

Coma Beach "The Past Of The Future"

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You didn't want to leave
The past alone
That's why he had to come
Like a threat carved in stone
You doubted his existence
Though he was alive
That's why he'll take revenge
With a sharp little knife

Be his victim
Should he call
He's the writing on your wall
The whisper in a room of glass
Just like a dream
That will never pass

You really want to die
In a slimy world of honey
Not willing to change
Anything with all your money?
But the pain will be
The internal quality
And your bones the ashes
Of your fatal vanity

Be his victim
Should he call
He's the writing on your wall
The whisper in a room of glass
Just like a dream
That will never pass

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