

Funker Vogt, Suspended Animation

Snapping at air, I woke up
I couldn't see where I was
A smell of mold and nothing was seen
Groping for a hold, I realized my fate
They laid me down in a box
And threw it down into a grave
They just said I was dead
And obviously, I'm living yet

Alive and dead
Suspended Animation
Buried Alive
Deadly condemnation

I'm crying now, but nobody's there
The air is scanty, my voice is decreasing
My mind is confused
I'm knocking on the coffin
Thoughtless and entangled I accept my fate
I fell asleep, death was the diagnosis
I woke up - better I didn't do this
I fell asleep, my body was cold
And I woke up in a deep dark hole