

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
Who stole by the hand
Who stole by the hand
Like 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
Bite the bullet
See the man
Feed his EGO
(...)
No more time
You feel the rhyme
Afraid to speak
The flavor's weak
Life is cheap
No time to speak
Ride the wave
No sync to slave

Songwriters

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