

Coroner "Grin"

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This is the last hit
Your heart will beat
Into this world...
This is the first step
Your soul will take
Up to the sky...
No time to pray 'cos you
Can't stay where words
Like that would count...
Face the moment
That you feared and
Glide outside your brain...
Golden wings
Drawn in blood
What is sin?
And who is God?
This time it's real
And not a game
Now cross the edge of time...
The circle's closed
So enter now
The land of unborn life...
Golden wings
Drawn in blood
What is sin?
And who is God?
You will find out
If your heaven is colored black
And you will find out
If your suffering will find an end

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