

Front Line Assembly, Mutilate

So strange is the feeling
Sinking down below
Caught in this current
By the undertow
Silence is now falling
So quiet is the rage
Gasping for another breath
Survival is the game
You kick. You scream
And try to shout
But no one is there to hear
Water fills up in your lungs
The end is getting near
Dying sensation
Fascination
Expectation
Re creation
Attraction sucks you down below
Shockwave hits you extra hard
Effectors of hypoxia
Now you can't go far
A tear of blood comes to your eye
Your heart grinds to a halt
Deliverance from this certain fate
Now forever late
Under the water
Where you cannot breathe
Choking feeling
Sinking deep
Eternal sleep
So strange is the haze
The colors turning gray
Shadows of illusions
All looking the same
A spectrum of eternal thoughts
Left so far behind
Things that we had hoped for
Now will never find