

Crimson Thorn, Comatose

Embodied into this world
Satan's curse upon your head
The age of discernment seals
Your fates final end
Living in the unconscious realm
Not hearing CHRIST knock
Too dead to reality
Talking but not walking the walk
Comatose your infested body lies awake
Comatose souls deprived of spiritual food
Comatose this unconscious decision slowly
Contaminates you
Minds and souls set apart
Wickedness searing from the start
Identities drawn but you never look beyond
Your filthy blackened heart