

# 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