

# Front Line Assembly, Liquid Separation

Deep into the blackest matter  
Where no one can breathe  
Where G-forces rip out your lungs  
And your brain starts to freeze  
Deprived of vital oxygen  
Your mind starts to drift  
Sinking into a sleep  
Your pulse grows weak

Chorus:

This form we live in  
Is a fragile creation  
This euphoric sensation  
Is liquid separation  
A flashing occurs  
Right in front of your eyes  
The final moment if truth comes time  
Never Lies  
A memory retaining a love you had for life  
As cruel as it seems nothing ever seems to  
Go right

Chorus

Deep penetration  
A dying Sensation, In sight  
Your blood stops to flow  
And now your body lets go  
Colder and colder your hands turn to ice  
Casting a shadow  
Your soul sees the light  
Retrovision is so misgiven  
Retrovision too late for decision

Chorus