

Snapcase, Interrogation

Well, you won't notice something has changed
You've become the victim of your own ways
It's how you're captured
You're going down
Now the chloroform is on your mouth
Why don't you just tell me
Why don't you tell me now
Tell me what's on my mind
Tell me which way I'll die
Poison inhaled, you've hit the floor
Your hands are tied
You're free no more
Injected comfort, no fight involved
Your thoughts are altered
You're their android
A fear of dying, they have you now
And with your senses dulled, you're too vulnerable
So you lay down in a weakened state
And you sell out saying
Just kill me now