

Emarosa

"A City Called Coma"

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Cling to each rock
the wind is not on our side
pull yourself together ité^¥æ³š not much further

From the top on high smoke is finding its way to the sky
not a place I want to be, not a place I want to be
she sits pale skinned in a fire light

One message to change her mind
One message to change her life forever.

He climbs over the top no breath no breath
in his weak sick lungs she starts to run to the edge
at last ité^¥æ³š over.

Cling to each rock
the wind is not on our side.

She lays beside him his eyes so weak he cané^¥æ³š
even make her out
but his body feels her all around him
She whispers something in his ear
that he takes to the grave

Hours pass before they reach the top, before they
reach the top, before.

Sheé^¥æ³š waiting.

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