

# Trance

## Paul Kolbe

You suck the life  
Out of the crowd  
What side of town  
I see you climb around and  
Of course, you were one in the same  
You suck the life  
Out of the room  
With nearly a glance  
You are the slave of a clone  
Of a petrified fool out of throne  
So here I am  
You're in a trance  
You're in a trance  
You betrayed me  
You're in a trance  
You're in a trance  
?  
You're in a trance  
You're in a trance  
You still need me  
You're in a trance  
You're in a trance  
Be careful  
We're watching  
And you can feel us talking  
Real patience and sorrow  
You'll never see us let go  
You suck the life  
Out of the new  
With all that you do

They are not even driven to find their own identity  
You stripped the joy  
Out of the souls  
With the thought of use  
You are the fashion of now  
And the sickened flavor of cool  
So here I am  
You're in a trance

You're in a trance  
You betrayed me  
You're in a trance  
You're in a trance  
?  
You're in a trance  
You're in a trance  
You still need me  
You're in a trance  
You're in a trance  
Be careful  
We're watching  
And you can feel us talking  
Real patience and sorrow  
You'll never see us let go  
We'll tear your heart right out of your chest  
You're already dead  
You can surrender  
Save the extent of your old victories  
We'll steal the fire out of your eyes  
Turn it on you  
We are the thorn in your side  
And a bullet to blow you apart

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