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

Snapcase