

The Man Who Lived Twice

Calabrese

If you wanna see the afterworld
To seal your doom, mortal decay,
No drug on Earth will take you there.
No drug on Earth will bring you back.

Well, I don't believe in death, only the cold
Flashing in the night, burning in my lungs,
And the motions of your end sway back and forth.
You feel it from beyond, you feel it on your own.

The weakness, it will never stop; I need you now.
Hey, little girl, do you feel alive?
No one can hide when I feel the urge.
Do you feel the urge?

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