

These Brittle Bones "Drowning Bliss"

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If drowning could compare to this, I'd rather take the dive.

The water would be kind to us, and make us feel alive.
If screaming could despair to bliss, I'd rather feel at home.

The emptiness inside our heads would make us feel alone.

If skies would tear and crack apart we'd live to tell the tale,

We'd run down south and set afoot before across we'd sail.

If lights would bleach and fade away I'd rather stay and wait,

The nights were cold and fell away to leave us with our fate.

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