

Epik High

"Physical Comatose & Mental Overdose"

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Death is all around me
I can feel the cold, can hear the silence
This is the time I've yearned for over the ages
This is the last call accelerate
Thus his voice will resonate forever
Lunatic heresy is rising!
Repeating voices, blasphemy and chaos
Are my will!
I still feel the cold, still hear the silence
Reach my dead body
Spit on me, slice my flesh into pieces
Suck my blood over and over again
Vomit on me, cut my skin until it seems
Like the corridors of emptiness
Seep into my veins!

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