

Out On The Farm

The Nerve Agents

1-2-4-3 you've got your hand in torture
5-6-7-8 how does it make you feel?
The mind slips, slips, slip, slipping
Into the darkness, it is lifeless
The air is thin here and grim here
Drugged up, caged up, piled up on inhumane
Insane, so insane
Out on the farm, no happy songs
No happy songs, just torture
Devoid of feeling
Who, you or them?