

Keaton Simons

"Victims Of Comfort"

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Victims of Comfort
No rocket's gonna fly that high,
There's no escaping the enemy, It's you & I,
We've poisoned up the water,
We're chokin' on the air,
Let's stop before it gets too late,
Or is it already too late?
Is it already too late?
For the victims of comfort,
Got no one else to blame,
We're just the victims of comfort,
Connosuiers of pain.
It's a technological merry-go-round,
Dangerous illusions buried under the ground,
And everyone likes a party,
But know one wants to clean,
Well I'd like to see a change somehow
But I'm a little busy right now,
Just a little busy right now.
I'm just a victim of comfort,
I got no one else to blame,
I'm just a victim of comfort,
A Cryin' shame.
Oh and what do we got to lose?
Everything.
Yes and what do we stand to gain?
Everything, so lets try together,
Before we have to cry together,
It's too soon to die together.
I'm just a victim of comfort,
Got no one else to blame,
I'm just a victim of comfort,
Connosuier of pain.
We were victims of comfort
Got no one else to blame,
I'm just a victim of comfort,
Cryin' shame.

