What triggered this treachery
One way lane to extinction
Through my skin into ones mouth
To be spit back on my face

You blew the air in You got my blood out But to you I'm not dead Still not dead enough

Powered by the machine Getting empty from the inside So virtual and unreal No life should end like this

You blew the air in You got my blood out But to you I'm not dead Still not dead enough

Someone waiting for a birth I've wasted my life for it The order that I scorn The order I must die for

Heal me anyway you can
End my cold life functions
Feed me no more
No longer should I be

Not dead enough - you blew the air in Not dead enough - you got my blood out Not quite alive - but to you I'm not dead Still not dead enough

Burn me over and over again Being dead must be liberating