

## **Pmtoday**

### **"Diagnosis - Comatose"**

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Marionettes care not if their painted all alike.  
If they keep to themselves, don't make a sound, they  
may just get by.  
But if I should free myself from my master's hands,  
this manifest master plan,  
I'd be content with myself.

I tried so hard to be a fake, but I'm tired of this  
tiresome state,  
No medicine I take could make the angels stay nor  
keep the demons at bay.

And they've been dreading these nightmares,  
This mindless, man-made array of machines.

Will somebody remove this thread from my head  
Until my mind opens and there is nothing left to sew?  
Only then I'll fall apart at the seams,  
Detach myself from these strings that hold me hostage  
and get the hell out of here.

I'm comatose yet I believe that I am real,  
I'm comatose but I know I must be real,

And they have been dreading these nightmares,  
When we're no longer mindless machines,  
And they'll try to destroy me, dismantle me,  
Before I wake and regain consciousness.

But I am real.

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