

Coma Beach "Passion"

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The passion I once had is now the ashes in my vault

I'm looking out of the window
Which consists of fragments
I'm going out of the door
Where the axe of death passes me its hand
I repress my daily routine
But I tolerate it still

Where is my passion
I once had?
I ask you
'Cause you support the guilt
Where is my passion
I once had?

I'm too sensitive for this world
The enthusiasm that I felt when I was young
Is now hatred
I repress it
But the frustration is too strong

Where is my passion
I once had?
I ask you
'Cause you support the guilt
Where is my passion
I once had?

Why don't you redeem me from this torment?
Give me a new life where I'll find my old passion
If you don't help me, I'll manage to help myself
But then I'll be victorious

Where is my passion
I once had?
I ask you
'Cause you support the guilt
Where is my passion
I once had?

Where is my passion?

Where is my passion?
Where is my passion?

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