

Coma Beach "Bliss"

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Clad in a veil of self-deception
Sleepers rise to start their fall
Into a world of ill conception
Down from little to nothing at all

Kill your thoughts to free your mind
Life is easier when you're blind
Paint your world in blissful pink
You'll be happy when you don't have to think

Squaring the vicious circle of being
Passengers chained to the backs of their seats
Staring and watching, without ever seeing
Forcing their way through dead-end streets

Kill your thoughts to free your mind
Life is easier when you're blind

Paint your world in blissful pink
You'll be happy when you don't have to think

You're welcome to face the faceless disaster
A paranoid mass in search for a master
The spiral keeps turning faster and faster
Out of control, out of control

Bliss still rules amongst the blind
Bare of light, they try to find
Out of sight and out of mind
Into the hole, into the hole

Kill your thoughts to free your mind
Life is easier when you're blind
Paint your world in blissful pink
You'll be happy when you don't have to think

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