

13 Above The Night

My Life with the Thrill Kill Kult

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Time to go to a heavy place.
We can feel the pulse of time.
Naked in the make of lies,
That suffocate and blind.
We may burn,
we will shine.
Let's strip away the nausea,
And rise above the night.
Blow your sweet drug my man.
Psykomatik baby.
Time to go to a heavy place,
And once we're there,
We're gonna let our hair down, baby.
Bite the vein, feed the line, sit back,
And watch the world go crazy.
Gotta get out from under the gun.