

# Editors, Karma Climb

I got a warm taste and I'm fallin' away  
God is decarded in a field  
I got a calm space and it won't let me shake  
Man, I'm so far from what's real

And if you don't know what you're feeling  
You'll never know, go, give it away  
And if you don't know what you're feeling  
You'll never know, go, give it away

Just give me cold stares, give me polluted air  
'Round and around, we go down  
A little truth or dare, euphoria or despair  
Karma climbs quick without a sound

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And if you don't know what you're feeling  
You'll never know, go, give it away  
And if you don't know what you're feeling  
You'll never know, go, give it away

Karma climb, oh, it takes it out of me  
Karma climb, assertive history  
Karma climb, oh, it takes it out of me  
Karma climb, oh, a spurt of history  
Karma climb, oh, it takes it out of me  
Karma climb, assertive history  
Karma climb, oh, it takes it out of me  
Karma climb, oh, assertive mystery

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You'll never know, go, give it away  
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You'll never know, go, give it away

Give it away now  
Oh-oh-oh-oh  
Oh-oh-oh-oh