

Beckoned

Coal Chamber

All dressed in black
Eyes of attack
Coming with one hand in pocket
To take from me
Sin in the eyes I see
Sin is nice of me
Nothing left for me
Reality
Forget it

You have messed up
Can't do anything
And I have messed up
Can't do anything
You're just a fuckup
I'm just a fuckup
We're just two fuckups
At least we're fucked
Up together

So sad to see you go
I said to myself you
Know
So sad to see a mind
Disappear through
Time
Lunacy's an argued
Taste
I guess there's no time
To waste
Oh passing times it's a
Passing phase
Reality
Forget it

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Up together

We are two fuckups

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Up together

Together, together
Together, together...on
Paper