

## Beckoned

## Coal Chamber

All dressed in black  
Eyes of attack  
Coming with one hand in pocket  
To take from me  
Sin in the eyes I see  
Sin is nice of me  
Nothing left for me  
Reality  
Forget it

You have messed up  
Can't do anything  
And I have messed up  
Can't do anything  
You're just a fuckup  
I'm just a fuckup  
We're just two fuckups  
At least we're fucked  
Up together

So sad to see you go  
I said to myself you  
Know  
So sad to see a mind  
Disappear through  
Time  
Lunacy's an argued  
Taste  
I guess there's no time  
To waste  
Oh passing times it's a  
Passing phase  
Reality  
Forget it

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We are two fuckups

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Up together

Together, together  
Together, together...on  
Paper