

Emarosa

"A City Called Coma; Part II"

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Cling to each rock.
The wind is not on our side (not on our side, not on our
side, not on our side).
Pull yourself together, it's 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.
One message to change her mind.

He climbs over the top,
No breath, no breath
In his weak sick lungs.
She starts to run
To the edge.
At last it's over.

Cling to each rock.
The wind is not on our side (not on our side, not on our
side, not on our side).

She lays beside him, his eyes so weak,
He can't even make her out.
But his body feels her all around him.
She whispers something in his ear
That he takes to the grave, to the grave.

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

She's waiting.

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