering blows
Are shaking the walls
Nowhere, no place to hide this time

Flare up, Calm down
There is more sand than oil in your engine