

Front Line Assembly, Comatose

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