

# 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