

Khoma, Asleep

Here it comes with desire
Plan every step
Here it takes your life
Leaving nothing

They'll cut you down to fit here
Welcome knife, accept the pills, needle stings

Waging war against yourself
Is it all your fault?
The real world awaits your breath
Been away too long

Cut you down to fit here
Welcome knife, accept the pills, needle stings
Keep on polishing you'll hit the bone
All of you erased, empty and cold