

# Liquid Separation

Front Line Assembly

Deep into the blackest matter  
Where no one can breathe

Where G-forces rip out your lungs  
And your brain starts to freeze

Deprived of vital oxygen  
Your mind starts to drift

Sinking into a sleep  
Your pulse grows weak

This form we live in  
Is a fragile creation  
This euphoric sensation  
Is liquid separation

A flashing occurs  
Right in front of your eyes  
The final moment if truth comes time  
Never Lies

A memory retaining a love you had for life  
As cruel as it seems nothing ever seems to  
Go right

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Is a fragile creation  
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Deep penetration  
A dying Sensation, In sight

Your blood stops to flow  
And now your body lets go

Colder and colder your hands turn to ice

Casting a shadow  
Your soul sees the light

Retrovision is so misgiven  
Retrovision too late for decision

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