

Cry Murder

"This Blissful Coma"

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Of all that we can do, why can't we
count ourselve as fortunate? Because
we're free, not to see, it's easy not to
be, be aware of all that we can do. Why
can't we count ourselves as fortunate.

From above looking down, with a
broken smile - every curse cast as a
cure. To awaken thee from this blissful
coma. We're - blessed to be here - lest
we forget...

We wander this path of privilege, with
every step we take for granted. Until
we untie these shoes, we will always,
we will always lose. Ignore no more.

But we still stare blind to the fucking
burden. With which the backs of beauty
bear.

We're - blessed to be here -- lest we
forget. To awaken thee from this
blissful coma.

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