

This one doesn't cry like the others,
Take his vital signs and,
Medicate him,
This ones hopes won't die like the others,
Throw him in the hole and,
Sedate him,
As I enter this former sanctuary,
My bones don't feel like they felt
When I knew they were in my own skin (When I was still a man)
Give me substance, Give me something,
To make me feel less real, I want to lose all concentration (gradually),
I'd be a liar If I said I was telling the truth half the time,
I keep it locked inside,
Under a pile of smiles and deceit,
I will thrive, thrive... I will die and honest man,
Give me substance, Give me something,
To make me feel less real, I want to lose all concentration (gradually),
Compromise,
In style,
Softly,
Compromise,
In style,
Gradually