

Crematory

"One"

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The cerebrum has suffered massive and reparable
damage

You never know what has happened to him

If I have not been sure of this, I would not have
permitted him to live

Where am I? Father, what happened? I need help

What is democracy? What is democracy?

It got something to do with young men killing each
other, Arthur

What if its my turn, will you want me to go?

For democracy, any man would give his only begotten
son

It is impossible for any severed individual to
experience pain

Pleasure, memory, dream or thought of any kind

This young man will be as unfeeling as unthinking as
the dead

Until the day joins them

I don't know weather I'm alive or dreaming or dead or
remembering

How can you tell what's a dream and what's real

When you can't even tell when your awake and when
your asleep

Where am I?

I cant remember anything

Can't tell if this is true or dream

Deep down inside I feel to scream

This terrible silence stops with me

Now that the war is through with me

I'm waking up, I cannot see

That there's not much left of me

Nothing is real but pain now

Hold my breath as I wish for death

Oh, please God, wake me

They kept my head and chopped off everything

Oh, God, please make them hear me
They won't listen, they won't hear me
They got to wake me up I'll be like this for years, hear
me

Back in the womb it's much too real
In pumps life that I must feel
But can't look forward to reveal
Look to the time when I'll live

Fed through the tube that sticks in me
Just like a wartime novelty
Tied to machines that make me be
Cut this life off from me

Hold my breath as I wish for death
Oh, please God, wake me
It's like a piece of me

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