

Comatose

Front Line Assembly

Here today
Gone tomorrow
What's the flavor
Can i borrow?

Beg or steal
What's the deal
Beats for the money
He's not real
Bite the bullet
+ see the man
+ feed his ego

No more time
You feel the rhyme
Afraid to speak
The flavor's weak

Who stole by the hand
Who stole by the hand

Life is cheap
No time to speak
Ride the wave
No sync to slave

Life grains of sand
We're blown away
A darkening sky
We fade away

Feeling sorrow
Don't mean a thing
Fame and fortune
Are everything