

Terminal State

Front 242

What about the figures?
What about the facts?
What about the outbreaks?
What about ourselves?
What about the figures?
They don't stop climbing
What about the outbreak?
It keeps on spreading
See it gaining ground
Digging in the wound

We're in the doldrums

Quantizing is frightening
The facts are blinding
Time is dragging
The facts are blinding
We're a party in a suit
Now the worm is in the fruit
See it gaining ground
Digging in the wound

We're in the doldrums

You could make it just around the block
It's able to sneak in any lock
On your shoulder there, is it a pock?
Will the scales ever fall from your eyes?

What about the figures?
They don't stop climbing
What about the outbreak?
It keeps on spreading
Now the lines are converging
To the point of no return
See it gaining ground, amplifying the wound
A disaster (You name it!)
A disaster occurs
Under your very eyes
See it gaining ground
Digging in the wound

We're in the doldrums

The Doldrums...
The Outbreak...
Disaster... The Facts... The LINES