

We Are Lions

"Coma Casino"

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Read your poker face sister and I've got your number
I've heard your story and it's burning a hole in my
pocket
Who's the gentleman, dear?
Has he killed for you?
And do you love each other's children?
Well they don't love you.. you you you

It's 1945 and they're dropping bombs on me
50 years from now we'll rewrite history
These streets are cracked for miles
Asphalt, mosaic tiles, but there's an open door
Lack of luxury
Cards and cutlery

There's a women buying an artistic drink
She's dying to inspire even if only for one night
But I'm no gentleman, dear
I've killed for you
This painting will never surface,
Neither will you you you you

You're living a lie, gambling in the lion's den

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