

Aereogramme

"Conscious Life For Coma Boy"

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A potent mix of wonder
Ignorance and fear
A place to hide under
A secret place to keep
Self-serving answers
Paper-thin belief
Come bury your soul with me

I know I'd like a conscious life
I don't know how to get there
I don't know how to get there
So keep me right
We're wasting time
I don't know how to get there
I don't know how...

Awaken
Stand up and fight
For all you've yet to know
Coma boy

A bloated rich endeavour
Or necessary care
Something I should bury
Or something I should share
Listen for doubtful ramblings
And you'll find me there
Come bury your soul with me

I know I'd like a conscious life
I don't know how to get there
I don't know how to get there
So keep me right
We're wasting time
I don't know how to get there
And I don't know how...

Awaken
Stand up and and fight
For all you've yet to know
Coma boy

It's not something to love or hate
But don't you dare go throw it away
May you be all you can
Coma boy

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