

Breed 77, Karma

What goes around, comes around

Well

Take a look around my head
Look at all the things you said
Freedom comes to those who pay
You'll get yours some other day

Round and round inside my wheel
Lost and torn is how I feel
Sand run dry, why can't I heal?
Wrong is right, why can't I feel?

Kill my brother in my eyes
Rain falls down on the other sky
Freedom comes to those who pray
Mine won't be back today

Round and round inside my wheel
Lost and torn is how I feel
Sand run dry, why can't I heal?
Wrong is right, why can't I feel?

What goes around, comes around again

Round and round inside my wheel
Lost and torn is how I feel
Sand run dry, why can't I heal?
Wrong is right, why can't I feel?

Well, well, well, well