

Blind Myself, Spirit Of Dead

Could not keep it alive
So melodies are out of tune
Samples of dead
Used for recreation
But the clones don't have the spirit
That we used to hear singing inside
Spirit of the dead
I wanna breathe your breath
Wake up and look into my eyes
Take the power of sorrow
Take your time
Wake up
Look at me
Open your eyes, now, now...
I wanna smell your sweat
Made up harmonies can not take your appatite away
And our starving for real
Can't be eased by reheated second versions