

## Umbral Torturer

### "Comfort In Suffering"

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So often I'd stand on my front porch  
And I'd watch the car wrecks all night long

It's Christmas Eve, and I've  
Had too much to drink  
The house is quiet  
And neat  
And I can't help  
But to think

Our tires are spinning  
Soaring through the air  
I see your face, out of control  
So calm, but you're not scared  
The song on the radio is perfect  
We're floating through the air  
But you're not scared

Some cars, they drive by  
Way too fast  
While others, they play it safe  
And I play it safe now

The tires are spinning  
Soaring through the air  
I see your face, out of control  
So calm, but you're not scared  
The song on the radio's perfect  
You're floating through the air  
And you're not scared

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