Syncope

Tactical Sekt

Welcome back to consciousness Welcome back to the world of the living Breathe deep as your thoughts are composed You've been asleep without dreaming

Search your hands, feel your face And thoughts without thinking, you're gone with no trace We're victims of the human race The blind and the blind in unbearable space

We've been talking without saying anything So short a time this life of mine We're around for nothing

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Who told you our immortal soul Was a place where our dreams were without control? Who told you that at the end of time I'd be judged for wasting mine?

"Okay my friend, it's onto the next life for you." "I guarantee you won't be mourned."

Who told you our immortal soul Was a place where our dreams whirl out of control? Who told you that at the end of time I'd be damned for wasting mine?

"Revenge is a meal best served cold."

Welcome back to the land of Nod We're (not) here because of anything touched by God Don't scream or lose inspiration We're going to achieve ourselves real salvation

We want the treatment to begin Stand up and prepare, or just slumber again

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Who told you our immortal soul Was a place where our dreams whirl out of control Who told you at the end of time I'd be damned for wasting mine!

Wasting mine I'd be damned for wasting mine Wasting my time!