

Bassline has no point of view
Impatient; waiting for the statement
Faith don't come so easily
This proves nothing, only bursting bubbles
Legs open: eyes crossed, pressing on the nerve

We all like that, we all like that.

All of them go such evil eyes
cased in armour; 20,000 body guards
Wholly trust the devil I know
Drawing circles, Gonna call him up now
Headline, Hotline, Pressing on the nerve

We all like that, we all like that.

Pumping, crashing, running, hiding
pull tighter, pull tighter, playing on one string
fire is inside, expressed in Molatov
Click, crash, no pictures; make mine Kalashnikov
Compound Fracture, pressing on the nerve

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We all like that.