

# 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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