

Scaterd Few, Later (L.A. 1989)

No one could care in this room if I died
If I died right in front of your eyes

I'd maybe get a second chance or a smile
Don't defame with little games
The secret ways of Elohim
To walk transparent is an order
In L.A. - 1989

But why me?
Why me?

When in distress
Don't test the spirits of the air
Or the comforter who guideth mine and I
You may not get a second chance or a smile

It's like the drums keep breathing rhythms to my brain

Why me?