

## **Carnival In Coal**

### **"D.O.A"**

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Awaken by a bird song sounding like a steel fork on the  
bottom of a saucepan,  
I yawned and scared myself with the wet dog smell  
coming from the hole that used to be my mouth  
(But for now, there's a sponge inside).

Morning promises, tomorrow's treasons  
D.O.A.  
Keep on feeding my liquid illusions  
D.O.A.  
Morning promises, tomorrow's treasons  
D.O.A.  
Drunk Once Again...

Wine stains, puke smells  
If I drink again I'll go to hell  
Locked door, I'm too tired  
Sitting on my pride, I'll sleep outside

Morning promises, tomorrow's treasons  
D.O.A.  
Keep on feeding my liquid illusions  
D.O.A.  
Morning promises, tomorrow's treasons  
D.O.A.  
Keep on feeding nothing  
Nothing  
D.O.A.  
(I hate myself too when I'm drunk)

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