

Karuna – Peter Silberman

I'm disassembling, piece by piece
Deteriorating, decayed, decreased
If you're here, retrieve me
Retrieve me

They checked my flesh
They checked my heart
They can't detect my faulty parts
But they say you'll heal me
Can you heal me?

I plug my ear, bash my fist
I need some proof that you exist
That you can reach me
Can you reach me?

Now that you bent the bars of the cage
Scraping skin, draining age
Out of view, out of range
Out where no hope remains?

I need your name
I need your name
I need your name

Karuna-na, ru-na-na, ru-na-na

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