

Upper Class Trash "Far From Rescue"

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The blackest matter in the ocean, oil.
Just like the tar that fills my lungs.
The darkness hides a light that still exists,
It sunk my ship but I still won.

I'm floating in my blood,
Waiting till I hit the shore.
I'm dying in my blood,
Waiting till I hit the shore.

These ocean waves come crashing towards me,
Pushing me from you.
I don't have the strength, I'm sinking now.
Save me from myself.

It doesn't count when you drown.
(It doesn't,
It doesn't,
It doesn't,
It doesn't count.)

It doesn't count when you drown.
(It doesn't,
It doesn't,
It doesn't,
It doesn't count.)

The blackest matter in the ocean, oil.
Just like the tar that fills my lungs.
The darkness hides a light that still exists,
It sunk my ship but I still won.

I'm floating in my blood,
Waiting till I hit the shore.
I'm dying in my blood,
Waiting till I hit the shore.

This ship set sail,
Somehow I fell into the deep dark blue.
We'll survive, even though,
We're far from rescue.

The blackest matter in the ocean, oil.
Just like the tar that fills my lungs.
The darkness hides a light that still exists,
It sunk my ship but I still won.

I'm floating in my blood,
Waiting till I hit the shore.
I'm dying in my blood,
Waiting till I hit the shore.

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