

## Brain Attack

Tracedawn

On the dunes of bad taste  
I surf beneath the burning moon  
The heat peels off my skin  
but I won't hide like the other fools

Beyond hypnosis  
Beyond the norm  
Beyond the hypocrites  
Melt the cerebrae

I'm a man of low morals, and everything  
I touch ends up crushed into dust

On the shores of brain attack  
I bathe above the lava core  
The fumes keep away the ordinary  
With a smile I plunge and dive

I'm a man of low morals, and everything  
I touch ends up crushed into dust  
Satisfaction, downfall  
My teeth kissed concrete once again  
Flesh dripping grin